



LORD KELVIN AND MR. GLADSTONE, 1898.

• *Frontispiece.*

THE PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

Containing his
Unpublished Conversations
with Mr. Gladstone (1888 to 1898) and other
famous Statesmen; Selections from Letters and Papers
reflecting the Thought and Manners of the
Period; and Intimate Pictures of
Parliament, Politics, and
Society

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FOREWORD

THE Executors of Lord Rendel, wishing to make some lasting memorial of him, and thinking that the time has come when many interesting papers left by him could be published with advantage, entrusted his papers to Mr. F. E. Hamer, Chairman of the Montgomeryshire Society. They hope that readers of this book will agree with them that Mr. Hamer has laid them under a great obligation by the skill and discretion that he has shown in editing the papers.

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INTRODUCTION

LORD Rendel's papers, selections from which are now made public for the first time, just seventeen years after his death, cover, for the greater part, a period that is fast passing out of living memory into the fabric of history. The central figure in them is usually Mr. Gladstone, but about him move many other celebrities of his time, and we are thus admitted to intimate glimpses of the personages who gave distinction and colour to the final stage of the Victorian epoch, and are enabled to recover something of the atmosphere of its high politics and society.

It was not until after his entry into Parliament in 1880 that Lord Rendel became widely known as a political host, largely through his growing friendship with Mr. Gladstone. He had rather a passion for fine homes. In London, he lived successively at Devonshire Terrace, Lancaster Gate, Palace Gardens, Whitehall Gardens, Carlton Gardens, Prince's Gate, and Palace Green. His country houses were in Surrey—Holmdale, Holmbury St. Mary, which he rented from Street the architect, who had built it for himself; and Hatchlands, a beautiful estate that he purchased in 1887. Abroad, he rented villas at Valescure, in the South of France, and later bought Château de Thorenc, Cannes. The Château became a famous political and social retreat, and there he spent every winter from 1894. In Italy, his brother, Mr. George Rendel, already owned the Villa Maraval, at Posilipo, and Lord Rendel rented another close by. At most of these places, at different times, Mr. Gladstone and members of his family were welcome guests. The already close family friendship was consolidated by the mar-

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riage in 1890 of Lord Rendel's second daughter to Mr. Henry N. Gladstone, and from that time it assumed a yet more intimate and affectionate character. There was, however, a steady succession of other guests, including King Edward, the Duke of Cambridge, many colleagues of Mr. Gladstone, and other people of note.

That Lord Rendel had some kind of genius for hospitality, the terms in which his visitors recall their memories make clear. Not only in his beautiful homes and their surroundings but still more in his own restful cultivated society, more than one tired statesman found refreshment and escape from care. His correspondence reveals their gratitude. Among all these letters there is none that quite equals the acknowledgment that Mr. Gladstone in 1889 addressed, not to Lord Rendel—their mutual intimacy precluded that—but to the devoted and gracious wife who had made such hospitality possible.

"Of the kindness both of your husband and your daughters," he wrote, "I can only say that it has been unbounded, that it has been perpetual, that it cannot be forgotten. There is something beyond this that I wish to say and that is more difficult: it is as to the impression made upon me by the qualities of your husband's character. It is not only the bounty of his hospitality; this, if not very common, is yet conceivable. It is the practice of incessant self-repression and self-sacrifice which forms a living part of it; and the art, if I may use the word—an art which has all the force of habit and all the grace of nature—which is exercised in order to keep it out of view."

That these words came from Mr. Gladstone's heart—and incidentally confessed a wealth and depth of feeling not often disclosed and by some scarcely suspected, if not even denied—is confirmed in a letter of March 5, 1894, intimating, on his own resignation, that his recommendation of Lord Rendel for a peerage had been approved. The letter signed "affectionately yours" concludes, "In all you are, do, and

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desire, may God ever prosper you." And how natural seems Lord Rendel's reply: "Your writing to me at such a time and in such terms touches me through and through. It is this *goodness* which has made me so bold with you. Your greatness would quite have daunted me; but your goodness has always overcome."

Although he was politically associated with Mr. Gladstone for fourteen years, and remained, outside the family, his most personal friend until his death in 1898, Lord Rendel never held office under him. Yet he narrowly missed it, and certainly he had all the qualifications. Lord Granville was the first of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues to pick him out for such distinction, and greatly desired to have him at the Foreign or Colonial Office. Nor was he alone in this estimate. The constant expectations that he was destined for certain promotion, and their equally consistent disappointment, became at times an admitted embarrassment to Lord Rendel. Thus, in 1893, writing of a current rumour about his resigning his seat in favour of Mr. Gladstone or some other Liberal Minister, he says:

It seems to me that you say exactly the right and just, as well as kind, thing. I suppose there is some one in the House of Commons Lobby who has a notion that, whether for Mr. Morley or for Mr. Gladstone, my seat is always available. The rumour is published in each case without the shadow of a shade of fact to support or justify it. . . . I have been, I confess, a little worried in private life by questions which you treat most considerately as too delicate to be put to me. When the Government (1892) was formed, many said to me, "We fully expected you to be in it. Why were you not?" Then came the suggestion that, if I was not offered a peerage at that time, I should be offered one on the late Birthday, etc., etc. I cannot in any way indicate the answer to such queries and suggestions. But you, who know much of Welsh politics and of the strides taken by them on the change of Government, will not take the low views which have now and again appeared in the Press.

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It was not unnatural, perhaps, in the case of a man with admitted qualifications and so well placed to urge his own claims, that his friends should wonder at his omission from successive Liberal Governments. Whatever the cause, it was not lack of knowledge of his gifts on the part of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues, nor want of confidence in his character. There can be no great risk now in disclosing a hint as to the explanation that Mr. Gladstone included in his letter already mentioned. Writing to "My dear Rendel" on March 5, 1894, Mr. Gladstone says:

It was only yesterday that I was put in a condition, by having actually resigned, to forward my recommendation of you for a peerage. This day I have received the approval. I had acquainted her with all the qualifications you possessed, as well as with the special circumstances of times which brought your case within the reach of my expiring cognisance. I also mentioned your relations with Lord Granville, and said that, while no one could question your capacity for office, I thought you also would have had the offer of it on the formation of the Government of 1892, had the nature of your position at Elswick and the amount of its demands upon your time and thought been thoroughly understood by me at the time.

This solution of what puzzled so many does equal honour to both. Mr. Gladstone, sincerely believing, though with some degree of error, as his letter admits, that Lord Rendel's position as a managing director in London of the Armstrong-Whitworth concern might be difficult to reconcile with his appointment as a Minister, never thought of relaxing his high standard of duty even in the case of so tried a friend. Lord Rendel, on his side, was too scrupulous to influence Mr. Gladstone's choice in such matters by even so much as hinting that any supposed disqualification arising from his commercial associations might easily be removed. Thus these two high-minded friends demonstrated the austere purity of their friendship, and only learnt of the restraint

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each had practised towards the other when it was too late to make amends.

There can be no doubt, had Lord Rendel been included among Mr. Gladstone's Ministers, that it would have given him profound gratification, and equally that he would have justified the choice. He was at his best in negotiation, as his firm but subtle handling of Welsh affairs and his single-handed incursions into international politics prove. He had inherited the engineer's gift of relating means to ends with the minimum employment of force and the maximum of ease and efficiency. If the call had come to him unsought, he would gladly have responded. But he would not and could not plead or implore, threaten or cajole, scheme or plot. In that sense and degree he was too delicately built for the rough game of politics. "Like ten thousand others," he once wrote, "I, but for some small yet fatal deficiency, might achieve something."

If there was a slightly amused and cynical self-rebuke in this, all it could truthfully amount to was that he lacked the necessary ruthlessness and vulgarity. To have won place or position by such qualities would have lowered him unspeakably in his own eyes. He had a proud humility that only the most stupid could have mistaken for the "inferiority complex"; "inferior," indeed, was the very last word that could be applied to him. Shy, he was; handicapped, if it be a handicap, by the sensitiveness of all fine natures; cultivating a courtly deference toward others that sometimes did less than justice to himself. But of intellectual or moral weakness there was never a trace. If deeply moved, he was capable of blazing up into a fury, and then the rapier came naturally to his hand—the bludgeon never had any place in his armoury. On these rare occasions he was quite at his best, and his pen would flash and twirl and dart like the blade of a master swordsman.

Lord Rendel's disappointment of a political career, if such it really was, was soon lost in other interests. To become a

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Minister under Mr. Gladstone would have been a high honour; to be Mr. Gladstone's closest and best friend was far better. He yielded himself happily to the magnetism of his great leader, as, indeed, most people did. Their friendship became a pride, their companionship an unfailing joy. Yet in all this his relation was not purely quiescent. He had the subtlest gift of unconscious influence, a touch so light that it was scarcely felt. He could start a new train of thought with the most innocent suggestion; some challenging remark, casually interposed, would induce the very outflow of ideas that he desired. With the gentlest pressure on the rudder, he could give a turn to a conversation, confirm or moderate a trend of policy.

Thus, though nominally "out of it," Lord Rendel came even nearer the centre of things in his retirement than in his more active days. His judgment was sought and his experience drawn upon in many a difficulty. Nor was it Mr. Gladstone alone who found rest in his society and help in his counsels. Rarely did his colleagues or successors become Lord Rendel's guests without testifying to their pleasure, acknowledging his aid, or desiring to renew their experience. He was consulted and his advice was prized. If Lord Rendel ministered to the pleasure of others, it is certain he derived as much from them. In this way he came to fill a unique place that sorted well with his own tastes and provided a new vocation.

Lord Rendel was never a diarist in the strict sense. But from his Eton and Oxford days, and even when deeply engaged in the direction of Armstrong-Whitworth affairs, involving a serious study of applied science as well as heavy administrative responsibilities, he preserved the tastes and aspect of a man of letters. "Half man of culture, half man of the workshop," was his own description. When the mood was on him he wrote freely and wrote well. He had almost a journalist's sense of a situation, a personality, a conversation, a good story or a clever saying. The tedium of his earlier

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years in Parliament was relieved by a series of delightful letters to his friend Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, then Governor of Madras Presidency. They are the letters of a shrewd and penetrating observer, possessed of a light, half-humorous, half-cynical touch. His Welsh political manifestoes and appeals, as well as his controversies with Welsh Church dignitaries, were full of force, to which was often added a flavour of vivacity. He began recording careful notes of Mr. Gladstone's conversations as early as 1888, and continued the practice up to 1898, the year of Mr. Gladstone's death. He did the same with other statesmen and diplomatists who stayed with him—Lord Spencer, Campbell-Bannerman, Morley, Asquith, Count Münster, and others. His largest single collection of manuscripts relates to his negotiations on behalf of China, taken up at the suggestion of Sir Robert Hart, and includes the *précis* he prepared by the wish of Lord Granville for the use of the Foreign Office. At one point, it will be seen, his efforts came near averting the war between China and Japan. Towards the end, when his interest in this sort of work was waning, he added the retrospect of his experiences that forms the substance of Chapter I.

In this way a mass of material was gradually accumulated. Much of it was obviously intended for the information of his family and private friends; but as much of it also was clearly meant, at some time, to be released for publication, it has at length been decided to make this accessible to any who might desire to read it. It has not always been easy to establish a clear border-line between the two classes of matter; an effort has, however, been made to restrict the selection to what bears upon the public events and public personages of his time, and what might be considered to possess some measure of historical interest.

Of Lord Rendel's personal history only the simplest sketch is called for. Born at Plymouth on July 2, 1834, Stuart was brought, a somewhat delicate boy of seven, with his brother George, to London. The family lived in Great George Street,

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at that time still part of the royal way to the Palace of Westminster. The brothers went kite-flying in Green Park, fed the wild fowl, got to know the keepers, and enjoyed their "curds and whey and syllabub"—whatever that may be. Close to their home lived Mr. Herries, Chancellor of the Exchequer; opposite was Lord Bexley, another Chancellor of the Exchequer, and after him for many years Lord Hatherley, Lord Chancellor.

In due course he went to Eton, "not as a Collegier, but as an Oppidan." His delicacy of health persisted; he was regarded as "extremely devout" and was nick-named "Pious." The only other boy, he recalls, who attended Chapel regularly was Frederick Lygon (later Lord Beauchamp), younger son of General Lygon. In one respect, however, he stood well: he was very resolute in rowing and football. He describes himself as not really a good oar, but in great request for his known pluck—he would have "rowed a match to the last gasp." During one summer half he rowed every match of the season, an average of about one a week. He became also a good horseman, and throughout his life kept up and greatly enjoyed his riding exercise.

The result of this excessive early tax upon his strength was disaster. "My health totally broke down. My spine became curved, my false ribs stuck together, all prospect of making anything of my youth and education vanished." That explains the "scholar's stoop" which so many remarked in him and which became pronounced in later life. Eton had to be abandoned. When later he went up to Oriel College, Oxford, he was so much an invalid that he had to be sent to Madeira. He sailed on the 300-ton packet *Brilliant*, which had been a yacht of Lord Drogheda's. Among the passengers was the mother of Charles Stewart Parnell, whom he was to meet in sadder circumstances in after life. Returning to Oxford, he graduated in 1856, and later was called to the Bar and read in Charles Buller's chambers, but never practised.

On leaving Oxford, Lord Rendel's family associations

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seemed to point to an engineering career. His father, Mr. James Meadows Rendel, F.R.S., was one of the pioneers of large-scale engineering in this country, and had constructed the Holyhead and Portland Harbours and the Birkenhead, Grimsby, and Leith Docks. He came of an old yeoman family in Devonshire, where the names Rendel, Rendle, Randle, and Rundle are common. He died in middle age in 1856, and was long survived by Lord Rendel's mother, Catharine Jane Harris, through whom he was a first cousin of the late Austin Dobson, the poet and essayist, and of Dr. J. Rendel Harris, the theologian and palæographer. Lord Rendel's eldest brother, Sir Alexander Meadows Rendel, had already gained a name in railway engineering in India. His father and brother were both acquaintances of Lord Armstrong, and greatly interested in his gunnery and other inventions. If they did not suggest, at least they supported Lord Armstrong in the commercial application of his inventions to naval and military armament, and they were actively associated with him in establishing the great engineering works at Elswick, on the Tyne. Lord Rendel, however, though well known to Lord Armstrong, did not pass at once into the business, as his elder brother George and his younger brother Hamilton did. Both of these were born engineers. Lord Rendel's tastes inclined more to the humanities, and it was while he was studying for the Bar that Lord Armstrong first called in his aid. At the sittings of the Armstrong and Whitworth Committee, set up to determine the relative merits of rival types of ordnance, both Lord Armstrong and Mr. [Sir Joseph] Whitworth were granted civilian representatives. Professor Pole, Lord Armstrong's first representative, resigned on finding that his health and nerves were unequal to the strain of the experimental ground. Lord Armstrong appealed to Lord Rendel to give up his law studies and join the Committee in place of Professor Pole. This he did, and thus began an association with the concern that exceeded half a century.

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As a member of the Armstrong and Whitworth Committee, which sat from 1861 to 1863, Lord Rendel witnessed perhaps the most exhaustive series of artillery experiments ever organised. His eager interest in the work itself and his conscientious watch over the Armstrong interests told upon his strength. He recalls that a few years later, his brother-in-law, Lord Bowen, was Coleridge's junior throughout the famous and protracted Tichborne trial, and that he never wholly recovered from the strain. The effect of three years of sustained artillery experiment was much the same in Lord Rendel's case. "I over-strained either nerves or mind or both, and have suffered from over-sensitiveness of the brain from that day to this."

This valuable work on behalf of Lord Armstrong was promptly recognised, and presently led to Lord Rendel's appointment as the London manager of the company, a post which involved business relations with foreign governments, and which he held until his retirement in 1880, on his election to Parliament. Three years later, however, on the conversion of the business into a "company limited"—a step that he never ceased to deplore as being both opposed to his own views of business management and leading to "nothing but evil consequences"—he rejoined the board and was vice-chairman of the company at his death.

Entering Parliament as a Welsh member in 1880, Lord Rendel so successfully served Welsh national causes that he soon became known as "The Member for Wales." A separate chapter describes his work in this connexion. A later popular title was "The Friend of Gladstone." It is from this association that his papers derive much of their interest. Under Lord Rendel's London roof Gladstone wrote his fateful letter to Parnell and formed his last Government in 1892. There also Mr. Nettlefold performed the operation for cataract on the ageing statesman. From Lord Rendel's French villa, Château de Thorenc, Gladstone addressed his famous open letter to the Duke of Westminster on the

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Armenian atrocities. Of the ten pall-bearers at Gladstone's funeral, led by King Edward (then Prince of Wales) and King George (then Duke of York), Lord Rendel was one. The pall that covered Gladstone's coffin was the one that later rested on his own.

Lord Rendel's family connexions are not without interest. His eldest sister was the wife of Lord Justice Bowen; another married Mr. Clement Wedgwood of the well-known Staffordshire family. His brother, George Wightwick, the companion of his early days in London, became a Civil Lord of the Admiralty. His wife was a daughter of Mr. W. Egerton Hubbard and a niece of the first Lord Addington. Of his four daughters, the eldest, Rose Ellen, married first Professor H. C. Goodhart, and had a son, Mr. H. S. Goodhart-Rendel, and secondly Mr. W. V. Cooper.

The second, Maud Ernestine, married Mr. Henry N. Gladstone. The third, Grace Daphne, married Colonel E. Marten Dunne, and has three children. The fourth, Clarice Margaret, is unmarried. Lord Rendel is thus represented in the third generation by four grandchildren.

CHAPTER I

"MY INTIMACY WITH MR. GLADSTONE": THE STORY OF A GREAT FRIENDSHIP

It was during January and February of 1907, when staying at his Château de Thorenc, Cannes, that Lord Rendel first committed to paper the full story of how he became acquainted with Mr. Gladstone and of how the acquaintance grew into the rare and intimate friendship that endured unsullied over a period of ten years. He had then in mind, there can be no doubt, the idea of the ultimate publication in some form of the voluminous notes of conversations with Mr. Gladstone and many of his political colleagues recorded by him more or less regularly from the year 1888 onwards. Some such statement obviously seemed to him then a necessary *apologia*. Discerning and critical, often graphic in description, and yet in the main singularly naïve and human, this document may now serve as the general key and introduction to the more detailed notes and impressions found later in the volume:

My intimacy with Mr. Gladstone will be probably the feature of my life that may longest survive obliteration. I will begin, therefore, by telling how the intimacy began.

It was before the opening of the second Session of the 1880 Parliament that I received a letter from Mr. Gladstone inviting me to move the Address. The invitation was a complete surprise and caused me a great flutter. The mover and seconder of the Address are honoured a day or two before the opening of Parliament with a request to call upon the Premier, who communicates to

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them the substance or range of the Speech from the Throne, and briefly indicates to them some points in the Speech which they will do well to touch upon. The mover is supposed to take the foreign policy and larger general home matters; the seconder gives more attention to finance, commerce, industry, and social questions. The seconder of the Address on this occasion was Mr. Slagg, returned for Manchester by the largest number of votes ever given for an individual member.

Mr. Gladstone told me afterwards that he was struck by the fact that neither of us appeared to have any notion of adopting what was in his experience the invariable practice of taking a pencil note of the Premier's hints and suggestions. I felt at the time as strongly as I feel now that the single and supreme advantage I gained from moving the Address was the privilege of sitting next to the Premier at his official dinner to his Ministry on the night previous to the opening of the Session. Mr. Gladstone had on his other side the Speaker (Brand), and addressed his conversation very much more to me than to him.

The first thing I found was that I was entirely without any fear of him. If any remark struck him as either very new or very questionable, he would unconsciously throw into his eyes and whole face a sort of lionlike challenge—in fact, he pulled one up with a very formidable air. I conjecture that this quite unintentional facial trick proved often embarrassing. I was never affected by it, and I think the reason was that his eyes in their expression very much resembled those of my father.

To this day I remember many of the subjects of our conversation. We talked of lawyers in politics. I was not altogether favourable to the conjunction, and I could see that I drew Mr. Gladstone's sympathy. As to lawyers on the Bench, I boldly lamented what I thought the fossilising influence of the Bench. Mr. Gladstone seemed still further pleased. When we reached the Woolsack, Mr. Gladstone paid me the compliment of his confidence. He went through all the Chancellors he had known, and touched upon their special characteristics, and went so far as to tell me—to whom he had never before spoken—that up to that date he had served with

GLADSTONE'S "GIFT OF WORDS"

no Chancellor in any Cabinet who had been of any political value to the Cabinet, except, perhaps, the last one would have guessed, Lord Hatherley. Grant-Duff came up to me after we had risen from the table. "I have been watching you through dinner," he said, "and I may tell you that in the course of dinner you have had more conversation with Mr. Gladstone than I have had with him during the whole course of the two Ministries in which I have served with him."

This was my first experience of Mr. Gladstone, and it would, I believe, have been my last but for quite a new and later introduction. I myself founded nothing upon it. I think I understood much in Mr. Gladstone by mere instinct from the first. He was a delightful talker. But he did not talk to people; he talked before people. He did not talk for his hearer's sake; he talked for his own. Obviously, he read vastly and variously. He thought out many things, if not most things. He was capable of pondering. But he had the gift of words as an artist may have the gift of a brush or the violinist the gift of the bow and finger. Much of his thinking was done in spoken language. The medium helped the idea, and the idea required the medium. He eased his mind by talk; he took off the strain, unstrung the bow. He could and occasionally did converse. He could give and take, wherever there was something to take, but his supremacy in matter and form was such that almost everyone preferred to listen, and he was always happy with an intelligent listener. All this I felt at that, to me, memorable dinner, and I never changed my view. With another man, I should have said that that single conversation bound us in some measure to some lasting recognition of each other's personality. With Mr. Gladstone I was never under such illusion.

That which brought me into real relation with Mr. Gladstone was a rather forcible measure on the part of Lord Granville. I think that at that time Lord Granville was the only man still alive who naturally addressed him as "Gladstone." Mr. Gladstone used often afterwards to say to me that no man ever had a more loyal colleague in public life than he had in Lord Granville. Lord Granville urged on Mr. Gladstone that he

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ought to make my acquaintance. I do not know when or in what terms. I know the fact by inference alone. Lord Granville once sent me a note from Mr. Gladstone to himself which ended with the remark that he had followed out Lord Granville's suggestion in making my acquaintance, and with the results that Lord Granville had predicted. I now know that in 1885 Lord Granville had an idea, of which I had not the slightest suspicion, that he would like me to be his Under-Secretary on his return to office as Foreign Secretary. This would explain his wish that I should be known to Mr. Gladstone.

When Mr. Gladstone made his third Cabinet in the following year, and Lord Rosebery, not Lord Granville, was Foreign Minister, Lord Granville took the Colonies, and no doubt at his instance I was named as Colonial Under-Secretary, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman wrote to me to congratulate me. So little, however, did Mr. Gladstone then think of me, and, what is more, so lightly did he take the wish of Lord Granville, which in such a case would be naturally obligatory, that, as he afterwards told me, on receipt of a very pathetic letter, he cancelled my nomination, which was the only letter not sent out, and substituted Mr. Osborne Morgan. Thus Lord Granville's recommendation of me to Mr. Gladstone, while it was unquestionably the origin of my subsequent intimacy with him, did not at the outset produce any particular effect.

I do not know how Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone came to be so often my guests. I think it was because Mrs. Gladstone desired to promote the friendly relations of her children and mine, with the not infrequent maternal motive in such cases. Mr. Gladstone liked my company well enough, but in such matters was accustomed to yield to his wife's wishes. He held that a man who served the people had no right needlessly to give time or thought to any other service. All social and even family as well as household duties he left, with affectionate respect, to his wife. The popular expression "Grand old pair" fitted them better than many people thought who used it. Mrs. Gladstone was grand in her sphere, just as he was grand in his.

Both liked staying with us when for three years I rented

PURCHASE OF LORD RIPON'S HOUSE

Sir Robert Peel's old house at 4, Whitehall Gardens, for the house recalled much in Mr. Gladstone's earlier political life. When I had to leave the house, Mr. Gladstone was the unsuspected cause of my buying Lord Ripon's house, No. 1 Carlton Gardens. I was sitting on one side of Lady Ripon at dinner when he was upon the other, and he spoke at me, through Lady Ripon, asking why I did not house myself suitably in London. Next morning I had a visit from my friend Mr. John Hungerford Pollen, who acted often as Lord Ripon's private secretary, and who, to my surprise, reported to me that Lady Ripon had carried home this remark and that Lord Ripon would be glad to sell me his house. No one suspected Lord Ripon of a wish to sell. He and his uncle had occupied the house for fifty years, and no one was more surprised and, I think, chagrined than Mr. Gladstone to learn that I had bought the house. For it was one of the best Liberal houses in London, and Mr. Gladstone, who admired Lady Ripon, regretted her retirement from political entertaining.

No purchase and sale of equal importance could well have been transacted more promptly and with less professional intervention. My friend Mr. Pollen told me Lord Ripon's price, and in twenty minutes had conveyed my acceptance. Six months after I asked Lord Ripon how he ventured to name a price so readily. "Well," he said, "the fact is, I had just had it valued. How came you to agree so readily?" "I had just taken the prices of several neighbouring houses," I replied. The price was exactly what Lord Ripon's uncle, "Prosperity Robinson," then Lord Goderich, gave for the house when he bought it, in the early thirties, from the widow of Mr. Huskisson, for whom it was built some two years before. There was a good main staircase, and the house was very suitable for general entertainment, for which I neither required nor used it. But it was an excellent house in which to receive Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and even when they might have used Downing Street they availed themselves of it.

Thus it happened that, when the scandal of Parnell's relations with Mrs. O'Shea came suddenly to light during the Parliamentary recess, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone,

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came up from Hawarden to our house at Carlton Gardens. I think the newspapers of the Friday contained the wretched revelation and the story of the ignoble scene at Hove,¹ but the Gladstones did not reach London till near the dinner hour on Monday. I took the carriage to fetch them. No sooner was he in it than Mr. Gladstone broke out, striking my knee with his hand. Parnell was now impossible! The party would not stand it! Overwhelming evidence had already reached him! Parnell must go!

I did not know what evidence he had. I had none of my own, and I shrank from giving him a personal opinion. Nor did I even dare to say that, whatever the evidence he had, I hoped he would keep a more open mind until he had seen his leading colleagues.

John Morley saw him at once on his arrival at Carlton Gardens. I was not, of course, present at their meeting or at that with Sir William Harcourt and Lord Granville later in the evening. Morley was much overwhelmed and depressed. To him it was a staggering blow. Harcourt took matters much more easily, as might be expected from his feeling towards the Irish Party. Morley certainly, for he told me so, and Harcourt, I think, though I never asked him, felt aggrieved at Mr. Gladstone's delay in coming to London. That delay led to Mr. Gladstone's receiving many irresponsible and, perhaps, hysterical appeals from the rank and file of his followers before his own colleagues could adequately convey their views to him. Moreover, it lost the Ministry precious time. For once Mr. Gladstone's devotion to his Sunday services at Hawarden was deemed untimely.

Morley at first pinned all his faith on a personal appeal to Parnell to retire voluntarily, at any rate for a time. Strange to say, he had gone through just this same sort of business a few years before in the case of Dilke. He said little to me that evening in Carlton Gardens, but he did tell me that Parnell, with all his mystery, had furnished him with some very secret method of reaching him, to be used only in case of need. That night he left in full hope of using this channel with some success. He

¹ *This should be Eltham.*

THE PARNELL TRAGEDY

found, however, his secret communication cut. Next morning he tried again, and was obliged to abandon it.

There followed, as the next step, the framing of a formal letter from Mr. Gladstone to Morley putting into written terms the communication which Morley had been commissioned to make orally. The delivery of this letter was perforce entrusted to Mr. M'Carthy. The evidence, gained through Morley's failure, that Parnell was deliberately avoiding any communications, and the sense that M'Carthy was a somewhat frail instrument to employ in forcing Parnell's hand, reduced the chances of a favourable result from this step, but, since time was running out and there seemed no alternative, hope was sustained as well as might be.

M'Carthy appeared at Carlton Gardens, and readily pledged himself personally to place the letter in Parnell's hands and compel his attention to it. He was satisfied that he could see Parnell. At any rate, M'Carthy was to take the chair at the meeting of the Irish Party that day. It was certain that Parnell would attend the meeting, and scarcely possible that M'Carthy could fail of a suitable opportunity for reading the letter to Parnell, and thus affecting Parnell with notice of what must follow his acceptance of the chair.

While Mr. Gladstone and his three colleagues were debating in an inner room, M'Carthy and I sat together in the ante-room, and M'Carthy talked with full freedom to me. He was of opinion that in the Irish Party itself there would be shewn a certain feeling that might be used in favour of some suspension of action in regard to the election to the chair. He was, I believe, at full liberty to communicate to his colleagues the substance of Mr. Gladstone's letter, providing he could not reach Parnell himself. At any rate, as vice-chairman, it was his duty to express his own opinions to them, which coincided with those of the letter, and in common prudence he was bound to state those opinions before the election of Mr. Parnell came on. Nevertheless, while the members of the Irish Party were assembled in their Committee Room upstairs, M'Carthy elected to take the course of waiting for Parnell downstairs. Thus he forfeited his opportunity of communication with his col-

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leagues, nor did he secure the attention of Parnell, whose deliberate purpose was to allow of no communication and to ignore the whole business of the scandal.

M'Carthy himself told me shortly afterwards what happened. He knew that it was Parnell's invariable habit, on reaching the House of Commons, to go first to the Post Office, then in the Members' Lobby, for his letters, which the clerk kept all ready in a bundle for him. Accordingly, M'Carthy waited for Parnell there. Parnell arrived at the last moment, took his letters, walked hastily with the bundle, opening letters as he walked, through the Lobby and the Galleries to the staircase to the Committee Rooms, and under cover of this occupation took as little notice as possible of little M'Carthy trotting alongside him and doing his best, perhaps, to acquaint him with his important mission and the nature and character of the letter he held. M'Carthy never succeeded in arresting Parnell's movements or making him read the letter. Parnell entered the Committee Room, M'Carthy took the chair, and thereupon Parnell was promptly elected Sessional Chairman.

Thus it was that the attempt to save an open rupture with Parnell was frustrated, and M'Carthy shewed that a man may be a very respectable writer of history, yet, when he had an excellent chance, prove an indifferent maker of it. Thus it was also, that, as Parliament met the next day, no course was left open to Mr. Gladstone and his Cabinet but to publish the letter, thus giving an air of some want of consideration in the treatment of Parnell.

No doubt it was most unfortunate that the scandal should have arisen within a few days of the meeting of Parliament. Had time permitted, I cannot but think that it would have been possible to make it clear, to the Irish as well as to both parties in England, that the action of Mr. Gladstone was not in the nature of punitive retribution for moral delinquencies, but was founded upon purely political exigencies. Whatever might be the case in Ireland, Parnell had, for the time at any rate, rendered himself, as Mr. Gladstone said, "impossible" as a successful leader of the great Irish movement for the conversion of England to Home Rule. It was in the

GLADSTONE'S WIDE VISION

interests of Home Rule that Parnell was impossible and bound to efface himself until the English sense of propriety could be mollified.

Small experience of life is needed in order to discover how widely men differ in the range of mental vision. Short-sighted men may be vigorous enough in judgment and character. Men who can see but one thing at a time often see more clearly and promptly, as well as to more purpose. A man bringing exceptional purpose, character, and genius to exceptional work is like a great general conducting a vast and critical campaign on which the fate of Empires turns. He must know to a nicety the offensive and defensive value of every arm of the service and of every feature and resource of the country and climate, both as respects himself and his opponents. He must take into account all surrounding conditions, circumstances, and influences, moral and physical. Above all, he must place the whole of these multifarious elements in their due relation to one another.

It is from this point of view I have been apt to found my judgment of Mr. Gladstone's attitude and action in relation to events such as the cession of the Transvaal, the fall of Khartoum, and the breach with Parnell. Perhaps the cheapest charge brought against him by the commoner sort of political opponent was that he stooped for votes and played to the gallery; that he was both time-server and office-seeker. I suppose that no public man ever faced unpopularity with more indifference or suffered it with more dignity. To the good and bad in men, no one could be more alive than he. Every one must admit that his personal ideals were lofty. His strongest opponents confessed him to be a great Christian and a great gentleman. He, if any man, had a right to be fastidious in regard to the private character of the men he dealt with. Why, in such cases as that of Parnell, did he not appear more so? The unthinking and unfriendly reply would be that all was fish that came to his net. The truth is that he knew too well what was the right relation between the object he sought and every single item of the means necessary to its achievement.

Mr. Gladstone might—I think he did—regard Parnell's character with some aversion. To most men, there

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was something disagreeably cold and even sinister about Parnell. But in Parnell he saw, first and foremost, the leader in a great constitutional question, in which not only the welfare of nations was concerned, but, as he viewed it, the honour of his country and the immutable laws of justice. Personal feeling, favourable, or unfavourable, had its place, but it could be but a small place in so vast and far-reaching an issue. Speaking of the King of the Belgians [Leopold II], at a time when his private character was much criticised, Mr. Gladstone observed to me, "I cannot forget that his conduct as a constitutional sovereign has been always faultless."

I never met Parnell but once. It was at dinner with Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone was not in Office. He had rented a house in James Street, Buckingham Gate. No doubt I was asked as a safe guest, and there was no party. Lady Ripon was there by her own wish, and perhaps one other man. If so, I cannot remember who it was. Nothing could have been more commonplace. The only characteristic feature was that the invitation to Parnell had been sent a fortnight before, and the answer had only arrived that morning. Parnell behaved like an extremely quiet unaffected gentleman, totally unconnected with politics or public life.

Mr. Gladstone was a genial host who could and did make any dinner run smoothly and pleasantly, and Mrs. Gladstone was gracious and simple as usual. My pleasant obscurity caused Mr. Gladstone to fall back upon me on such occasions. For instance, when in Office he was told he must pay Mr. Astor the compliment of asking him to dine, seeing that Mr. Astor had brought himself and his wealth to England permanently. Nothing could well be more out of Mr. Gladstone's way. In order to put his best foot foremost, he secured the presence of our only remaining great [Liberal] landowner, Lord Breadalbane, and I was thrown in to fill a place. I sat next to Mr. Astor, a perfectly simple and sufficiently pleasant neighbour, whose chief interest in life seemed to be to act as his own house-agent for all his vast house property in New York. He was then building his New York property office on the Thames Embankment. Mrs. Astor sat next to Mr. Gladstone, gentle,

A "CHOICE LITTLE COMPANY"

refined, and pleasant. I could not but be amused at her effort to put aside Mr. Gladstone's unwelcome references to Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Her only comment was, in very gentle but decisive tones, "I do not know Mr. Carnegie." Mr. Gladstone was quite impervious to this sweeping of Mr. Carnegie out of the conversation and universe, but was always met with the same observation. If this was want of tact on Mr. Gladstone's part, it was the only case of it I ever witnessed. Perhaps it was not want of tact. Here were two enormously wealthy Americans bringing their wealth and example in the use of it to England, and Mr. Gladstone may have thought that he would not be diverted from confronting one with the other.

I am led on to telling how I came to be known to Lord Granville. My sister and brother-in-law, the Bowens, were friends through Jowett of the then Lady Portsmouth, Lord Carnarvon's sister. One of her daughters, Lady Rosamond Christie, stayed with us in Wales, was attracted by my daughters, and wished to make her eldest brother, Lord Lymington, better acquainted with us. I attributed to this his asking me several times to spend a week-end with him at Hurstbourne, which his father had just handed over to him permanently. I did so and, greatly to my surprise, was rewarded by finding at Hurstbourne a choice little company, namely Lord and Lady Granville, Mr. Henry Cowper, and Mr. Russell Lowell, the American Minister. I was much affected by the beauty of Lady Granville, who, in form as well as face and in movement and bearing, seemed to me the most perfect *grande dame* of her day.

Lymington was quite new to his business as host. He had, perhaps, a little over-egged his pudding. And an odd slip of tact on Lymington's part helped to make Lord Granville take refuge with me. Lymington had asked Wilfrid and Lady Anne Blunt to join the party at Hurstbourne for the Sunday night. At that moment Wilfrid Blunt was making infinite trouble for Lord Granville. He had left the diplomatic service and was playing the part of a sort of minor Byron, for which not only his being the husband of Ada Byron's daughter fitted him, but his own considerable talents as a poet, his

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good looks, and a certain high-born Bohemianism. Egypt was his Greece. He championed Arabi. Lord Granville could have nothing to do with Wilfrid Blunt, yet he was not the man to cause any social embarrassment, and I profited by this rather comic blunder.

No man had better equipment for fortune than Lord Granville. He had all the tastes, the graces, the opportunities. In social talent he was, I think, matchless. His influence at one time with the Sovereign was unrivalled. He had been twice asked to form a Cabinet. The beauty and dignity of his home were fitly crowned by its mistress. When, therefore, in the heyday of prosperity, he gave somewhat loose rein to expenditure at Walmer and Carlton House Terrace, he was certainly not without excuse. It was not his spending, it was his saving, that, at the period of the Hurstbourne visit in 1885, gave him serious and secret anxiety. If the facts were not pressing on him when he met me, they were certainly dawning on him, and I conjecture that a sense that I might perhaps prove useful to him in a possible contingency had something to do with the strong desire he manifested to further his acquaintance with me.

About the time when the firm of Armstrong & Co. was being converted into a limited company, Lord Granville arranged to constitute as a private limited company the Shelton Ironworks in Staffordshire, and consulted Lord Rendel, who gave him considerable help, especially in the conversion of the works into steelworks. The story in detail of the enterprise follows, with some shrewd comments on the comparatively new practice of converting private businesses into "companies limited," and the prediction that "if these remarks are read twenty or thirty years hence they will be read in the light of a prodigious wiping out of the artificial surplus of capital with which the costs of company promotion have loaded the industry of the country."

Lord Granville's death took me, and I think most of his friends, somewhat by surprise. He suffered a good deal at times from fits of gout, and it was always

LORD ROSEBERY AS FOREIGN MINISTER

said that he was so slack and dilatory as a Foreign Minister in his last term of Office in that Department that it was impossible to re-appoint him in 1886. I can believe that he let his papers stand over a good deal and that he may have practised a masterly inactivity. But the preference of Lord Rosebery is to me a mystery. Nothing ever said to me by Mr. Gladstone about either Lord Granville or Lord Rosebery throws any light upon the subject. I know for certain that Lord Granville was totally unprepared for being thrown over. That the blow staggered him. That for a day or two he retired to his tents. Mrs. Gladstone told me that when, after hesitation, he accepted the Colonies, she was so deeply moved by relief at the reconciliation that she fell on his neck and kissed him. Mr. Gladstone never hinted to me any failure or neglect of work by Lord Granville. He loved to speak of his loyalty and high-mindedness.

On the other hand, while he was fond of saying that he regarded Lord Rosebery as the cleverest man in politics, he was equally ready to say, after 1886, that he was not a good Cabinet Minister. Mr. Gladstone told me that he was disappointed in Lord Rosebery as a Foreign Minister from the very beginning. Yet Mr. Gladstone never intimated to me that he regretted either displacing Lord Granville or promoting Lord Rosebery. It may be that on such vital points he held silence of purpose.

Yet, why did he say so much and not say more? I have been driven to the wild and probably groundless suspicion of certain outside influence—I mean the influence of the Court. I have somewhere written down a story told me by Prince Münster, showing the deep resentment of the Queen over Lord Granville's criticism of the Imperial Titles Bill. Lord Granville had undoubtedly begun his relations with the Queen by too great subservience. He acted as her private confidant over the heads of Ministers. This was surely a mistake. She repaid him by wanting him for Prime Minister, and I conjecture that she was the more deeply affected by his defection on so personal a question as the Imperial Title because she had counted him as her

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special ally. On the other hand, Lord Rosebery was admirably equipped for Court favour and not averse from seeking it. On the choice of Foreign Minister, as upon the choice of representatives abroad, the Sovereign may reasonably expect some deference by Ministers to personal inclination. I cannot forbear the wild surmise that Sir Henry Ponsonby may have been charged to hint to Mr. Gladstone in February, 1886, that perhaps the time was come when a younger and fresher man should take the Foreign Office.

If this were so, and if Mr. Gladstone was actuated in any measure by other than his own judgment, he must have sorely repented, and I cannot but think that he would have frankly admitted it, if it had been his own sole mistake and no one else was involved, when saying so much as he did to me. It would be, however, quite consistent that he should refrain from a revelation of the Sovereign's intervention if he thought that intervention unfortunate.¹

In reading Lord Rendel's references to Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery, it must not be forgotten that, in spite of sharp differences at times in their political relations, they remained firm personal friends to the very end of Mr. Gladstone's life.

I think Shelton may have had something to do with Lord Granville's taking the Colonies. Certainly he needed the salary. It was fortunate that Mr. Gladstone at the time had no conception of the serious straits in which Lord Granville found himself. Had he known, it would have been a still harder task for him to add to Lord Granville's troubles. Lord Granville managed to sell his great London house to José Murietta and, as he had no country house, was thus able to cut down his household expenditure to a low point. But his Shelton responsibilities must have weighed even upon his light and elastic temper. The Ministry was short-lived, and in my belief the double collapse of his private and political fortunes was too much for him. His system

¹ Lord Rendel's surmise is fully confirmed in "The Letters of Queen Victoria." "I asked for him [Lord Rosebery] and insisted on having him. . . He is excessively agreeable," she wrote.

"THE GRAND DUKE"

gave way, and he died in his younger brother's house after a brief illness.

In order to liquidate Lord Granville's affairs, it became necessary to raise new capital for Shelton, and Lord Rendel describes how he undertook to help:

Lord Granville's mother, the very widely-known and very clever Lady Harriet, was the favourite-sister of the Duke of Devonshire, who was always called the Grand Duke. The dukedom went from him to the Burlington Cavendishes, but Lord Granville always retained very intimate relations indeed with Chatsworth. Accordingly, I communicated with the Duke and made my proposals, telling him at the same time what was being done by other friends of Lord Granville's. The Duke asked me to call on him, and I saw him at Devonshire House. He had his solicitor with him, which a little nettled me, reasonable as it was. I put my case, and I asked him for £10,000, a much larger sum than anyone else could give. The Duke confined himself to forming the best judgment he could as to the faith to be put in my proposal. What he most desired was to obtain my personal assurance that, if he provided the £10,000, Shelton would live and might conceivably do pretty well. I gave him this assurance in guarded but sincere terms. He was satisfied, and the project went through.

I am tempted to make some parenthetical comments upon the Duke of Devonshire as he appeared to me. I think he had the insouciance of manner as a young man that has been the leading mark of his manner ever since. He rarely wore a great-coat or gloves. His hands were disfigured by close-bitten nails. He had the hanging underlip of some of the Howards. He seemed totally without the desire to please, absolutely master of himself under all conditions. He drawled slightly, was a man of the fewest words possible, shunned every social superfluity, appeared quite emotionless and without a spark of poetry or chivalry in his composition, suffered everything to come to him, nor went out of his way for anything. To some he seemed the plainest and least pretentious of men. To me he seemed an unique example of a singular form of hauteur. He was an able

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man, as his father's son should be, and, like his father, he could be industrious. He had no refinements, no distinction, little literary or artistic culture. He had sporting instincts. But he was, above all, virile. His common sense was prodigious. He could not refine. He looked everything straight in the face. He had no children, and he suffered all the disadvantage as a young man of being a tremendous personage to a certain class of people. He accepted political and other invitations rather freely, only asserting himself quietly by being absurdly late. But I believe that until he was Duke he was never known to ask anyone to dine with him. Had he friendships? I doubt it. He made temporary alliances with a few men such as, at one time, Sir William Harcourt and Henry James. But the Duke of Devonshire, at the lowest estimate, upheld the influence and standard of his class. He had everything that life could give, and had nothing to seek or gain over and above an honourable administration of his fortune. Yet he gave to the country, not only an experience in public affairs which the country's favour rendered remarkable, but a life of steady and public-spirited industry, allied to abilities of a very manly and typically English character.

Here the narrative suddenly turns from English politics to the subject of Egypt, and we get some inside glimpses of Egyptian official life, with a vigorous note on Gordon and the tragic end of his adventure into Egyptian affairs.

When the present King [Edward VII] made his trip up the Nile as Prince of Wales in the 'seventies he met there the engineer Sir John Fowler, and used his influence with the Khedive Ismail to obtain for Fowler the new post of engineer to the Khedive. Ismail had not long reached power. His predecessor had been hopeless. His path to the viceroyalty had been made clear by a fortunate accident upon the opening of the railway between, I think, Alexandria and Cairo. The carriage containing the royal party fell into a branch of the Nile, with fatal results to the party, and it did not happen to include Ismail.

FRENCH INFLUENCE IN EGYPT

On the whole, French influence, up to that time, had had the upper hand in Egypt. France had built the very costly barrage or dam across the Lower Nile, and it had proved a total failure. France had just supplied some seventeen different sugar factories with machinery at £70,000 apiece, and was still making her harvest. On the other hand, English engineers had secured a contract for enlarging the harbour at Alexandria and were not a whit behind the French in the extravagance of their profits. Sir John Fowler's duty was to safeguard the interests of the Khedive and to advise him, as regards further engineering undertakings. He was to spend three months in Egypt, to have an excellent house and household, with board for himself, his family, and friends, and a salary of £5,000.

Sir John Fowler was not a great engineer, but he was an able man, a first-rate engineering witness in Parliamentary Committees, and generally a judicious and successful promoter of engineering projects. He exemplified the fact, which I have often had occasion to observe, that in my time more success and profit attend the placing of goods across the counter than the production of the goods themselves. Just as in architecture, if you take an architect having art you will have a man incapable of business, whereas if you take a good business architect you will find him ignorant of art, so in engineering it is difficult to find in one man a scientific engineer and an engineer who knows how to get engineering projects started and carried out.

The engineering enterprise which the Khedive had most at heart was that of establishing communication between Lower and Upper Egypt, including the Soudan. To this enterprise Sir John Fowler had to give early attention. The Nile was, of course, the natural channel of communication, but the Nile cataracts, or rather rapids, were almost an insuperable obstacle. It occurred to Sir John Fowler that Lord Armstrong's advice would be of value in dealing with the Nile rapids in relation to the conveyance of traffic. With a happy knack of combining business and pleasure, he invited Lord Armstrong to visit the cataracts at Assouan and study the problem. He asked me to join

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the party, and I never spent a more refreshing and enjoyable holiday than on board Sir John Fowler's dahabeah to and from Assouan. There we stayed a fortnight, and I helped in the survey.

As the result of our visit, complete plans were prepared at Elswick for a ship-railway across the cataracts, worked through turbines driven by the cataracts themselves, the vessels being drawn up an incline by hydraulic power and descending by gravity on the other side. The whole scheme was perfectly practicable, and I daresay might be carried out even now with the more ease that the new and successful barrage has been erected on the same spot. We visited also the sugar factories, and though we were too sumptuously entertained at the Khedive's expense, we earned our entertainment, since we never took any other reward for our work.

On return to Cairo we had several interviews with the Khedive, and he entertained us at dinner. Neither Lord Armstrong nor Sir John Fowler spoke any French, and I was the interpreter. Ismail was not, I think, what he was supposed to be, a man of mere pleasure and wildly extravagant upon personal luxuries. He was an extremely ambitious man and with very large views. His ambition, however, was entirely personal. Unquestionably, he ardently sought for agricultural prosperity and the introduction of European manufactures, but agriculture he choked and destroyed by deliberately over-taxing it, with the object of forcing the ruined landowners to sell him their land; and as regards manufacture, he was so greedy that he could not give it time to develop, and ruined excellent schemes by recklessly over-stocking himself with machinery and plant for which he could not find enough labour or material. His leading idea was to grow cotton and cane in the Soudan as the raw material to feed great factories in Lower Egypt, and he treated Egypt and the Soudan as though he were not the ruler of a people, but the sole landowner and proprietor of a gigantic estate.

All the while, he was not in the least a gentleman. They say the Turks are great gentlemen, and many

A NOTE ON CHARLES GORDON

have what we deem the air of it. But few of us know out of what gutter the mothers may have come. Ismail did not seem to me a bad fellow, but he was by nature a common fellow. I thought he well described himself to me one day when, on handing a packet of his latest sugar to me to taste, he said, "*Vous voyez, mon ami, je suis un peu commis-voyageur.*" He was sharp enough to support his Soudan schemes to the English by the argument that the only way to suppress slave-hunting was to introduce a more profitable industry. What a man like Charles Gordon must have thought of a man like Ismail can scarcely be conveyed in language. No two men could have been in more violent contrast.

Charles Gordon I never had the good fortune to know or even meet. I knew rather well his charming brother, Sir Henry Gordon, and I knew pretty well another brother, Captain Gordon, the well-known head of a manufacturing department at Woolwich, a man of mark, but of quite different type. Sir Henry Gordon, as a Colonel in the Field Artillery, was much engaged at Shoeburyness for some years; not a vigorous, but an accomplished and singularly amiable man. Captain Gordon was in form and style a great martinet, curt and peremptory, but at heart a sterling, excellent fellow. Both brothers felt proud of Charles, but I think both regarded him as hopelessly eccentric. Sir John Adye was in those days—I speak of the 'sixties—a typical artillery officer, as his father and grandfather had been before him, and destined to hold the highest staff appointments in the Artillery. He was from first to last my good friend, unaffected and brave enough to be a stout Liberal in politics.

Sir John Adye knew Charles Gordon as well, I think, as any brother officer,¹ and frequently described him, for undoubtedly Charles Gordon lent himself to description. According to Adye, Gordon was a primitive man, not merely unconventional and original, but a man by himself. Gordon was totally indifferent, not only to money, but to any ordinary social, worldly, or professional object of ambition. He had impatience of

¹ Sir John Adye was in the Royal Artillery, Gordon in the Royal Engineers.

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the environment of nineteenth-century life. He seemed by atavism to reproduce some Old Testament character. It was magnificent, but totally out of place in modern life. Moreover, there was not only a certain Orientalism but something of fanaticism in it and, indeed, a want of perfect sanity. He was fond, said Sir John Adye, of the practice of sortilege, and would derive what he deemed divine guidance from his own interpretation of a passage in the Bible on which his finger chanced to light. I can recall with confidence that, many years before Gordon's name rivalled that of Nelson, his best friends regarded him with an admiration largely modified by mistrust. There was no saying what might come of his total detachment from all current ambitions and his singular gifts of courage and leadership.

No doubt, Gordon's appointment as an Engineer officer at Hong Kong gave him the exceptional opportunity of which his exceptional character could take advantage. Nothing could well be less congenial to such a man than the usual duties assigned to the young engineers scattered over our military stations. Gordon must have hungered for work at such a place as Hong Kong. Small wonder that he should jump at a chance of engaging in the hostilities that arose amongst the Chinese themselves. There was a sort of Government in China which it was our interest to recognise, if only for the purpose of coercing it, and recognising the Government, we naturally termed rebels such Chinese as rose in arms against it. I should doubt whether from first to last there was anything to our credit in our relations with the Chinese Government, and the fact that our local authorities suffered Charles Gordon to give his military services to the Chinese authorities does little more, to my mind, than furnish a technical excuse for his entering upon that quarrel. I suspect that history will some day shew that, so far as the principles and interests of civilisation were concerned, Gordon fought upon the wrong side.

But, to be frank, what I want to bring out is that he had no business to fight at all. The war was one of extraordinary ferocity on both sides. Many thousands

"GREAT LEADER OF HALF-CIVILISED MAN"

of innocent lives were ruthlessly sacrificed. How any man could deem himself justified in mixing himself up in such inhuman slaughter and with such inhuman allies as well as adversaries, I cannot conceive. The genius of Walter Scott has thrown some glamour over the mercenary soldiery of Louis XI's Scotch guard. We are proud of Quentin Durward and Ludovic Leslie, although we know that they were fed and clothed and paid with the sole object of protecting in the monstrous abuse of power a man whom Scott himself describes as the craftiest and wickedest despot known to history or fiction. The same great magician can make us read with sympathy and delight the humours of Dugald Dalgetty and of his adroitness in getting the better of the Duke of Argyll. To this day, it is hopeless to look for higher morality in regard to mere fighting. The natural man is predatory, and his militant instincts play an essential part in his evolution. Once Charles Gordon's sword was well fleshed upon these unhappy Chinese, he discovered the natural field for his genius. He was a great leader of half-civilised man.

At Gibraltar, by the kindness of Sir John Adye, I visited Zobeir Pasha, then our prisoner—a caged lion. I thought to myself, "This is the man that England proscribes and imprisons, while the same England regards Charles Gordon with touching veneration." What was Charles Gordon's own opinion of Zobeir? In most leading essentials they were men of the same type. They were great masters of men in the rough. They took life in its most naked simplicity. Gordon hanged Zobeir's son, and then, with perfect confidence, sought his aid and would have placed himself wholly in his power. And why? They were men cast much in the same mould.

When Gordon left China he was ruined, I expect, for all civilised work. The pioneering of Englishmen, whether it be that of Livingstone or of Franklin, may be a legitimate source of pride to the country. The buccaneering of England is quite another thing. I admit that Gordon was a hero. Mr. Gladstone himself called him "a herb of heroes." I do not know, but I that Mr. Gladstone no more summed up human

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excellence, as some do, in the word "hero," than I do. Who would be profane enough to call the Son of Man a hero? Nelson also was a hero—I can write it, but I could only *say* it under my breath—somewhat of a quarter-deck hero. It may possibly be wise to encourage the worship of heroism. I doubt if it is Christian worship.

I make these observations before I come to that fatal incident in Gordon's career on which I wish to record a word or two. I make them because they were present to my mind when I first heard of the sending of Gordon to the relief of the beleaguered garrisons in the Soudan. I know I at once declared that it was madness. I could not conceive how men like Lord Granville and Lord Hartington could be so ill-acquainted with the unsoundness of Gordon's mind as to run the grave risk of sending him 2000 miles out of reach. It was no use my telling Mr. Gladstone, when first I had the opportunity, all I have here told. From the moment Gordon left Cairo he had as deliberately cut the communications with the restraining authority as Parnell cut them upon the occurrence of the O'Shea scandal.

John Morley has told the story with such remarkable discretion and complete knowledge and literary power as to make me want to say only something he is too wise to say. The delay over sending an expedition to Khartoum was, in Mr. Gladstone's opinion, as he gave it to me, not a little due to Lord Wolseley. As the constitutional adviser of the Cabinet, Lord Wolseley was very early called upon by Mr. Gladstone for a report upon the question of sending such an expedition. It strongly discountenanced the sending of an expedition, by declaring that it must of necessity be the most formidable and costly expedition of any we had undertaken since the invasion of the Crimea.

Now Mr. Gladstone always dwelt to me upon the assurance of Gordon, first, that he could peacefully extricate the garrison by mere personal influence, and, secondly, that he would under no circumstances advise or admit the use of force. Not a single bayonet would he ask for. His walking-cane was all he wanted. Undoubtedly, Gordon honestly believed that there was

GLADSTONE'S RESPONSIBILITY FOR GORDON

a sufficient residue of his local prestige to enable him to get the troops away from the Soudan. Moreover, Gordon distinctly declared that under no circumstances would he see the Khedive, nor would he ever accept again any commission or authority from him. No doubt after Gordon had started, the Cabinet subsequently sanctioned, upon Baring's suggestion or approval, Gordon's acceptance of temporary secret powers from the Khedive. It was the publication by Gordon of these powers which destroyed his chance of securing peaceful evacuation. When public emotion, journalistic enterprise, and party clamour had created an extraordinary sympathy for Gordon in his heroic acceptance of the fate he had brought upon himself, Wolseley's views as to a military expedition underwent a complete change, and he now favoured the operation. Unhappily, he could not make up his mind upon his route. I need not recount the story of his hesitations. It is strange that a general, whose success was so largely due to his remarkable power of anticipating and providing for every conceivable eventuality of war, should have had such Hibernian rashness of tongue and pen.

Mr. Gladstone to me was wont to sum up the whole of this unhappy incident in his career by saying, "We sent Gordon with his walking-stick to free the garrisons, and then he required us to send a British Army to fetch him back." I think Mr. Gladstone felt that Lord Hartington, who retained his full popularity during the anger of the Sovereign and the nation, might have well taken occasion to accept a little more personal responsibility as the Minister of War who selected Gordon and sent him and the expedition after him. Mr. Gladstone never said or hinted this, but I used to tell him in another connexion that Lord Hartington, with all his virility, had no chivalry, and he never rebuked me. I can aver that, in the utmost intimacy, he always said that he was constitutionally responsible, and that God forbid he should ever shirk his responsibility. I used to wish that Hawarden in this incident, as well as in that of the Parnell case, had not been quite so far from London.

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The Queen hit Mr. Gladstone hardest by her open telegram. She wished her displeasure to be known. I think her step should be reprobated by any good monarchist. The Sovereign's duty under national disaster is to stand by the ship and the crew in charge of it. If the Sovereign severs herself from her Ministers because some military enterprise goes wrong, the Sovereign must not expect to preserve that immunity from criticism in respect to the acts and defaults of Ministers which it is vital, in the interests of monarchy, to preserve. Of course I am not quoting Mr. Gladstone, but making my own reflection.

The course of the earlier story is now resumed, and we are back once more in the familiar atmosphere of English politics and society.

I would admit that Mr. Gladstone's head surpassed even his heart in power. I believe he cultivated spiritual emotion to some loss of natural and earthly emotion, but I do not agree with that sinister and unloyal colleague, who said to another and most loyal colleague, "You think he loves you. He would follow you to the grave with admirable equanimity." Mr. Gladstone did care. He was sore-hearted over Lord Granville. But he was, and he needed to be, built in compartments. The Book of Life to him contained a thousand pages, and he perforce turned the pages rapidly. He had no time to "potter," as he would say. He was above all an economist, scrupulous in the expenditure of days and hours, and even of emotion, as of mere money. If colleagues and friends fell beside him in his life of constant warfare, he lamented them as truly but as succinctly as any general in the field laments his stricken comrades.

I remember that he was blamed for not saving so true a friend as Lord Cardwell, when expecting a summons to join his Cabinet in 1880, from the shock of finding that he was to be left out. I think he may have known of this blame, for he told me what he felt about the matter. He had a deep respect as well as great regard for Cardwell, and he was pained that Lady Cardwell should drive her husband about London in an open

"LITTLE STORIES" AGAINST GLADSTONE

carriage with all the mind gone out of that "noble countenance," as he called it. "Was I to blame," he said to me, "for not preparing him, with all I had to do when forming a Cabinet? He should have been prepared long before. That was for his family to do. Nothing could have been easier than for the family doctor to make a suitable communication to him."

My own belief is that the story was an exaggeration due to party feeling. Lord Cardwell had been too long laid aside by softening of the brain to be capable of much feeling. He probably took note of the leading news of the day, and was so ignorant of his mental condition as to fancy that he would have a summons, but I do not suppose his mind was capable of sustaining deep emotions. And, further, it would have been surely a serious mistake for Mr. Gladstone to have assumed the duty of telling Lord Cardwell that he was medically unfit for work.

I give a trifling personal incident in connexion with Lord Granville's illness and reverses, because I think it may illustrate how the great world at the time caught up and magnified little stories against Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone had always shewn favour to Lord Dufferin and given him the principal opportunities and great appointments of his life. He admired, of course, Lord Dufferin's talents. There are no worse Tories than those Liberals made Tories by Liberal Premiers through social promotion. And if the men are not wholly ungrateful, the women are. It has been said, and it will be said so long as Mr. Gladstone's career is discussed in the heights of social life, that his unworthy bids for popular favour cost him the respect and support of most of his high-placed Liberal friends. Each of his greater reforms did, no doubt, largely alienate many of his supporters whose personal prosperity or prejudices were largely involved, but my observation has shewn me that the undoubted loss to Mr. Gladstone of the larger proportion of Liberal politicians of my time who happened to be ambitious of high station is the direct result of his having given them the object of their ambition. The Liberal who seeks an hereditary honour is not satisfied when he gets

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

it until he has conciliated his new Tory friends. He does it through his son, if any compunction hinders him from doing it for himself. Certainly the blame for the defection of Liberal Peers cannot justly be placed wholly upon Mr. Gladstone's shoulders.

To return to my story: When Lord Granville lay dying in South Audley Street and Mr. Gladstone had rented Mrs. Guthrie's house in Park Lane close by, I was one of a dinner-party and too far from Mr. Gladstone to have any private talk. Several people came after dinner, among them Lady Dufferin, and when the gentlemen reached the drawing-room it was, no doubt, Mr. Gladstone's business to greet the newcomers. He was so keen for news of Lord Granville and so persistent over particulars of both Lord Granville's health and the affairs of Shelton, that he stopped me at the door and detained me long enough, some three or four minutes, to oblige Mrs. Gladstone to summon him to his duty. Perhaps it was awkward of me to refer afterwards to the delay when paying my respects to Lady Dufferin, yet I confess I was surprised by the way in which Lady Dufferin displayed her displeasure and declined to accept excuses. It shewed me on what thin ice Mr. Gladstone was walking in London society, and how readily the least incident was seized upon to furnish an unkind story against him. I hope and believe that Lady Dufferin recovered her temper by venting it upon me. But when I thought of all that the Dufferins owed to Mr. Gladstone I was amazed at the morgue of Lady Dufferin. Little did she then think, poor thing, that her husband would soon fall into far more serious straits in his affairs than Lord Granville, and would, like Lord Granville, after a long and brilliant career in the loftiest public positions, be overwhelmed in the end by miserable money troubles.

In regard to Foreign Office work: I was bringing under Mr. Gladstone's notice my views as to the separatist feeling which I thought to exist between the Foreign Office and other Departments. I affirmed that whereas in all other Departments the permanent staff were quite loyally subject to each Ministry in turn, the Foreign Office regarded itself as a law unto

CABINET AND FOREIGN OFFICE

itself and went its own way, unless in the hands of strong political chiefs. I argued that this spirit of presumptuous independence was partly due to practical conditions and necessities and partly to an inherited and, perhaps, unconscious habit of regarding foreign affairs as more within the Sovereign's particular domain than any others.

I asked Mr. Gladstone to admit that he found the Foreign Office somewhat of an "enclave" and *Imperium in Imperio*, and that it avoided as much as possible, not alone due recognition of party policy, but the reasonable intervention of Parliament itself. I challenged him to say whether his well-known jealousy of allowing the Foreign Office and the Premiership to be in one man was not founded in great part on these considerations, especially if that man was in the Peers. Mr. Gladstone would not give much or willing assent to these views, though he did not altogether condemn them. When, however, I suggested that foreign affairs were not adequately placed before the Cabinet, he met me with a very lively contradiction. He told me that there was never a Cabinet meeting within his experience at which foreign affairs were not fully and frankly and genuinely set forth and discussed. He would not admit, though he could not, of course, of his own knowledge deny, that I might be right in surmising that Lord Salisbury, when Premier and Foreign Minister, did not discuss in his Cabinets Foreign Office matters any more than he thought in his own judgment necessary.

On the function of the Sovereign he was silent. I predicted that the Prince of Wales [Edward VII] would prove rather troublesome. That I thought, from the very slight evidence I had through one or two kind and brief talks with him, that he "fancied himself" on two points, (1) quick appreciation of men, and (2) power to be useful in foreign relations. Mr. Gladstone never, I believe, made rash admissions even in the most intimate conversation. Certainly he never did so on public affairs. I do not think Mr. Gladstone had anything but good to say of the Queen's relations to Foreign Office affairs. And he did not shew the least

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readiness to anticipate any disadvantage through the Prince of Wales taking a more active part. He had a high opinion of the Prince's tact, and always used to say of him that he knew of no man who was more light in hand. He really enjoyed conversations with him, and fully appreciated the invariable consideration shewn him by the Prince. If I may interpose a light and irrelevant matter here, I will set down a trifling story Mr. Gladstone was fond of telling.

At Sandringham the visitors were always weighed, and after Mr. Gladstone had gone through the operation and the weight was announced, the Prince said to him, "And what do you think I weigh, Mr. Gladstone?" "Now," said Mr. Gladstone, "I knew well that the Prince weighed at least sixteen stone, and for a moment was puzzled how to reply. But I said, 'I should not wonder, Sir, if your Royal Highness weighed at least as much as I do.' " It was touching that Mr. Gladstone should enjoy so much as he did this little quick turn of the courtier.

The best judges I ever met with thought, as I did, that Mr. Gladstone's manners were not merely good but perfect, and those of a very great gentleman, somewhat of the old school. He could be small as well as great in talk, though never petty. Of humour he was keenly appreciative and a student. He enjoyed wit, and particularly House of Commons wit. That he was not a master of repartee or adroit in sallies of humour was because he was too massive and majestic. His resources were of a higher kind, and, being more effective for almost every possible purpose, he employed them by preference. But that he was not fully responsive to the lightest touch of wit or happiest stroke of humour is untrue. The story was popular in Disraelian circles that the Queen had complained that Mr. Gladstone talked to her as though she were a public meeting—an obvious and clever invention. In the malicious sense that he harangued the Queen, it is incredible to those who knew him. That the Queen was disposed to resent what she regarded as importunate argument or counsel might be true. Disraeli's maxim in relation to the Queen—"I generally agree;

A STORY OF BARON STOCKMAN R

I never contradict"—was not, we may be sure, followed by Mr. Gladstone, any more than that other sardonic Disraelian maxim as to flattery, "With other women I employ a camel's-hair brush—with the Queen I lay it on with a trowel."

When Canon Liddon, the greatest Church of England preacher of her reign, was summoned to preach at Windsor he did as Court preachers of old had done: he addressed not merely his "dear brethren," but at one point of the sermon addressed the Queen, saying "and Madam." The Queen was deeply offended, and neither Liddon's voice nor Liddon's name was ever heard at Windsor afterwards.

I will here add a story Lord Granville once told me of Baron Stockmar. Stockmar was the mentor of Prince Albert and the Queen took him at the high valuation of the Prince and the strong recommendation of her much-beloved and respected uncle.¹ No man was so esteemed and consulted by the young married couple. No man stood in such confidential relations with them upon the graver and more personal aspects of their great functions. He was, of course, pure German, with all the high German notions of royalty, and since blood is thicker than water, and the Prince was also pure German and the Queen German by 95 per cent., he stood in a more intimate racial relation to both Prince and Queen than any English Minister, however trusted, could stand. What was odious about him was his serviability, a thing quite un-English. He could teach constitutional and Parliamentary monarchs how to cozen the constitution and outwit Parliament without blundering. He applied high intelligence to the promotion and service of personal government and the defeat of democratic institutions. He laid his whole talent and career with single-minded devotion at the feet of the Royalty he loved and served so abjectly. To the last the Queen spoke of him with unshaken respect and affection. When the news reached Lord Granville that Baron Stockmar was about to leave England for good and all, Lord Granville, as he told me, was genuinely surprised, and in good faith expostu-

¹ *Leopold I, King of the Belgians.*

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lated with Stockmar on the folly of deserting those by whom he was so much valued and to whom he had been for so many years indispensable. All the reply he got was, "My dear Lord, have you yet to learn that in the case of Royalties, so soon as one is neither useful nor amusing, one's only course is to disappear?"

Towards the close of his too short life, Lord Bowen became, to use current slang, very *répandu*—the caviare, not the salt, of society. The King¹ amongst others, liked his company. As my sister sat next to the Queen, then Princess, on the sofa after dinner, the Princess said to her with a little gentle slyness; "The gentlemen are very slow to join us, are they not?" and then, "Don't you know why the gentlemen are so slow? It is because they have Lord Bowen." I asked my brother-in-law why it was that the Prince seemed to us so indiscriminate in his choice of friends. Bowen's reply was this: "Royalty in its own estimation is an exclusive caste, totally apart and essentially above the rest of mankind. Such is their own elevation to Royalties that they are incapable of seeing the gradations of society as we see them. To Royalty everyone else is much of a muchness."

¹ *Edward VII, then Prince of Wales.*

CHAPTER II

THE CONVERSATIONS OF GLADSTONE:

1888 TO 1894

ALTHOUGH Lord Rendel became known to Mr. Gladstone in 1880 and a mutual friendship gradually developed, Lord Rendel's habit of making dated notes of their conversations did not begin until Christmastide of 1888, when Mr. Gladstone, with members of his family, was staying at Naples, as the guest of Lord Rendel, in the villa belonging to Mr. George Rendel, his brother. From then onward to 1898 the record is fairly continuous.

It will be seen that the diary, for so it may be described in substance if not in form, begins quite abruptly, without preface or explanation. In its compilation one can trace no particular method, nor is there any easily discernible standard for the inclusion or exclusion of matter. The conversations, as he recalled them, were recorded, in Lord Rendel's own rather rapid hand and on sheets of notepaper, just as the impulse moved him and wherever and whenever Mr. Gladstone happened to be staying with him—sometimes directly after they occurred, sometimes after a certain lapse of time. Their casual and intimate nature, their frequent lack of chronological sequence, their alternation between sober discussion and light-hearted story or incident, and their unlaboured and spontaneous language, all constitute an attraction rather than a fault. For one is kept speculating as to what good thing may come next, and is often caught by pleasant surprises.

This chapter covers the last six years of Mr. Gladstone's active political life, when, though still much engaged

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by great responsibilities of State, his mind was naturally tending towards retrospect. The conversations it records are predominantly political and in the main serious. They deal with many aspects of the Home Rule controversy; with relations to colleagues and opponents and such incidents as the Queen's sending for Hartington in 1880; with earlier contemporary figures—Bright, Cobden, Derby, Disraeli, Granville and many others; with practical questions like pensions for Ministers, the holding by one person of the offices of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, the increase of expenditure on armaments, the payment of members; and with Continental and Near Eastern politics. But also they touch often on ecclesiastical topics and on great Churchmen such as Wilberforce, Manning, and Newman, as well as on life at Court and in Society. Mr. Gladstone, whether in Office or in Opposition, observed a rather strict reserve that becomes less marked in the later conversations, which followed his final retirement (Chapter III).

NAPLES: 1888 AND 1889

26th December, 1888.

Mr. Gladstone spoke to me upon the subject of his mistakes. He said that his greatest political mistake had been his refusing Lord Lansdowne¹ to keep on the Exchequer in February 1855, when, upon Lord Aberdeen's resignation, Lord Lansdowne, prior to Lord Derby and Lord Palmerston, was asked to form a Government. Lord Lansdowne told Mr. Gladstone that unless Mr. G. took on the Exchequer he would not try to form a Government, and Mr. G. considered that his refusal brought about the misfortune of Lord Palmerston's Premiership. Mr. G. had a poor opinion of Lord Palmerston, particularly in his earlier performances.

Harcourt, one day, dining alone with Mr. G. and me, got a most unexpected and vigorous ebullition out of Mr. G. by asking why he resigned. Mr. G. said that

¹ *Henry, 3rd Marquess, 1783-1863.*

CRIMEAN WAR BLUNDERS

he, John Russell, and Sidney Herbert resigned most rightly and of necessity. Lord Palmerston, knowing the views to which they were publicly committed as to Roebuck's enquiry on the conduct of the Crimean war supplies, nevertheless came down to the House, and without notice, still less discussion, in the Cabinet, committed his Government, in a sweeping phrase, to a course quite inconsistent with any real investigation. Mr. G. was for thoroughly clearing up in public the whole business of Crimean blunders in war administration, and the local enquiry had produced simply a conflict of reports. Lord Palmerston's policy was, not to clear up confusion and fix responsibility, but to carry matters over till they could be safely dropped. To this course Mr. G. was opposed.

Speaking of those times, Mr. G. said that up to within two or three months of the outbreak of the Crimean War, Lord Aberdeen's Government had the best hopes of a peaceable solution. Mr. G. thought now that we ought to have made Turkey accept the Vienna Note which satisfied Russia. It has been said that Lord Stratford prevented Turkey doing so. When our Government later on adopted and presented a practically equivalent Note prepared by Lord Stratford, the Czar unexpectedly rejected it. Resentment at the failure of the Vienna Note was a supposed cause of the Czar's rejection of the Stratford Note, but Mr. G. assented to my suggestion that the Czar knew Lord Stratford had had a hand in it, and was influenced by the knowledge.

Mr. G. considered his greatest mistake at the Exchequer to have been made in respect of the South Sea stock, which he paid off in cash when Lord Aberdeen's Chancellor. Had he paid in Consols, which would have been accepted, he would have benefited by a fall in the market price to 94.

Speaking of having been asked to write an article for the *Quarterly* upon Dr. Schliemann's discoveries in the Troad, he said that he declined because he was then in Office, and would never write anything or do a day's work outside his duty to the public. This rule he had always kept.

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Mr. G. broke out into riddles again last night (Christmas evening) at dinner. One was: Why was the last Archbishop of Canterbury the laziest of men? Because he went to bed a Tait and rose a Tait.

After the ladies had left the dinner-table he talked upon the licensing question and local option. He confessed himself somewhat indulgent to that occasional excess in drink which is wholly due to social feeling and temptation. He cited an opinion of some great employer of labour not unfavourable to the character of occasional drunkards.

The same evening he sat up in his little room later than he should do, reading his new stiff bit of work—Dollinger's latest. I began to think I must remonstrate. Through the chink in the nearly closed door I could see his book firmly held up to the candle. Presently I missed it, and instead saw the great arch of his bare head so situated that I knew he had dropped on to his knees and was deep in prayer, bending low over the seat of the arm-chair in which he had been reading. Ten minutes passed, and then the light disappeared and he had slipped away by another door, shunning, I suppose, any break in his thoughts and acts by his usual bidding of me good-night.

31st December, 1888.

Mr. G. spoke of the Duke of Westminster last night after dinner. He always uses a kindly and respectful epithet when referring to him—"excellent," "upright," "does his duty," "a support to his order"—and it is clear that his good opinion is sincere and unwavering. But I think his devoutness and self-watchful piety are in this matter overpowering his judgment. It is the same in his references to Richard Grosvenor (Stalbridge). He unfeignedly thinks Stalbridge a most genial and excellent fellow. He knows and admits that neither of the brothers is of any true personal importance apart from circumstances of birth and wealth. But he sincerely likes them both.

Mr. G. had felt very much the Duke's publishing a letter animadverting on the supposed action of Mrs. Gladstone. To shew that the Duke was in a morbid condition of mind as to himself, he told me that when

BRIGHT AND COBDEN

Sir Edward Watkin attended the laying of the first cylinder of the Dee Railway bridge he asked Watkin to Hawarden, and, thinking Watkin's presence a guarantee against any Home Rule politics, invited the Duke to meet him. The Duke did not accept the invitation. Mr. Gladstone said he forgot why, but the reason was quite good. There had lately been a contest in Cheshire in which the Duke's son had been beaten by [Sir John] Brunner. Someone must have told the Duke that Brunner was at the dinner at Hawarden to which the Duke was invited but did not go. Thereupon, the Duke wrote to Mr. G. to express his surprise that Mr. G. should have invited him. Upon this incident Mr. G.'s only comment, and I am convinced only feeling, was wonder that the Duke could have thought him capable of such gross want of friendly consideration as to confront him at Hawarden with his son's successful opponent.

After dinner Mr. G. talked of John Bright. He invariably speaks of him with warm and overflowing regard and respect. "What a man!" He partly confirms the view that Cobden found the real brains and matter of the Corn Law Repeal movement, and that Bright was the expositor and publisher; or rather, he puts it that Bright was not, like Cobden, a great political economist nor ever had, like Cobden, the whole Free Trade doctrine thoroughly digested and assimilated in his mind. Bright, he said, approached Free Trade from the humanitarian point of view. All the same, Mr. G. regarded the alliance of Bright and Cobden as a most noble one and in the highest degree honourable to Bright. And he referred with deep feeling to Bright's conduct at Cobden's funeral, when Bright's whole frame was shaken and so unstrung that he seemed likely to fall into the grave.

I asked whether Mr. G. had had much trouble in persuading Bright to join his Government. He said that it took him from eleven o'clock to one o'clock one night. Bright promised him every possible support, but begged off joining the Ministry. Mr. G. argued that, though he had no doubt of his support in the Irish Church business, Bright ought to take office.

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Mr. G. volunteered that Bright was a most valuable man in the Cabinet. His counsel was good, and he had a rare gift in which half the men in Cabinets are wholly deficient. He could throw his mind into the common stock and limit objections to points of vital difference. Above all, he was singularly loyal to the Cabinet, and utterly without self-seeking or self-regard.

Bright, he said, had one slight defect: he could not bear being chaffed. When he entered the Cabinet he was comparatively unknown to his colleagues. It was singular that the man he took to—and the sympathy was shared—was Lord Clarendon, who was the one man in the Cabinet addicted to chaff, and to very excellent chaff. But Bright, by elective affinity, took his chair at once next to Clarendon, and they always sat together.

Bright's rejection of Home Rule was a severe blow. Mr. G. spoke of it as a grievous loss, and declared he would rather have had Bright with him than all the rest of the dissentient Liberals. He added sadly, and as though he had hoped to the last, that politics were over for Bright, and indeed had been so for a year past.

3rd January, 1889.

Mr. Gladstone, talking of University Reform to-night, said that it was Lord Macaulay who gave the principle of perpetual prize fellowships a fresh lease of life. In the Bill Mr. G. had taken powers for abolishing such fellowships, but Macaulay came to him and in the most kind manner told him that he must really move an amendment in Committee rejecting the clause. Mr. G. said that at the time (1854) there was a fair but not very steady majority behind the Bill, and that, of course, he was not fool enough gravely to risk the whole Bill and indefinitely postpone University reform by fighting Macaulay. So he gave in, dropped the clause, and the fellowships survived for another generation. He mentioned that out of all the University leaders there were but two men not against him in the matter—Jeune (then, he thought, Vice-Chancellor), who approved the clause; and Jowett, who was neutral.

He observed that, from the point of view of political economy, he doubted whether the endowment of

GARIBALDI

education tended to cheapen it. This sentiment seemed to originate in his regret that the most highly endowed schools such as Eton should be the dearest, and thus that many an old Etonian, devoted to his school, had no chance of sending his boys there to take his place in a lower grade of cost of living, if need be.

He referred to Garibaldi, whose son Menotti had called the other day upon him. Of Garibaldi's book, a novel called *Clelia*, he had the meanest opinion. "A mischievous, shallow, extravagant, subversive book. I have got it, but I hope nobody else has" (which is about true). But he spoke kindly of Garibaldi. He mentioned with what perfect simplicity and dignity he stood the ordeal of being lionised by the Duchess of Sutherland. He preferred, however, to cite Garibaldi as a real friend of peace, justifying the paradox by a story Garibaldi told of himself at a small dinner Panizzi gave to him and Mr. G. at the British Museum. Garibaldi said that as a boy he was at school at Genoa, and that at the time Genoa was a great military depôt, with frequent exhibitions of warlike stores, etc., but that, though all the Genoese world went to them, Garibaldi never would go, because "he could not bear the idea of one portion of mankind being set apart to kill the other."

Of Lord Kimberley Mr. G. spoke as the most long-winded man he had ever known in a Cabinet, and yet that his letters were most laconic and admirably concise and lucid. He spoke strongly of his ability.

6th January, 1889.

Mr. G. said that Lord Granville had told him Lord Lyons was utterly unable to understand the bearings of Home Rule upon the Roman Catholic Church interests (or something to that effect). After observing how excellent a diplomatist Lord Lyons was, and that diplomacy was a special profession and that Lord Lyons knew his profession but nothing outside it, Mr. G. went on to say that English people were wont to suppose that the R. C. Church had much less liberty of creed than the Protestant Churches, and that all the Catholics were of one mind on Church questions as compared with the diversities amongst Protestants;

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whereas, in truth, the range of opinion among the Catholics was greatly wider than among Protestants. As examples, he gave the cases of Lord Acton and the Duke of Norfolk. Thus it was that the English R. C. peers might well be strong Anti-Home Rulers, and yet five-sixths of the Irish Catholics might be equally good Catholics and intense Home Rulers. The R. C. peers were all for the Temporal Power. They knew perfectly well they had nothing to hope from the Liberals in that direction. They knew, on the other hand, that the Tory peers, if they could, would restore the Temporal Power to-morrow. Hence the R. C. peers voted with the Tory Party.

Talking of the Irish Protestant Church Mr. G. gave it the worst character. No Church in Europe so utterly neglected its people. When going about Ireland, he was struck by the clergy preaching in surplices at a time when the surplice in the pulpit was hateful to Evangelical Protestants such as they were. He was assured that the reason was simply that a black gown would cost them £10. So that for £10 they sacrificed the then symbol of their Protestantism. The same people could actually in a vestry, in which Lord Powerscourt sat and voted, forbid the use of a cross in a churchyard. Lord Monck, to his honour, disagreed.

7th January, 1889.

After dinner Mr. G. spoke of Bishop Wilberforce. Talking of him to Dr. Döllinger, about fifteen years ago, not long after the Bishop's death, he called him a great man and a great bishop. Dr. Döllinger, who knew well the English Bench and highly appreciated it, would not concur. Mr. G. stuck to his own opinion of Wilberforce, and accounted for the fact that Bishop Wilberforce leaves so little actual product of mind behind him by saying that his life was all action. He created an entirely new type of bishop. He was as much a revolutioniser of the Bench as Whitefield or Wesley would have been to the bishops of their day. Since Wilberforce's time, the stamp of bishops has been changed, the level raised. It is now as impossible to go below it as to revert to the type of Pepys, Bishop of Worcester.

VICTORIAN BISHOPS

One Sunday when both were staying at Cliveden (which was in the Bishop's diocese) and when Wilberforce had already preached at Taplow and was going to preach elsewhere in the evening (this being a holiday's work for the Bishop), it suddenly occurred to Mr. G. to go to a very small church at Hedsor, a favourite from its lovely position and surroundings. The Bishop offered his company for the walk. During service, the parson being a "stick," Wilberforce signalled to him to leave the desk after prayers, and putting on the incumbent's surplice, preached one of the finest sermons Mr. G. ever heard upon the Ten Lepers. Coming out Mr. G., while waiting for the Bishop, heard an old woman say to another, "I don't know who he be, but whoever he be, he be a good 'un." Bishop Wilberforce was delighted with this.

Mr. G. considered the present level of bishops very high. Magee a most eloquent man, but, for some reasons unknown to him, wanting in moral force. Lightfoot good all round. Thompson and Boyd Carpenter admirable preachers. Mr. G. said that in all he had made some fifty appointments to the higher posts in the Church—bishops, deans, canons—and in no single case had any one of the fifty ever asked for anything. Dean Church he had literally to persecute before he could get him away from a country living in Somersetshire to take St. Paul's. At present there were at St. Paul's, besides Church, Liddon and Scott Holland, and what a change from the day when Sydney Smith proposed that St. Paul's should be closed!

8th January, 1889.

In a drive this morning Mr. G. spoke of Lord Derby's having left us over Home Rule. Lord Derby was not, indeed, a thorough Liberal, but he had been a loyal Liberal—loyal, that is, to the party. Mr. G. would have felt the loss of peers over Home Rule much more had any undoubted Liberal peer gone, but the real Liberals had stayed—Spencer, Granville, Kimberley, Ripon, Rosebery, etc. They were short of dukes, which made a difficulty in finding a Mistress of the Robes. The Duke of Leinster was a good Liberal. He had hoped to get

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the Duchess as Mistress of the Robes. But she had a good and true excuse—ill-health. The Duke of Bedford had gone before Home Rule.

Lord Rosebery, he said, had told him of several schemes of his for getting Home Rule before the country without risking defeat upon any definite Bill. But he could not remember what his plans were. The truth was he had never been clever in understanding schemes for keeping in Office. He said, however, that he thought they need not and had better not have gone out in 1886; that it would have been worth while to take another division, and that a defeat upon a clause in Committee was not necessarily final or decisive.

De Pressensé, in "*Grande Bretagne et Irillande*," 1888, had spoken of the County Franchise Act (1885) as a compromise with the Lords. Mr. G. said, "Not a bit of it. There was no compromise whatever." He could prove it in writing. Algernon West had one day suggested, when the deadlock with the Lords was at the worst, that Mr. G. should see Stafford Northcote, his old friend. They met at West's house one Wednesday night at 11 p.m. Stafford Northcote—who had no force of character—said he would write. Next morning came the answer, "No" (*i.e.* the Lords stuck to their decision to throw out the Franchise Bill unless the Redistribution Bill went up with it). Thereupon Mr. G. on the Friday made the statement publicly in the House of Commons, which he had privately made to Stafford Northcote, and on this the Tory peers gave in, to Mr. G.'s surprise.

Mr. G. gives with much relish Lord Palmerston's jokes. They were rare, but always good when they came. A Frenchman, thinking to be highly complimentary, said to Palmerston, "If I were not a Frenchman, I should wish to be an Englishman," to which "Pam" coolly replied, "If I were not an Englishman, I should wish to be an Englishman."

At dinner Mr. G. referred to Donald Currie's trip round Cape Wrath to Copenhagen. Mary Gladstone (Mrs. Drew) suggested the names of the party to Donald Currie, beginning with Tennyson. In fear of fogs, Donald Currie would not go to Bergen, but made for Christiansund and so to Copenhagen. This brought

A ROYAL PARTY

the party close to the family gathering at the King of Denmark's. Some of the party (not Tennyson, who never did such things) went to pay their respects to the Royalties, who in turn let Donald Currie know they would like to be asked to lunch on board. The Royal party numbered twenty, and they had speeches, Mr. G. saying something about the Scandinavian being the best strain in our blood, and the King of Denmark and Emperor of Russia also making speeches. To commemorate this, the party decided to present a piece of plate to Donald Currie, and Mr. G. asked Tennyson to write one or two lines for it. Tennyson brought the following and with much modesty asked Mr. G. if they would do:

Grateful guests to gracious host
To and from the Danish coast.

The lines were by some thought paltry and bald, but Mr. G. defended them as well-founded upon the Greek epigram, which aimed at swift terseness. Mr. G. gave, however, a specimen of an English epigram in which Greek refinement of touch, such as was hardly possible in English, was adroitly replaced by alliteration. Some unknown person wrote this couplet on Bethell, when made Bursar of Eton College:

Didactic, dry, declamatory, dull,
Big Bursar Bethell bellows like a Bull.

9th January, 1889.

Mr. G. shewed me a second letter he had written to-day to M. de Pressensé upon "Ireland and England." He says he had no communications whatever with the Irish Nationalists before or during Lord Salisbury's taking and holding Office. He had had just the hope, and later on the desire, that Lord Salisbury would bring in Home Rule. In these circumstances he had not himself formulated a scheme, nor, for obvious reasons, published one. But he had let Balfour know fully his desire.¹ However, when the Tories brought in their Coercion Bill instead, he of course took the matter in hand himself.

¹ In December 1885 Mr. Gladstone saw Mr. Balfour at Eaton. Vide also Lord Gladstone's "After Thirty Years."

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

10th January, 1889.

Mr. Gladstone spoke of the Pension List for Ministers. He disapproved the system, but could not decline to administer it so long as it was the system. He disliked the abuses of it and the delicacy and difficulty of administering it, more, perhaps, than the principle. In principle he conceived that there was much to be said for it. A man who had been a Cabinet Minister, and would probably be so again, could not easily live suitably under £2,000 a year. But there was no provision by which the pension lapsed when its recipient's claim of poverty ceased. In the cases of Childers and G. Shaw Lefevre, he had secured a recorded arrangement with them by which their pensions would in such event cease. Disraeli took his pension as soon as ever he was qualified, and that in spite of his wife having at least £5,000 or £6,000 a year. After the salary of Privy Seal had been voted, he took the Office and the salary, contrary to the rule that holders of two offices enjoy only one salary. However, this was only for one year, because he could not have got the salary voted the second year, and no attempt was made. Mr. G. most strongly objected to the First Lord of the Treasury attempting to hold the Foreign Office. In 1885 he wrote strongly to Stafford Northcote and said that, if it were persisted in, he should call the House of Commons' attention to it. Northcote wrote back that it should not be repeated. However it was, and is.

Mr. G. was in favour of payment of members, but not of all members. His idea was that the Income Tax provisions would furnish a *modus operandi*. Just as all persons whose total income does not exceed so much can, on satisfying the Inland Revenue, procure exemption from or return of Income Tax, so Labour M.P.s, on satisfying the Income Tax Commissioners that their income did not reach (say) £300, might become entitled to a cheque from the Speaker for the difference. He thought £300 a year little enough, but doubted whether the constituencies of Labour M.P.s would like them to take more.

THE RESURRECTION OF ITALY

13th January, 1889.

Mr. Gladstone spoke of his difficulties about visiting Rome. To Italians he is almost an Italian. Not only his action in 1851 and his letters to Lord Aberdeen, but his steady line of conduct in Lord Palmerston's Ministry identified him with the cause of Italy. He felt strongly the mischief and danger of the present foreign policy and war expenditure of Italy. He protested against Italy's ultramontane alliances. What good could come of them? Supposing Italy to have aided Germany in crushing France, and Italy to ask Germany in her turn for help, Bismarck would reply, and very properly, that he could not spend a shilling or a drop of blood for any but a German interest. Italy's right course was, not to struggle into a front place in the rivalries of great Powers, but to avail herself of the advantages Nature had given her, in strong and defined frontiers, and to throw her energies into the peaceful and industrial development which the genius of the people, the richness of the soil, the beauty of the climate, and new-born liberties were so plainly calling forth.

At dinner Mr. G. expressed his delight and amazement at the wonderful transformation of Naples. He had seen how much had been of late years done by the municipalities at Genoa, Como, and Milan. But these were all Northern Italian. Yet here in Naples, South Italy exhibited almost superior vigour. He did not believe that any city in the world could shew such a drive as we had taken twice to-day by the Via Tasso, Corso Vittorio Emanuele, etc. to the railway station. Under the Bourbons, Nature was too strong for Naples. Now Naples had brought Nature under the yoke. It was a resurrection as well as reconstitution. He had at once noticed how few were the bare feet, where thirty-eight years ago bare feet were the rule. Now how good the clothing, how active the people! The moral change was, in part, explained by the physical change. The improvement in the people and the improvement in streets and town hung together. And all this was an example of the effect of giving self-government and free institutions to a people.

He seemed to be under a peculiar impulse while in

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

Italy to declare his views and make known his protest. The kindness with which Italy now received him and a sense of personal responsibility, but more of righteous conviction, urged him to utterance. How could he go to Rome and see Crispi and the King without speaking out plainly? Yet, were he to do so just now and while in close and daily contact with a British Ambassador charged with the Salisbury policy, he would be placing the Ambassador—his own warm personal friend—in a difficult position. It was for these reasons he had written to Lord Dufferin abandoning his visit to Rome.

Mr. G. drew a parallel to his present position and feelings in regard to Italy from the case of Bulgaria. Whatever people might choose to think and say, his course in regard to affairs in Bulgaria was not in the least gratuitous. It was called for by his peculiar responsibility in the matter. He had been a member of the Administration which embarked on the Crimean War. That war found Russia responsible for, and discharging the duty of, protecting the Christian subjects of Turkey. It ended by ousting Russia and by formally placing the protection of the Christians in the hands of five Powers, of which England was one. He was the only man in the House of Commons at the time of the Bulgarian atrocities who had a personal knowledge and a personal responsibility in respect of this substitution and new duty. Though no one might believe it, yet it was for this reason that he threw himself into an agitation on behalf of the oppressed Christians of the Balkans. He was forcing England to recognise and act upon a responsibility which the Crimean War had cast upon her.

Speaking of the Empress Eugénie, Mr. G. shewed much feeling of the awful responsibility she incurred in relation to entering upon the Franco-German War. He considered the Emperor as at the time almost a cypher, and the war as the work of a wretchedly weak Minister (Olivier) yielding to, instead of guiding, a woman. It was very hard on France, a cruel wrong.

NEWMAN AND MANNING

18th January, 1889.

Mr. G. talked about Manning, his devotion to the Temporal Power, for which he alleged scriptural authority. Newman had his heart in Oxford as well as in Rome. Manning was wholly Roman. While Newman would gladly see English Roman Catholics going to Oxford, Manning opposed it, calling Oxford the "home of atheism and impiety." Yet on the jubilee of the Oxford Union Manning went down and made the best speech. Mr. G. had occasion to write to Manning in 1885, and in reply Manning wrote, "For God's sake don't give Ireland a Parliament." Manning was now a Home Ruler. The Irish bishops became Home Rulers (as they were bound to do), and Manning, Mr. G. considered, felt he could not—or rather that the interests of the Roman Catholic Church in England could not—afford that he should be left behind. Mr. G. said that Manning went literally on his stomach—not that he had a stomach, no man was so abstemious—to induce Leo XIII to issue the Infallibility Decree, pledging himself that it would produce a great wave of conversion in England, where people were only waiting for an absolute and final standard of faith. He said Manning would do almost anything for the sake of Rome. He instanced the call paid by Manning to Strelitski on his death-bed. As Strelitski had been in attendance in the Protestant Church for thirty or forty years and was then *in extremis*, Mr. G. thought Manning's visit most improper and unworthy. Strelitski lived in lodgings at the top of Savile Row, where the archway and passage lead to New Burlington Street. When Manning called, the servant said that his master could not be seen. Manning pressed for admission. The servant said, "I have just had to send away the Prime Minister" (Mr. G.). Manning replied, "Mr. Gladstone is the Minister of the Queen, but I am the Minister of God." He was not admitted. Mr. G. strongly condemned the attempt.

28th January, 1889.

Mr. G. spoke of the Queen's Church views. In this, as in almost everything, the Prince Consort had fixed her

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

mind. She once said to Mr. G., "You know I am not much of an Episcopalian." "No, Ma'am, I know that well." In fact she prefers the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. She is, Mr. G. thinks, the first Sovereign who "communicates" in the Scottish Kirk. And she has a positive dislike of the Scottish Episcopalian. An effort was made by some one of great influence with her to get her to know Dean Ramsay, but she never would see him. Mr. G. said roundly that, though the Queen would always do her duty conscientiously in Church matters, she did not care a bit about the Church of England. She took the Communion, but only at Christmas and Easter and once in Scotland.

I once referred to the grovelling etiquette of Court, and spoke of Privy Councillors shuffling up on their knees to kiss the Queen's hand and being desired on no account to raise it but to stoop low enough. I hoped such customs might die out, instead of serving to make a case for a holocaust of monarchical trappings. Mr. G. said simply, "I, on the contrary, hope they will be maintained."

Mrs. Gladstone said the Queen let her know pretty plainly the state of her mind about Mr. G. At one time she would sign her letters "Yours affectionately," then the ending became "Yours sincerely," then again "Yours affectionately," obviously in relation to the Queen's political sentiments. Mrs. G. had ventured to write to her about the way in which the Queen's interests were always uppermost in Mr. G.'s mind, and not less in regard to Irish politics than on other questions. The Queen had not replied, which Mrs. G. took as a good sign, since, if the Queen had disapproved her course in writing, she well knew how to let her know it.

The Queen knew only one class below her. Everybody great and small was on one level in relation to herself. All were equally her subjects and at one and the same distance from her. Nevertheless distinction was carefully made at Windsor Castle in the visitors' rooms, and the best rooms were always given to the people of highest rank. The standing after dinner was a severe infliction upon old people. Lyon Playfair once told me that, throughout his long and constant association in

MRS. GLADSTONE AND THE PRINCESS

business with the Prince Consort, the Prince never once asked him to sit down.

Mrs. G. spoke as warmly as every one else, including John Morley, of the Princess of Wales. The Princess was so genuinely sincere. While in private life her manners were utterly without assumption of rank, yet she knew how in public to observe her station without any incongruity. She would talk to Mrs. G. about Mr. G. "*You don't want your William to be called anything but Mr. Gladstone. You don't care about names and titles and orders. When I think how people trouble and struggle about these things, and what dreadful persons get them, I cannot understand it at all. You are too proud of your William to want him to be anything else or to wear stars.*"

Mr. G. spoke of Lord Derby. A thoroughly loyal man and just, within his sympathies, but completely cold-blooded; not to be roused by such events as Bulgarian atrocities, however officially face to face with them. Lord Salisbury behaved very ill to him. His "Titus Oates" speech was not the only occasion. But the appointment of his brother and heir, Col. Stanley, in a Tory Government to the Cabinet Office which he himself had just vacated as a Liberal, was Dizzy's act, and was characteristic of him. Of Lord Derby he said his speeches were all textually learnt and recited, but he could interpolate a reference to a speech in the same debate and take up again the thread of his recitation.

Speaking of activity in old age, Mr. G. said he had long given up the idea of attempting to run. Lord Halifax was the oldest man he had ever seen run. At between seventy-six and eighty years of age he remembered his running after him from a Cabinet. He himself not so very long ago ran fast for a 100 yards or so. It was in a street behind Regent Street. A girl was carrying a basket of oranges for sale and a boy snatched two of them and bolted. Mr. G. gave chase. The boy threw down the oranges, but Mr. G. left them for the girl to pick up and succeeded in capturing the boy and handing him over to a policeman. Mr. G. said that Lord Granville had a strong bent for interfering in any street incident. It was, Mr. G. thought, remarkable

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that, with his tact and experience, he also should allow himself to be carried into risk of street trouble through his goodness of heart and general sympathies.

When the original ice-shop Gunter, who used to be smartly mounted in the hunting-field, was passing Lord Alvanley in the run, he apologised on the ground that his horse was rather hot. "Take him home and ice him then," said Lord Alvanley.

Mr. G. remarked that, had Louis Philippe been as good a man as Leopold, the Orleanists might still be holding France. Louis Philippe was mad to rely upon a majority in a system where some 160,000 electors represented 38 millions, without taking account of the far more potent feeling and more pregnant signs from outside the Parliamentary sphere.

Mr. G. has a very strong feeling about the Army in England. Notwithstanding the old popular jealousy against a standing Army, we have submitted to the presence in our midst of an exceedingly strong military caste, the exclusive pretensions and ascendancy of which are, and always have been, most antagonistic and injurious to the cause of progress and civil rights. The connexion of the Army with the Court, which is most sedulously maintained, increases the evil, and is a sort of conspiracy. The Colonels in the House of Commons are always on the wrong side. The Naval M.P.s often go with the Military M.P.s, but the Navy generally does not in any way separate itself from the nation, and has never attempted to constitute itself a caste or an anti-popular interest. (I note that the Army wears the "Queen's livery.")

4th February, 1889.

Mr. G., in discussing the Italian financial statement and roundly condemning the system of "successive" budgets, gave credit to the Tories for having after 1815 aided in establishing a system of Budget which brought expenditure really and truly before Parliament and so placed it effectually under Parliamentary control. Unity, completeness, and contemporaneity were the cardinal considerations guiding the Budget statement. He said that he once made a Budget speech on April 4th

A GOOD BUDGET SPEECH

which gave, for all substantive and practical purposes, a clear account of the receipts and expenditure of the Empire, (not Great Britain only) down to March 31st. To make a good Budget speech and an intelligible and interesting one required a great deal of labour and pains. He was the first to give figures in round numbers, dropping the hundreds and tens. Until his time shillings and pence were stated, even in the case of sums amounting to millions. He got the Treasury to use the letter "M" for thousands after a fashion first introduced by the Bank of England, one of the few good things ever done by that *arriéré* body.

Speaking of Chaplin, he compared him unfavourably with Newdigate as a survival of the Tory class destroyed by Dizzy. Sir H. Inglis was the best type. Mr. G. was, of course, always in a different lobby from his colleague Inglis. Once he thought that for a change he might manage that they should vote together. He proposed to him some action referring to the Pope's Temporal Power. But he found Sir H. Inglis's reverence for Sovereignty outweighed his Protestant feeling. On the other hand, when Peel brought in the Maynooth grant, Inglis came to Mr. G. and invited him to lead the assault upon it, which Mr. G. declined to do. (As Mr. G. resigned, I fancy, upon Peel's action, this offer and refusal are interesting.) Talking of Maynooth, Sir H. Inglis, "that kind and good old man" sitting easily in his arm-chair, said to Mr. G., "Ah! This all comes of Catholic Emancipation. I did my best against it. My advice was to send over the Duke of Cumberland and 30,000 men."

Mr. G. is fond of a story of Ruskin, with whom he was discussing at Hawarden the Quakers, finding fault with the bareness and baldness of their creed, and their pretension to have discovered as a new feature the supreme importance of the inner life. He pointed out, however, their great claims to respect and gratitude, because Quakers had reformed our prisons, established a peace party, and abolished slavery. To this Ruskin quietly replied that unfortunately these achievements were no merit in his eyes. For he thought the prisons ought not to have been reformed, that war was beneficial, and that

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL.

slavery should not have been abolished. During another visit to Hawarden Ruskin said he was against Turkey, which Mr. G. thought strange, because Ruskin was always on the side of rule. However, the explanation was that Ruskin was anti-Jingo in the matter of Turkey only because his "father Carlyle" was against Turkey.

7th February, 1899.

Yesterday at dinner Mr. Gladstone told with verve and point a small story of Wordsworth. He had been alluding to the case of Wordsworth in connexion with the idea that there cannot be genius without some humour. Wordsworth was a man of great genius but, in his own opinion, had not, that he knew of, ever said anything witty or humorous but once. The instance Wordsworth gave of his own humour was that once near Rydal Mount he met a man running along the road in much excitement, who stopped him and said, "Where is my wife?" To which Wordsworth replied, "I did not even know you had a wife."

He said that Wordsworth had often lunched and dined with him in the Alb;¹ that he was very simple; he might have an inner vanity, but never showed it. He remarked how after dinner he would walk home, first taking off his socks and replacing them with woollen knitted stockings.

AMALFI: 1889

12th February, 1889.

Mrs. Gladstone spoke of Lord Frederick Cavendish's death and how the news reached them. Cavendish had taken the Chief Secretaryship at Mr. G.'s instance and against his natural inclinations and Hartington's probable wishes. He had rushed off to Dublin to be installed, intending to return at once. His wife that evening was much exhilarated and desired to go to the Admiralty reception and shew herself and receive congratulations. Lady Louisa Egerton reminded her that she was not asked. She thought she might well go unasked, but got a card and was on the point of going.

¹ *Albany, where Mr. Gladstone had rooms.*

LORD F. CAVENDISH'S DEATH

Mrs. G. did go to the Admiralty, knowing nothing. Lord Northbrook came up to her and said, "You ought not to be here. Something has happened in Ireland." He was about to take her to the door when called off to attend to some Royalty—Duchess of Edinburgh, I think. Mrs. G. felt a sort of paralysis she had never known before—a difficulty in using her limbs. She clutched her cloak and got into a cab, saying, "Don't tell me anything, don't speak to me." When she reached Downing Street, Edward Hamilton met her, took her into his room, and told her. All her thought was for her husband. Did he know? When would he come in? He arrived very shortly, and they both got into a cab and rushed off to Lady Frederick Cavendish. As Mr. G. came into the room, Lady Frederick threw her arms round his neck and said, "Oh, Uncle William, you were right to send him, and he was right to go." Lord Hartington arrived. He was of no use. However much he felt, he had nothing to say. Then came Lord Granville. He and Mr. G. simply fell into each other's arms. Mr. and Mrs. G. returned to Downing Street, and that morning at 3 a.m. Mr. G. wrote his wonderful letter to Lady Frederick.

Mr. G. spoke again of Chamberlain's Irish land-purchase scheme, which was printed and circulated in the Cabinet, but which he had never ventured, though often challenged, to produce, and to which therefore his colleagues in the Cabinet do not like publicly to advert in debate. Chamberlain's scheme was to compel the sale by Irish landlords to the tenants of all such holdings on their estates as might be under £30 a year. Mr. G. regarded the proposal as the most preposterous conceivable, and as evidence of extraordinary ignorance for so clever a man. It would tear to rags all estates on which it was operative. It would spare the estates of the bad landlords in proportion to the extent of their evictions and the consequent consolidation of their holdings, while it would hit hardest the non-evicting landlords. What would Chamberlain's Tory landlord friends say to such a plan?

Mr. G. said he had voted for civil marriage with a deceased wife's sister for the sake of the poor, though

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he did not believe in step-mothers being ever of great advantage to children, while too often they were the cause of ruin to step-daughters by driving them out of the home. He could not vote for legalising ecclesiastical marriages. His wish was that the children of such unions should not be held bastards.

LONDON: 1889-1890

4, *Whitehall Gardens*,
23rd February, 1889.

Mr. G. much enjoyed a story told by Charles Bowen to-night which was new to him. Shortly after he became Lord Beaconsfield, some young peer asked Disraeli what course of study he had best take to qualify himself for speaking so as to gain the ear of the House of Lords. Disraeli replied, "Have you a graveyard near your house?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then," said Disraeli, "I should recommend you to visit it early of a morning and practice upon the tombstones."

As an example of Dizzy's manners to women; someone said that on walking down St. James Street he met Lady Sebright in her brougham. Lady Sebright congratulated him on his earldom, on which Dizzy, with gracious gravity and a flourish of his hat, replied, "Of what avail or value are dignities to me, so long as Sir John Sebright continues to exist?"

Mr. G. spoke kindly and with conviction of Brougham's talent and character, and quoted an exclamation of Brougham's to Lord Lyndhurst as very like him. Brougham had been conversing with and taking the advice of Lord Lyndhurst after the latter had lost all use of his limbs. "Ah," said Brougham, "if only I could lend you some of my legs in exchange for some of your brains."

Speaking of judicial corruption, Mathew (the Judge) told us that at no very distant date, when the Chancellor opened term and gave a real breakfast to the Judges and the Bar, it was customary for counsel to roll up in their napkins or conceal under their plates presents which were proportioned to the expectation of promotion by the givers. After breakfast, the Chancellor went round and fobbed the fees.

2nd March, 1889.

Mr. G. spoke of Parnell to-night. In May, 1882, Mrs. O'Shea asked him to call upon her. He saw her at St. Thomas's Hotel. She said she could not make out what had come over Parnell, but that he was quite a different man since he had come out of Kilmainham prison. Mr. G. told Mrs. O'Shea that he had carefully watched Parnell, and that he considered that he had then become a Conservative force in Ireland, and that she might tell him that he would never from that moment say a word against him. Mr. G. remarked that, in fact, he had never done so, although Parnell had bitterly attacked and in the end upset his Government. Neither did he question Parnell's right to attack or his conduct in attack.

Speaking of the Habeas Corpus Act of 1881 and of his denunciation of Parnell at that time, Mr. G. said that it was absolutely necessary to fight Parnell in order to give a chance to the Land Act. It was in order to force remedial legislation against Parnell's opposition and counter-plotting that he assailed Parnell personally and brought in strong coercive legislation. But all the time he hated the Habeas Corpus Act as too strong, and yielded to his Cabinet, which would otherwise have been broken up. Chamberlain and Bright were of the party against him and in favour of it. They agreed with Forster, who maintained that if particular men, a limited number only, were put under lock and key, the agitation would die of inanition. Mr. G.'s contention in the Cabinet was that Forster must be wrong in his calculation; that an agitation against rent in Ireland covered the whole field and touched every man, and that to pick out and imprison a few hundred scattered individuals would prove ineffectual. Speaking of Parnell, Mr. G. said that he doubted whether any politician had ever suffered so much for his country.

21st March, 1889.

Mr. G. has been much oppressed by the pending death of his brother, coming on the top of the grave illness which has completely compromised the future health of

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL.

his eldest son. I think he has felt the former almost as much as the latter. It is hopeless to move him from undertaking the very long and anxious journey to the funeral. But he studies a cheerful air. He will have no outward respectful gloom. The mere everyday routine of life is not to be affected. He is so innocent of, or indifferent to, worldly malevolence that he never dreams of assuming the cloak and hatband nor even suspects that his wise cultivation of reasonable distraction may be, in one so prominent and so hated as well as loved, cruelly misinterpreted. This is the reason why he would be capable, left to his own guidance, of fulfilling an engagement to go to the play on the night of the news of Gordon's death.

At dinner to-night he was very bright. He spoke again of Lord Derby with great kindness and respect, but he said, with apparent concurrence, that those who best knew him thought that his bane was indecision. That view, he had heard, was supported by his unaccountable and mischievous delays of action when at the Colonial Office lately over the Walfisch Bay difficulty with Germany in South Africa. Lord Derby used to observe of his father that he would have been a great man but for the want of two things—information and judgment. It was true, Mr. G. said, with respect to information. On the other hand, Lord Derby's father used to call his son "Grandpapa."

He also enjoyed much talking of Cobden, whom he is never tired of praising as one of the most noble, unselfish, broad-minded, and clear-thinking Englishmen who ever entered public life. Peel, he said, greatly admired Cobden. No man was more just but more measured in his praise of speeches. Sitting by Mr. G., when Cobden was speaking, with his wonderful faculty of apt illustration and exhaustive demonstration, Mr. G. would notice Peel strike his leg and say, "Admirable!" "Excellent!" "What a speech!" Cobden, however, Mr. G. thought, was somewhat wanting in quickness of appreciation and the rapidity of perception necessary in debate. In the height of argument and the flow of illustration, he said of Bright, to a crowded House, "Now, my honourable friend, the Member for

GREAT LONDON HOUSES

Rochdale, is a manufacturer of long and low-class yarns." The House gave one simultaneous roar of laughter, but Cobden utterly failed to see the *équivoque*.

Mr. G. lamented, as usual, that the middle and commercial or industrial class had not produced another Cobden. He said they had only produced four considerable men in public life since their emergence. For the moment I forget who two of the four were. But he named Chamberlain as the last. He remarked how unsuccessful political economists had been in their private affairs.

Mr. G. spoke of the disappearance of the great aristocratic houses of London. Within his own day the change is remarkable. Lansdowne and Stafford House were both great and stately centres of distinguished social life; Devonshire House also and Spencer House. Bridgwater House by Lord Francis Egerton's death became abortive. Harcourt House was socially barren. These are signs of the times.

1, Carlton Gardens,
29th November, 1890.

Mr. G. read Parnell's manifesto before nine o'clock breakfast. He told me at once it was an astounding document. It was mainly a professed revelation of four modifications of Home Rule, said to have been definitely proposed by him to Parnell at Hawarden. The singular thing was that Parnell had utterly misstated every one. With regard to the number of Irish representatives in the Imperial Parliament, nothing whatever had been said as to "32." As to the constabulary, Mr. G. had proposed a gradual absorption and re-organisation under local control, but had never suggested twelve or thirteen years' delay. It was Parnell who had in 1886 shrunk from handing the constabulary over to local control. He then wanted it left in Imperial control for the sake of his personal security.

Mr. G. was as clear and complete in his expression of view and fact, immediately after reading the letter and while eating his egg and toast, as he was three hours later when he wrote his reply for the Press. It was remarkable that, while more than ever he lamented

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL.

Parnell's action, he still spoke with regret and a certain tenderness. He never used a harsh word of him.

The early hours of the morning passed mainly in a pause. For none of Mr. G.'s colleagues came, and it was not till 1.30 that John Morley appeared. J. Stuart was admitted at 12 and Herbert G. I went away to Great George Street, and it was at 1.20 that Stuart carried off a copy of Mr. G.'s letter to *The Star*. Prior to that, Herbert G. had read it to four of the leading reporters. Charles Morley of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, taking time as usual by the forelock, called at 9.20, and Mr. G. saw him, and at 11.30 Mr. Cook, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, called, but did not see him until he had written his letter. Arnold Morley was present, and Harcourt came in and looked over the letter before it was sent. He said, "I told you so; I told you so." He has of late consistently urged that none of the Irish could be trusted, and particularly Parnell.

Mr. G., as an instance of Parnell's power and decision, told me that he got the Irish Vote for the Prince of Wales and Royal Family Increased Allowances by sitting for five minutes on a bench with him during one of the divisions at the last moment, and saying, "Whatever may be the case in other quarters, I can assure you that the Prince of Wales has no prejudice in regard to Ireland, and I should suggest your weighing that fact." On which Parnell said that the observation was of great importance and he would see to it, and he took all his men into the Lobby with Mr. G.

HOLMBURY AND HATCHLANDS: 1891

7th June, 1891.

John Morley and I drove over from Hatchlands, where he and Mrs. Morley had been staying. Morley had been nine days in bed and five more in bedroom. He had never felt so depressed, even when in his illness from peritonitis three years ago he was for a fortnight wholly without food or drink of any kind, and was, as Clark told him afterwards and as he felt at the time, fully within sight and reach "of the Pale Kingdom."

SOVEREIGN'S RIGHT OF INTERVENTION

The influenza made him "suicidal and homicidal." Peritonitis left him indifferent to his fate and in the half-stupefied state in which, whether through narcotics or otherwise, he supposes most people meet dissolution.

Morley asked Mr. G. what he thought of Browning. He said that was a big question. He fell back on Tennyson, whom he quoted as saying that Browning was a grand fellow—a great genius. "The worst of it is that I can't read him." Morley quoted Tennyson as saying (to him, I think) that Browning was a great poet, but "without the glory of words." Mr. G. once asked Tennyson whether he did not look on Carlyle as a poet. "Yes, indeed," said Tennyson, "a poet whom Nature has deprived of the faculty of verse."

Morley referred to Victor Hugo's extravagance of expression in his own case. He once, as a very young man, wrote an article in the *Saturday Review* on "Les Travailleurs de la Mer." Hugo came across it, and addressed a long letter to Cook, the editor (which Morley keeps), asking to know the name of the writer and speaking of him as the "worthy successor of Shakespeare, Newton, and Wilberforce" (combining poetry, science, and humanity). Morley afterwards saw Hugo twice. On one occasion Rénan was present. Hugo was quiet, gentle in his manner and talk.

At breakfast this morning Mr. G. talked politics. Morley called his attention to the fact that the Duke of Wellington addressed the King in the first person, as Walpole addressed Queen Anne "Madam." Mr. G. said that the present mode of address in the third or second person had existed for all his time. Morley raised the question of the limits of the Sovereign's intervention, especially as just shewn in the letter to Archbishop Tait on Irish disestablishment. Mr. G. laid it down that the Sovereign had the right of argument with her Minister, but no right to work against him in any way. The Sovereign's remedy was dismissal. He thought the Queen did well if she tried to ease the difficulty with the House of Lords over Irish disestablishment, but if she suggested through third persons any compromise, then he could not defend the action.

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As usual, he praised and defended the Queen. He referred to her useful action over the Suffrage difficulty.

Of Irish disestablishment Mr. G. said that the Irish Church got £500,000 that it never ought to have had. But the Lords stood upon it, and to have refused to assent would have been to cause the rejection of the Bill by the Lords, and its re-introduction and passing in the following year, and Mr. G. would not for the sake of £500,000 "lose a year of the life of the nation." Besides, in the Commons the sentiment was in favour of extreme recognition of doubtful forms of vested interest, and the Government had to fight some of their own men against extreme compensation.

Mr. G. said that Tait's defect was that, though an admirable speaker, he was a very poor preacher. But he was a statesman, and of high character and noble quality. He mentioned, as evidence of his largeness of heart and mind, that when Bishop Wilberforce's biographer wrote to ask the Archbishop if he would let him have the Bishop's letters and undertook to adhere scrupulously to any limit and restriction of their use which the Archbishop might impose, the Archbishop sent him the whole of the letters, giving him absolute freedom in their use, and adding that he might record the fact that, during the whole period of the Archbishop's primacy up to Wilberforce's death, the real Primate of the Church of England was Wilberforce.

Morley referred to the fact that Lord Salisbury and Lord Stanley voted for Irish disestablishment. Mr. G. observed that it must be remembered that that was at the time when Lord Salisbury was in much opposition to his own party, *i.e.* Disraeli, and said laughingly, "That was when we were such great friends and were so often at Hatfield."

At lunch the disqualification of episcopally ordained persons to sit in the House of Commons was spoken of. I asked Mr. G. how it happened that when the Irish Church was disestablished this disqualification was maintained. He said because the Irish clergyman could at any time hold an English benefice. A clergyman could sit in the House of Lords, but that was by special regulation of the House of Lords. There was no connexion

GORDON-CUMMING BACCARAT CASE

necessarily between Establishment and the disqualification of the clergy. It applied to Roman Catholic priests also.

8th June, 1891.

John Morley left with G. Leveson-Gower for London. Mr. G. and Morley got deep into ecclesiastical talk to the moment of J. Morley's going. I can give no note of the conversation, and refer to it because of the interest of having two men of such widely severed religious opinions discussing religious matters with such mutual respect and accord of spirit.

At dinner Mr. G. talked of the Gordon-Cumming baccarat case, and gave great importance to the Prince of Wales's concern in it. He thinks the Prince's political conduct excellent, and prophesies that the throne will receive no injury through him in matters of government. He likes him personally, but deplores his choice of friends. He feared the Prince was becoming more disposed to force his own tastes and habits on his company. When he dined with the Duke of Fife, he noticed that the folding doors in the drawing-room were closed, and learnt that this was a compromise made with the Duchess, who disliked smoking in the drawing-room, on which the Prince insisted, so his daughter kept *one* drawing-room free of it. Mr. G. remembers when the Prince did not venture to produce a cigar after dinner. He would take great note of the change, because the smell of a strong cigar makes him feel ill.

Mr. G. raised humorously the question whether it was worse to gamble or to drink. He thought gambling much worse. He said that in the working classes it was by no means the bad man, but often the good fellow, who got drunk now and again. He started a theory that gambling was bad because it was a betrayal of the trust on which money is given us by Providence. F. Leveson-Gower was of quite the other way of thinking, lenient to gambling and disgusted by drink. He confessed a want of impartiality, for he had gambled in a harmless degree when young. Mr. G. thereupon admitted his own partiality. For he had no taste for cards, whereas he remembered well the pleasure and stimulus to the brain given

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by sipping wine, and could well imagine in himself a turn for drink.

We spoke of reading. Mr. G. said he was a slow reader. I said he did it mostly in unconsidered intervals. He warmly assented, and said that most of his reading—nearly all when in Office—was “five minutes reading,” a habit of taking up a book the moment he was free and reading it but for five minutes. He declared that now, to him, reading was much easier and lighter work than thinking, and that often he read in order to avoid thinking.

During the week that John Morley and I were together I had a great deal of delightful and most intimate talk with him. Perhaps our chief political talk was on the old question whether Mr. G. ought to make more explicit and detailed declaration as to his future Home Rule scheme, or whether he should hold his hand longer. Morley has come round a good deal to the view that Mr. G. ought to put his scheme before the constituencies before the General Election, his chief reason being that if he does not do so the Lords will be justified in demanding a second appeal to the country. Thus, if Mr. G. waits till 1892 to present his plan as Premier, and then the Lords throw his Bill out and he has to send it up again in 1893, it will be 1894 before the final decision can be taken, and Mr. G. can hardly be in Office in 1894 at eighty-five years of age.

I urged my old arguments as employed with Mr. G. at Singleton Abbey, Swansea, to restrain Mr. G. from making too detailed or precise announcements in his speech then. Of these arguments Morley approved at the time, and we were, I think, still agreed that the representation of Ireland at Westminster was impossible except on the terms of making the Irish Parliament a mere county council, that the dallying with the Scottish and Welsh Home Rulers was a mistake and treason to Irish Home Rule, and that the Home Rule scheme of 1886, with its double order, etc., was a very good scheme and about as good as the circumstances would admit, there being, in fact, no possibility of devising a logical and unassailable scheme.

Speaking of bores, Mr. G. referred to Lord Fortescue,

CARDINAL MANNING

who is supposed to equal the five next biggest bores rolled into one. Lord Rosebery asked Lord Fortescue if he was going to dine at Grillons next Monday. Lord Fortescue said—No, he had unluckily an engagement. Why did Lord Rosebery ask? Lord Rosebery said because Lord Spencer and he thought of dining there. Accordingly, they went in security—only to find Lord Fortescue, who had freed himself in order to meet them!

VALESCURE: 1892

16th January, 1892.

Mr. G. was alone with me after dinner, and referred again to Cardinal Manning. He said the account of the Cardinal in *The Times* of the 15th was good and written by an able man and fair. Stead's high-flown description had been wide of the mark. Stead pictured him as a man with whom, if under any such, a reunion of churches might take place; whereas, said Mr. G., Manning was a thorough ultramontane. He had pronounced for the Temporal Power of the Pope as an article of faith, and was an early and high Infallibility advocate. In fact, he was thought to be the chief adviser of the Pope in the promulgation of the Infallibility dogma in 1870. Where he differed on the popular side from many of the English Roman Catholics was that he did not join the knot of aristocratic Laics, but threw in his lot with the humble members, lay and ecclesiastical, of his Church. He was wonderfully detached from all earthly tastes—the flesh was extinct. He might have lived longer, Mr. G. thought, but for the stern restriction in food and ease. He upheld a high standard of morals and did not palter with such a case as Monsignor Capel. As regards Home Rule, he was at first adverse, and in 1886 wrote to Mr. G. deprecating it. But so soon as he found the Irish Bishops for it, he went with them. The Church was all in all to him. The last time Mr. G. had any talk with him was at Marlborough House last season. They talked of the approach of death, and Cardinal Manning said all he desired was to die without debt and without means.

Speaking of 1848, Mr. G. repeated a story that recurs

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to him often in connexion with Manning: They had been intimate and kept up a correspondence, and Manning, when in town, always came to see him. Newman had just gone over, and after him were streaming some of the best University men of their time, such as Dalgairns, etc. Mr. G. remembered as though it were yesterday that he was sitting in his chair over the fire in the Albany, and Manning stood leaning against the chimney-piece. Mr. G. said, "You know these men, Manning, better than I do. What is the quality or characteristic common to all of them which may explain this continuous flow of secession?" To which Manning replied, with his usual measured gravity, "Yes, I know them, and I recognise a characteristic common to them all, and it is 'want of truth.'" Four or not more than five years ago Mr. G. went into the great Roman Catholic bookseller's, Burns, and there fell into pleasant talk with a very intelligent shopman and with the editor of a Roman Catholic periodical. It happened that he told this story, and one of them said he had heard the story told to Cardinal Manning quite lately, and that the Cardinal had said, "Yes, it is quite true."

But the point of the story is that Mr. G. evidently considers that a want of integrity of mind was a grave defect of the Cardinal's own character; or rather that in the interests of his Church he was quite capable of playing with truth. Dr. Döllinger at Munich had spoken bitterly of Manning and had described him as a "falsifier of history," whereas Döllinger was to his own persecutors and enemies so gentle that Mr. G. never heard from him a murmur of accusation or reproach against any of them. He was respectful even to the Archbishop of Munich, who had excommunicated him, after having been to the last moment his intimate friend. Mr. G. was fond of telling how he was walking in Munich with Dr. Döllinger—both with their hats off, which both liked—when an obviously dignified ecclesiastic with attendant chaplains ("a very good custom," said Mr. G.) passed them. Dr. Döllinger and Mr. G. bowed, and the ecclesiastic returned the salute stiffly and without regarding Dr. Döllinger. "Who was

DISRAELI'S DEMORALISATION OF HIS PARTY

that?" asked Mr. G. "The Archbishop of Munich," replied Dr. Döllinger, *i.e.* the man who had excommunicated him. But not a word of reproach did Dr. Döllinger utter.

Mr. G. deplored, as is his wont, the demoralisation of the Tory Party by Disraeli. He was not much comforted by the suggestion of the inherent integrity of British character. He thought that, the mischief being done, the recovery would be slow and halting. He compared Randolph Churchill to Disraeli, and thought that the readiness of the Tory Party to take up and even push Randolph Churchill was evidence of aggravation of the evil. He thought Arthur Balfour much tainted with easy and cynical indifference. This led to a warm outburst of sympathy for John Morley, whose position he feared might prove beyond endurance. For he feared Harcourt might not last long—he took so little care of himself—and it was sad to think of Morley, with his lofty and pure integrity, left alone in the face of adversaries like Churchill, Chamberlain, and Balfour.

19th January, 1892.

Mr. G. talked to-night after dinner of Bright. He said how much his fame would have gained had he died in 1884. Obviously Mr. G. considered there was no room for doubt but that Bright's rejection of Home Rule must prejudice his position in history. He said that Bright wavered. He had two hours' debate with Bright, and shewed him a confidential memorandum on Home Rule which he had written for the Queen with a view of satisfying her. Bright spoke of this as a powerful statement of the case for Home Rule, and, while he did not concur, did not reject. But he evinced his dread and disapproval of handing over Ireland to such men as then represented Ireland in the House of Commons. Mr. G. observed that a study of Bright's anti-Home Rule speeches would shew that he never used the argument of disintegration of Empire, upon which the Unionists rest. His objection was confined to the placing of Irish fortunes and destiny in the hands of such men as led the Home Rule cause in Ireland. Mr. G. had never heard, till I then told him, that we under-

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stood that Bright had not been invited to the meeting in the Foreign Office of the Home Rule M.P.s. He knew he was not there.

Mr. G. spoke of Hartington. He condemned his political conduct since the split. He said he should have behaved as Burke did, and, while holding aloof with his friends, he should not have constituted a party of dissidents. The result of this course of organisation had been the permanent severance of its aristocratic and landowning section from the Liberal Party, the very thing which Hartington should have avoided. He had vitiated his traditions and injured the cause of his own order. The Liberals might now have some forty peers, but they had but four or five peers who were large landowners, *e.g.* Breadalbane, Hothfield, Spencer, etc.; in fact, probably nine out of every ten acres in the United Kingdom were now in Tory hands.

20th January, 1892.

Mr. G. said at lunch to-day that during his whole career he could remember but one occasion upon which the "City" had been pleased with anything he had said or done in finance. It was when he wrote a short but strong letter against Bimetallism. He condemned strongly Goschen's finance. His conversion he regarded as a simple present of £25 millions. He thought the Bank of England Parlour was like a University Common Room in narrowing the point of view.

He referred to continental opinion on Home Rule as almost unanimous in favour, and cited a remark to him of Chauncey Depew—himself a democrat, *i.e.* Tory—as to American opinion. Depew said, "There will be 15 million votes cast for the Presidency and 14½ million will be votes of Home Rulers." He referred to the story about the siege of Fredericksburg in the War. The Northerners happened in some quarter of their camp to set up the tune of "God save Ireland." Immediately along the whole line the same tune was taken up. But when it was over, the tune was heard coming back from the Southerners, where it was caught and re-echoed.

HARTINGTON INCIDENT OF 1880

24th January, 1892.

The news of the result of the contest in Rossendale, converting Lord Hartington's Unionist majority of 1,450 into a Home Rule majority of 1,225, reached Mr. G. this morning. I saw him at once. Its effect on his face was great. The young blood was in it and twenty years of age had fallen off. His exclamation was characteristic; "And so this is the ground upon which Ireland has been coerced. No man has to answer more for coercion than Hartington, and his own constituency condemns him. Now I can believe that on Randolph's retirement he would have joined the Tories but for fear of being beaten."

The Times had taunted Mr. G. with gross ingratitude to Lord Hartington. Mr. G. wanted to know of what *The Times* could be thinking. Of course *The Times* meant that Hartington had borne the heat and burden of the leadership of the Opposition in 1874-80 and then Mr. G. had taken up the fruit of the victory of 1880. Mr. G. said that Hartington might have been leading the Opposition till now, and what whit nearer victory would the Liberals have been? He said Hartington was a straight man and truthful, but with no chivalry whatever and with a worldly standard much affected by the Newmarket kind of life. As to ingratitude, he said he had great ground of complaint on that score, but he would throw no light on the subject except that it was not connected with Egypt.

As regards *The Times* charge, and taking it to mean what I suggested, he said that Lord Hartington was not only sent for by the Queen, as we all know, but that he left Windsor with the intent to form a Government, and that he asked Mr. G. to serve under him. Mr. G. replied that he hardly saw his way to taking Office under a man thirty years his junior and in the circumstances which had led to the Liberal triumph in 1880. I asked him what record there was that Hartington had tried to form a Government in 1880, and he replied that on such matters there was unfortunately no record. He was sent for by the Queen, who explained that she had thought it her duty to send for Hartington, as he had

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led the Opposition in the Parliament of 1874-80. Mr. G. said that he told the Queen she had, in his opinion, done quite right in not sending for him, but he observed that he was careful to abstain from approving her act in sending for Hartington, because he considered she ought to have sent for Lord Granville. Whether Mr. G. would have served under Lord Granville or not I did not ask, I take it he would not have done so, because he pointed out that 1880 was "his job." But he said Lord Granville would not have tried to form a Government.

Mr. G. after dinner spoke with much animation as to his course in 1878-9. Lord Hartington has said that he found Mr. G. a troublesome follower. In what respect Mr. G. would like to know. No doubt he had disagreed with his old colleague upon one subject. But what else could he do on finding that they were letting things slide with respect to Turkey? He was the only man living who knew the facts as a personal actor in them. The case was that before the Crimean War Russia held, by the Treaty of Kainardji, the position of sole protector of the Eastern Christians. But after the war, though no actual treaty defined the situation, Russia lost that position and virtually the Great Powers held it conjointly. In this transfer and acceptance of protectorate of the Christian populations of Turkey Mr. G. felt himself personally under a responsibility which he was bound to make felt and shared by the country at large, which had grown out of knowledge of the facts. He pressed his views on his colleagues, and undoubtedly they were adverse, but he insisted, and we all know that he carried the country and brought about the great revolt against Jingoism. At that time England held to the predilection for Turkey. Freeman, the historian, he mentioned as the honourable exception. After having secured this victory, how could he have handed the responsible conduct of the Eastern Question to a man like Hartington, who, though he knew very well the matters in which he had been concerned, was densely ignorant as to any history beyond his experience?

Respecting Egypt and Hartington's silence during all the personal attacks on Mr. G. for misfortunes in

CHAMBERLAIN AND HARTINGTON

matters primarily under Hartington's management, Mr. G. said nothing. He never has uttered a sound of reproach. But he mentioned that the Egyptian question was mainly a Tory inheritance, and that the mistake of his administration was the sending of Gordon. This happened when he was at Hawarden. Hartington, Dilke, and (he thought) Chamberlain considered the question. Gordon had a great reputation. Mr. G. knew nothing of him personally. His colleagues sent him word to Hawarden recommending that Gordon should go. He assented. With reference to the attempt to relieve Khartoum and to rescue Gordon, he expressed an opinion that our difficulties might, perhaps, only have begun had we reached Khartoum in time. Would Gordon have consented to retire, and if not what should we have done? He blamed Wolseley. He believed him to be a good general, but outside that business utterly useless.

As regards Chamberlain and Hartington, who are now joint leaders, he said that one of the great troubles with Chamberlain in 1880-5 was to get him to stable his horse with Hartington. He got Chamberlain over to Hawarden, and they went through everything and settled a concordat, and at the close of a long discussion Mr. G. pointed out that in the course of nature he might fall out, and that then Hartington would take up the programme on the lines agreed upon. On this Chamberlain at once said that it must be understood that in such an event (Hartington's succession) it must be considered that everything he had said was unsaid.

27th January, 1892.

In his afternoon walk with me Mr. G. said that of all the events of his whole political career that which, he thought, had given him pleasure and surprise in the highest degree of combination was the behaviour of the Liberal Party after the Parnell divorce and the split in the Irish Party. John Morley, on the result of the legal proceedings being published, had written to him expressing the opinion that the effect on the Liberal Party would be to cause the weaker and more detached margin

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to separate itself wholly, on the ground that no settlement could be come to with the Irish at present. Mr. G. had replied that he agreed with him. Nevertheless, the conduct of the Liberal Party had exhibited the utmost steadiness and discipline.

Mr. G. talked much of Manning, whose death he in a manner feels. He said that, though he knew Manning at College, yet his intimacy did not begin until Manning had left the Evangelical school to which he was at first attached (being drummed out by the *Record*). Manning became an archdeacon by the time he was thirty. Bishop Phillpotts of Exeter spoke of Manning as a man whose right place was on the Episcopal Bench. His high talent and qualities were recognised by a few. The office of Preacher at Lincoln's Inn being vacant about 1841, Manning applied for it. Mr. G. was much interested in his obtaining it. His competitor was some man of placid gabble. The Benchers preferred this fifth-rate man to Manning, who never shewed any sign of displeasure at what Mr. G. called the insult. Mr. G. said he could have wished to have been Gregory the Great, and to have made all those Benchers who voted against Manning do penance.

Manning was a vehement opponent of Roman Catholics and an enthusiastic and devoted Churchman till 1848 or 1849. When Newman went over, he visited Oxford, and on November 5th preached a sermon there in such strong terms adverse to the Roman Church that Pusey protested. In the summer of 1848 or 1849 Mr. G. had a memorable walk and talk with Manning, one of those talks which make the mere surrounding incidents stand out in the memory. Manning had come home from abroad, where he had gone for his health, then very bad. He spoke in a solemn way of his having been on the brink of death. He said that he had felt that those who have been, as he had, within the shadow of death were the subjects of a special experience. They became more sensitive to the things of eternity, more able to look into futurity, and to take the measure of their faith and knowledge. The result of such an experience with him had been to confirm him and bind him more closely and with more con-

FRENCH WIT

viction than ever to the Church—not in its material surroundings and its State relations, but in itself.

Not long ago Mr. G. had a friendly letter from Cardinal Manning, which he received with pleasure. In it Manning referred to the long friendship, broken only by the one quarrel over his joining the Roman Church. Mr. G. said that in his answer, while writing with friendliness, he said that it was not a quarrel—it was a death. He told me that he had known Manning thoroughly outside and inside, and had been most intimate with him. But the intimate relations were founded upon the one common interest in Church matters, and that thus the intimacy was killed by Manning's secession. He warmly conceded Manning's greatness. But he warmly also denied the claim made for Manning of being "this great Englishman." Manning was before all things a Roman Ecclesiastic.

Mr. G. told the story of the Jansenist wit. In the struggle with Jesuitism Jansenism brought miracles into play on their side. Thereupon, the Jesuits closed the doors of the miracle-working shrine of the Jansenists, and a Jansenist wit in reply inscribed on the closed door:

De par le Roi
Défense à Dieu,
De faire des miracles
Dans ce lieu.

Mr. G., who greatly enjoyed an epigram, had been reading "Le Divorce de Napoléon." He repeated the story of a Préfet of the Pas de Calais named La Chaise, who had written one of the most extravagant of the monstrous eulogies upon Napoleon I, about the time when Europe was at his feet, and he had insolently divorced his wife and forced the proudest monarch in Europe to furnish him with his daughter. The Préfet, who had represented the world as utterly out of joint, from the fact, among other things, that the English were the enemies of order, and had credited the Almighty with bringing in the great Napoleon to put things right, concluded with the lines:

Dieu créa Napoléon
Et puis se reposa.

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Whereupon some wit added :

Et pour se mettre plus à son aise
Auparavant il fit La Chaise.

Mr. G. thought this wonderfully good.

Mr. G.'s humour is, as he says, best hit by such points as this. Speaker Manners Sutton was charged by a certain big bullying M.P. with having said that he had deceived the House; on which Manners Sutton said, with much dignity, "I did not say that the hon. member had deceived the House; I said that he had misled the House."

1st February, 1892.

Mr. G. spoke of an incident that he thought very remarkable as shewing a want of foresight in Sir Robert Peel. He and Lord Lincoln went to urge upon Peel to support them in pressing an adverse motion upon Lord Russell's Government. Peel was with them on the merits, but he was in something like the present dissentient Liberal position: he would not risk displeasing the Government. "I foresee," said Peel solemnly, standing in the middle of the Library at 4, Whitehall Gardens, "the time when, if the Conservatives recover power, there will be a formidable Protectionist reaction, and I will do nothing that may bring about such a state of things."

During dinner Mr. G. spoke of the defection of the aristocratic Whigs. He declared it had little or no relation to Home Rule. It began long before. It was shewn in a curious way as beginning at the top of the aristocracy and working downwards. Of the Liberal dukes with large possessions and influence, the Liberal Party had had but eight or nine in all. The Dukes of Norfolk, Sutherland, Bedford, Hamilton, Portland, Newcastle, and Somerset were lost before Home Rule. The Duke of Argyll left upon Irish Land legislation. Only the Dukes of Devonshire and Westminster went upon Irish Home Rule. The Liberals had one-tenth of the House of Lords, but they now had not one out of thirty dukes, scarcely a marquis but the two of their own creation (Ripon and Breadalbane), not many earls. With the barons the proportion rose.

RELATIONS WITH LORD HARTINGTON

Mr. G. spoke of Sir Richard Owen. He had been fascinated by Owen on attending a lecture of his in very early days at Surgeons' College. He said that Owen and Sedgwick were the only scientific men who struck him as possessing genius—as bringing to their studies the highest qualities of mind. Tyndall had marvellous clearness, insight, force, thoroughness; but still not genius. Owen, he thought, had genius as much as Tennyson. Speaking of Tyndall's violence in controversy with himself and his own soft answer, he said it was a privilege and happiness of age not to care to quarrel with any one, not to be willing to make a single enemy.

3rd February, 1892.

In the evening the Bryces dined with us, and Mr. G. was in excellent form. The article in the *Speaker* upon the allegation of *The Times* that Mr. G. had shewn ingratitude to Lord Hartington came under notice. Mr. G. said that till the other day, when (as I have noted) the question was first raised here, he had never, for all this twelve years, supposed it to be unknown that Hartington had tried to form a Government or at any rate had asked him to serve in one. No doubt, when called on himself to form a Government, he had been so busy that he had taken no account of what had happened before. When, he said, a private man is suddenly called upon to form an Administration, he loses count of lesser matters.

As regards his fairness in coming forward when the fighting was over and the victory won, he added some explanation to his remark the other day that the General Election of 1880 was, as it were, his "job." He said that when he moved the resolution in 1877 he had still no idea of again taking Office. He did so simply as *acquit de conscience*. When Hartington's opposition to Disraeli's Turkish policy became so halting and feeble, he felt obliged to come forward. In a debate on the conduct of Turkey in Bulgaria, Hartington spoke before Mr. G., and Disraeli, in answering Mr. G., said he did so because Mr. G. had alone objected to the Government policy. The turning point came upon the selection of a fighting candidature for Mr. G. It had

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been arranged that he should sit for Edinburgh, then undivided. This would have given the easiest possible seat, and yet an honourable one. But he was asked one day to meet some of his friends in the "hole or box," where the Opposition Whip then had his quarters in the House of Commons. There some leading Opposition men, including Lord Rosebery, proposed to him to stand for Midlothian and fight a Scotch Tory stronghold. He asked time to consult some friend of experience, and consulted George Glyn. He accepted, and at once went to Lord Granville, whom he had always regarded as the Leader of the Party, and pointed out to him that his acceptance involved a change of his position and a coming forward. Lord Granville seemed to take that for granted, and still urged him to accept the candidature, which of course meant a great number of speeches and therefore a complete committal to a forward place in the whole line of the Party battle.

Mr. G. spoke of Napoleon as an outstanding man, to be compared only with such men as Cromwell. He said we, the English, made Napoleon. That is, we forced the French to make him by leaving them no alternative but to fight for existence and to give all their resources to one great captain. Had not Napoleon's career been one of portentous action, Mr. G. thought he would have been great as a man of thought. I said he had no friend, man or woman—to which Mr. G. half demurred, observing that he had no equal, and that he was justified in knowing and acting as though no man was his equal.

We spoke of Bismarck. Mr. G. said he was a great man—a nation-maker. No other man like him in this respect but Cavour. He put Cavour rather above Bismarck as being somewhat more scrupulous and having effected as much with smaller means. Cavour began with four millions behind him. Bismarck started with sixteen millions. He thought Bismarck perfectly unscrupulous. He was full of "devil." He said that was Huskisson's expression when asked about Lord Goderich as Prime Minister—he would not do, he had not "devil" enough.

Mr. G. spoke extremely highly of Chamberlain's debating powers, his quickness, clearness, force. He

CHAMBERLAIN'S SOCIETY MANNERS

said that in 1887 he went to Birmingham to inaugurate or bless or consecrate the Cauc^{us}. The Mayor, a Liberal, gave a banquet, and Bright and Chamberlain both spoke. Chamberlain spoke first, and enunciated a complete programme. Bright said he did not like programmes. He turned round upon Chamberlain and said, "I see my right hon. friend is putting up his eye-glass, and I know his looks—he does not like what I am saying." In short, there was all but a scene. Chamberlain replied, and rounded ably on Bright.

I said Chamberlain had no love for Nature, no country tastes. Mr. G. said the same was the case with Crispi. He had been told Crispi was a coming man and would be Prime Minister in Italy. He asked him to Hawarden and took him a walk in the Park, and tried once or twice to get him to take notice of the prettier points of view. "But Crispi was as utterly indifferent as Chamberlain to my Welsh mountains." I thought Chamberlain's manners in society very pleasant, bright, and sparkling, but a trifle common. Mr. G. considered them good and a point in his favour. He considered that they had helped him in what is called "Society." He remembered having to speak up pretty strongly for Chamberlain to the Queen and to combat a considerable distaste when first Chamberlain became Minister. "Now," he added with a delightful expression of genial but keen humour, "I might be thankful if Chamberlain would speak a good word for me in that quarter."

3rd February, 1892.

Mr. G. spoke of Rosebery's "Pitt." He said he had a premonition that he should not like the latter part of it, and wrote to Rosebery after he had read the first sixty pages, which dealt with that portion of Pitt's career which Mr. G. could always admire. But he regretted that Rosebery should have judged Pitt's policy in respect of Ireland and Napoleon as leniently as he had done. Rosebery was an admirer of Bismarck, even of Herbert Bismarck. He feared Liberal opinion would be disappointed in this line of Rosebery towards Pitt. But he thought highly of the literary merit of the book

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and said that Morley had the same opinion as himself, and had, indeed, on reading the proofs, attempted to effect some revision.

7th February, 1892.

Mr. G. told me that in 1885, when the Tories had defeated him by a most factious vote and by the aid of forty Parnellites, Lord Salisbury actually had the audacity to send Arthur Balfour to him to ask that he should give a moral support to Lord Salisbury's Government. He declined. Ponsonby and Balfour then came together, and said that Lord Salisbury would not take Office without some understanding of the sort. Mr. G. still said "No." Lord Salisbury formed his Government, notwithstanding these declarations. Mr. G. did not think Lord Salisbury had been then or at any time very keen about taking office. But at that time the Tory Party were ravenous for Office and there was no denying them. (This overture would seem to fall in with the Home Rule policy of that Government of Lord Salisbury and to support the contention that in June, 1885, Lord Salisbury distinctly contemplated carrying Home Rule for Ireland.) Mr. G. thought very ill of Lord Salisbury's course in taking Office upon a victory secured only by a purely factious combination with a section of his strongest opponents. The discredit of this transaction was carried on, with increased force, to the formation of Lord Salisbury's Government of August, 1886, when the combination was obtained—not, as before, with Parnellites, but with Whigs—upon the special basis of war to the death with the Parnellites.

Mr. G. thought the five and a half years, 1886–1892, had been very fruitful for good to Home Rule. These years had brought with them the complete conversion of the country to Home Rule, and would in the end save time. He agreed that Lord Salisbury in threatening dissolution upon dissolution was shewing ignorance of the situation. Besides, he said, Lord Salisbury is not the man, any more than the old Lord Derby was, to make a dogged fight of this kind. Lord George Bentinck might have done so.

OUTLOOK IN POLITICS

14th February, 1892.

Mr. G. expressed his belief that the next generation would have by no means so interesting or satisfactory a time in public life as the last. For fifty years public life in England had been an almost unbroken struggle for emancipation. Every great political movement had been in the nature of opening doors and windows, and once any movement had succeeded, there had been no reaction, no regret. The difference between the gross result and the net result had been small. The gains were gains without discount. But Mr. G. believed that in the next fifty years political labour would be in less fruitful soil and under more ambiguous conditions. There would be much that was empirical and much going forward only to go back. No doubt he referred to what is called socialistic legislation. As example of the immense strokes of work this century has witnessed he pointed to the state of France in 1788 as described by Arthur Young and the present condition. What an advance! The French Revolution had achieved an enormous progress—at whatever cost at the time.

Mr. G. thought one of the best things said by Lowe in the suffrage debates was said in answer to the argument that the lower class of voters would be leavened and improved by the better class: whereas he, Lowe, considered that a reduction of the suffrage would tend to debase the voters. "We all know that disease will spread disease, but I never heard that health was contagious."

19th February, 1892.

Last night he told me that Manning had informed him that Pigott had confessed the day before he shot himself in Madrid, and admitted the forgery of all the [*Times*] letters ascribed to Parnell, except the first one. How Manning came to be able to make such a communication he could not say.

22nd February, 1892.

A story Mr. G. enjoys telling I may have before jotted down. He had a letter from a man seeking employment, who gave as an evidence of the dearth of work that when he answered an advertisement by an

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undertaker in Fetter Lane for a clerk he found some 200 men before him ranged on the pavement. Over against the crowd of applicants were some street ragamuffin boys much interested in the scene: and he heard one of these say to another, "Oh! look 'ere, Bill. 'Ere's a lot of poor clerks come to be measured for their coffins." Mr. G. thought this to be genuine wit. As a much more common example of street-boy's chaff, he told of a remark of a gamin to Bob Lyttelton, a very tall fellow, hurrying along, "Why, Sir, if you was to lie down flat, you'd be half-way home without the trouble of walking."

25th February, 1892.

Mr. G. told me lately that originally he had no taste for figures or finance. It all came to him from the fact that his first official place was in the Board of Trade, and that he worked exceptionally hard in that Office to acquire a wide and thorough knowledge of matters quite foreign to his inclinations and turn of mind. He was an Eton and Oxford scholar, and all his bent was towards the strict academic, ecclesiastic, and aristocratic training.

26th February, 1892.

Mr. G. said last night that he remembered hearing the Duke of Cumberland (King of Hanover), George IV's brother, say, when Bishop Blomfield had (in consequence of thinness of skull and sensitiveness to any weight on it) given up wearing his wig, that it was "the greatest blow to the connexion of Church and State ever inflicted."

Archbishop Harcourt of York's wig, he said, was so elaborately dressed every day that it occupied the entire time of one valet. This Mr. G. had from Sir William Harcourt—who had more than once told me with much pride that his grandfather was the last Archbishop who kept up the state of never driving out in Bishopsthorpe or York with less than six horses.

The Hartington incident has stirred Mr. G. a good deal. When *The Times* charges him with ingratitude to Lord Hartington, it undoubtedly stings him. Nevertheless he submitted to it in silence and took no

GLADSTONE'S CHOICE IN READING

measure, as would have been easy and natural, to set some reply in motion. In going back over the events, Mr. Gladstone said, "I took no step whatever in self-defence," direct or indirect. Only when the *Speaker* published an article in which, when defending my letter from *The Times* attack, it was made clear that Lord Hartington was credited universally by my own friends with having spontaneously and without a moment's hesitation renounced the Queen's invitation to him to form a Government in April, 1880, I thought that Wemyss Reid should not be allowed to remain under such an error, and I therefore wrote to him to say that it was within my personal knowledge that Lord Hartington did make a tentative effort to form a Government." When, however, I shewed Mr. G. the letters to *The Times* of February 22nd from "Gladstonian" (G. W. E. Russell ?) and Reg. Brett, and when he read them, commenting on them as he read, Mr. G. expressed the opinion that the whole matter was more awkward than he had thought. His first deduction from these letters was that neither "Gladstonian" nor Brett knew the facts, and that it might be that Hartington had in truth thought and believed that Mr. G. was the right and only possible Premier, but that he had made some effort to form a Government under pressure from the Queen. This hypothesis gave Mr. G. anxiety and trouble. He flushed under it and was for half an hour affected by it. He regretted to have had any hand in an imbroglio which might result in bringing the Queen's action into public criticism.

He referred to the feeling created amongst those who found out that he had not been asked to the wedding of Princess Beatrice. He said he had had many letters from indignant correspondents asking if this reputed slight was true, and that he had answered none of them.

29th February, 1892.

• One of the most striking features of Mr. G.'s daily routine of life is the large part taken in it by reading. Reading fills every gap of time. He is a five-minutes reader. The discipline of his mind is so perfect, from early training and constant practice throughout a long

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and arduous life, that he can apply it instantly in full energy upon any subject, and withdraw it as easily and quickly. It is as though he had the control of a whole keyboard of electric switches, and could turn on and off the light of his intelligence in any one of a thousand places at a mere touch. He never waits for anybody or anything. If there is an interval between his being dressed for dinner or a drive or walk and the need for leaving his room, he spends it, however short, in his book. In an instant he is deep in it; in an instant he is clean out of it. He reads the moment he is up and dressed, and he reads a good while after he has put on his dressing-gown for bed. He takes the privilege of his age and station in nothing else, perhaps, than the very innocent habit of never standing about or passing time. He keeps no one waiting, but never, if he can help it, allows himself to wait. All the time thus saved goes towards reading. He is much helped by retaining good eyesight. He dislikes bad handwriting, but he prefers to read all his letters, and he shrinks from no type in book or newspaper. He is particular about using a good candle lamp with reflector at night, and carries one with him at all times, but he does not seem to mind reading immediately after eating.

Possibly, being most catholic in taste, he is easy and accommodating with books to a fault. He likes every book almost that is fairly good of its kind. And, except in classics or a few religious works, he does not go back and back again to favourite books. He does not read Shakespeare very much. Of Dante he reveres every line. Virgil he keeps at hand. Homer, we know, he is never far from. He makes almost a fetish of Homer; it is the warp of his literary fabric. He is not, however, literary in the modern critical way. In fact in no sense is he remarkable as a man of taste, though he aspires to be a man of taste, and is ignorant that on the side of art he is comparatively weak. But he is the more human for not being fastidious, and his mind resembles his body in its singular freshness and youthfulness, as well as in its inexhaustible energy and vigour.

While here for five or six weeks he has read carefully the two octavo volumes by Kennan, the American

QUEEN'S OBJECTION TO LABOUCHERE

traveller in Siberia, and has been greatly moved by Kennan's account of the Russian Government's dealings with criminals and political convicts. He has read also a French book, which he picked out on the railway bookstall at Nîmes. (He examines all the bookstalls if he has time.) This book is called "Nos Désastres et leur origine," and is a trenchant account of the Second Empire and the war of 1870 by a writer called Duchâtel. He has also read the memoirs of General Marbot in two volumes, and has finished off his prior knowledge of the great Napoleon's career by a careful reading of Henri Taine's remarkable "appreciation" of the great Napoleon in "la France Contemporaine." He has also read Stebbing's "Walter Raleigh," brought out in 1891 (the other books are all of this year). For novels he has read Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "David Grieve," which rather disappointed him, but he read it word by word—a thing I could not do. He consulted me most gravely, after a solemn discussion with his wife, as to whether my daughters should read it, and gave me the incriminated portion to read. He has read an old book, "Peter Plymley's Letters" (Sydney Smith, 1838), and has looked into a good many others which I cannot recollect. As my object has been to keep him in the open air all day if possible, and for half the day at any rate, and as I have fairly succeeded in doing so, the reading I have named will appear remarkable for the time occupied. But I have by no means mentioned all. He does not read any but "religious" books on Sunday, and the *two* services on that day, with walking and meals, abridge the time even for reading.

13th May, 1892.

Yesterday Mr. G. consulted me as to Labouchere. The Queen, he said, objected to Labouchere. I suggested that more and more the public would come to regard it as unfair that a public man should possess the advantage of two fields and forms of public action. I said, also, that Labouchere was not taken very seriously by the House of Commons, and somehow or other had little real influence and less following. Mr. G. told me that it had never entered his mind to give

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him Cabinet Office, and he warmly approved my objection to, as he put it, a man fighting first in the open and then behind the curtain of the Press. The whole incident seemed to me to shew Mr. G.'s remarkable and magnanimous consideration for the Court.

HATCHLANDS: 1892.

29th May, 1892.

Mr. G. this evening spoke of his relations with the Queen. Much, he said, must be conceded to Royalties. The atmosphere of flattery in which they live and the perfect conventionality of their life keep them from all free opinion. Dining at the Tuileries and sitting next the Empress Eugénie, he had surprised her by telling her that a free Press was useful to Sovereigns above all people, because it was the only channel of unvarnished opinion to them. He quoted from Henry VIII and the scene between Wolsey and Cromwell when Wolsey refers to contact with Royalty as 'shutting out hopes of heaven.

Speaking of Disraeli, Mr. G. said he never had any personal animosity towards him, and he felt sure Disraeli never had any towards him. Disraeli neither had nor aroused that sort of feeling. He admired Disraeli greatly, but he intensely disapproved of him. He corrupted the great political class. No Tory had arisen strong enough to restore the old standard.

Mr. G. told the story of his correspondence with Disraeli about personalities. Disraeli, in the flush of the triumphant "Peace with Honour" entry into London, charged Mr. Gladstone with having spoken of him in terms of personal abuse. Mr. G. was sure that Disraeli could not support this assertion by any evidence. He knew he had not spoken personally of Disraeli, and the reason was singular. Mr. G. said he might very well use strong expressions about Lord Salisbury, because though Lord Salisbury's defect was that he could not restrain the violence of his tongue, yet there was always the foundation of good faith in Lord Salisbury. But Mr. G. had never regarded Disraeli as serious or sincere in any of his utterances, however vehement.

THE QUEEN VERY ANGRY

Mr. G. would not, therefore, condescend to take notice of him in a personal way.

So he confidently wrote to Disraeli a courteous letter begging him to refer him to any passages in which he had used any terms of personal animadversion. To this letter Dizzy, who was then on his highest horse, replied insolently in the third person: "The Earl of Beaconsfield presents his compliments, . . . is unable at a moment's notice to quote the passages referred to, but will direct his private secretaries to look them up." "Needless to say," added Mr. G., "I never heard any more about the matter. Some of my friends wished to take the case up in Parliament but I said, No—let it alone."

BRIGHTON: 1893.

26th November, 1893.

Mr. G. told me that the Queen was very angry over the Welsh Suspensory Bill, which I had suggested and the Government had adopted, and which she did not at all understand. She wrote to him, "The Queen had always supposed Mr. G. to be the loyal friend of the Church of which she is the Head." He said Her Majesty was quite wrong in styling herself the Head of the Church of England. Henry VIII was Head, and so was Mary for a short time until she repealed Henry VIII's Act. When Elizabeth succeeded, it was made a matter of serious consideration what title should be assumed, and Elizabeth expressly did not revive the title of Head of the Church, but took the title of Supreme Governor of the Church.

Sir A. Godley is keeping the record of the relative length of service of English Prime Ministers. Mr. G. said he had passed his thirteen years, but is behind Lord Liverpool as well as Lord North and Pitt, and, of course, far behind Walpole. Court influence has been a leading element in the long tenure of Office by many Prime Ministers, and democratic changes may be expected to lead to shorter tenures. Still, short Ministries may not mean short service in the office of Prime Minister, because a leader may be the nucleus round which Ministries may in succession gather.

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

HAWARDEN: 1894.

26th September, 1894.

Sitting alone with me after dinner, Mr. G. said that there were three men, and three only, he thought, among his contemporaries who had predeceased him whom he regretted not to have met. The first, and by a long way first, was Sir Walter Scott. He was but a boy when the chance of meeting Scott arose. Sir Walter was engaged to stay in his father's house at Liverpool to meet Canning, and at the last moment Sir Walter failed, for he had to go to Edinburgh to be present at the visit there of George IV. Mr. G. becomes more fond of exalting the genius of Scott. He says no one but Æschylus could have written "The Bride of Lammermoor." As in "Agamemnon," there is in "Lammermoor" "the overpowering sense of doom filling the scene from first to last." If Edgar Ravenswood is not Hamlet, there is the gravedigger. If Lucy Ashton is not Ophelia, Lady Ashton compares with Lady Macbeth.

After Scott, *longo intervallo*, comes Dr. Arnold. Dr. Arnold wrote to him (more than once, I think he said) inviting him to come and see him. He greatly wished to go, but missed the opportunities until it was too late.

The third man is a surprise—a totally unknown man, Dr. Jolly, Bishop of Moray (I think), in the poor little Scotch Episcopal Church which then numbered some sixty congregations. In apostolic sanctity, simplicity, and strength Dr. Jolly seemed to him the noblest of his day. He lived quite alone. A charwoman visited his cottage and cleaned up for him. The children who met him would follow and ask his blessing. Archbishop Harcourt of York was then alive—a princely Churchman—adding a large private fortune to the then large revenues of the See. He was particular about his wig, every hair of which seemed twisted and fixed to the nicest adjustment. The care of the episcopal wig took up the whole of one valet's time. The cost of that valet represented just about the entire stipend of a Scotch bishop, viz. £120 a year.

NAPOLEON'S EYE

Suddenly reverting to Napoleon, he seemed to set him for brain power and brain performance more and more above all moderns. His life was one of creation; ceremonial, the Court, the theatre were mere outside work. All the time the reorganising of the whole social fabric was occupying his mind. The double cerebration was betrayed in his face. Eye and mouth said different things, and the eye could be terrible. In this he was revealing a feeling he has, I think, about will and brain power which may be stronger now than before.

Some years later, when Lady Sarah Spencer was staying with us at Cannes, she recalled that Sir James Lacaita had told her that Manzoni was so affected by the news of the death of Napoleon that he could not sleep that night, and the next morning wrote the famous ode "Quinque Maggio" (5th May) straight off. Manzoni shewed the MS. to Lacaita, who said there was scarcely a correction on it. Mr. Gladstone was always profoundly impressed with this ode, and thought every one should know it, and he sometimes used the knowledge or ignorance of it as a test of the "culture" of his company.

Lady Sarah greatly pleased him, she told me, by relating to him, when staying here with him, how that Manzoni had written the fine line in this ode, referring to the intense power Napoleon could throw into the glance of his eye, from personal experience of it. Lacaita had related to Lady Sarah two instances told him by Manzoni. When Manzoni was a boy during the First Consulate he was once placed on a landing of the stairs down which Napoleon was to pass so that he might see him. At the foot of the stairs Napoleon found that an aide-de-camp he thought to be in attendance was not behind him. Missing him as he looked back, he cast so flashing an eye upon the bystanders, including the young Manzoni, that Manzoni felt literally struck, and shrunk back with affright.

Years afterwards the same thing happened to Manzoni at the Grand Opera at Milan. The whole audience had risen at Napoleon's entrance to a stage box and hailed him with immense enthusiasm. He looked benignantly round the theatre, but when his eye met the face of a

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woman whom he regarded as a bitter enemy, he seemed to throw into it a lightning force and power, and Manzoni said that he positively trembled.

I have recorded Mr. Gladstone's observation that Napoleon's face could wear two expressions, the one of the mouth, the other of the eye. I do not know from what source Mr. G. learnt this characteristic.

September, 1894.

We were alone after dinner to-night, and Mr. G. talked with much energy, being none the worse for a walk of over an hour which we had taken between 4 and 5.10. He said he understood Huxley and the English school of biology to be rather adverse to Haeckel in regard to spontaneous generation. For himself, he should not find it inconsistent with evolution and had no predisposition to reject it. He thought that some forms of motion in matter seemed to contain some analogy with the first beginnings of life, and he instanced the evidence of motion in a bed of coal having for its result the coherence of the mass, which he had noticed in a coal measure at Hawarden, and also the nodules in the London clay, one of which he himself found and had split open on the occasion of a banquet in the Mansion House Station of the Metropolitan Railway.

Referring to his controversy with Huxley on the Gadarene swine, he said that something he wrote in this controversy gave offence to Huxley. Being so informed by Knowles, Mr. G. wrote an apology—fully ample—but Huxley was not satisfied. No man so rough to others and so thin-skinned for himself! Mr. G., being determined to quarrel with no one at his time of life, wrote a second apology, with which Huxley was pleased. Generally Mr. G. spoke of the modern men of science as the great denouncers of authority, and yet as very often setters up of a not superior authority of their own.

He pretended to no authority himself in criticism of science. But he would test much criticism by what fell within his own experience. No man had given anything like so much study to Homer as he had done.

HIGHER CRITICISM

All the German critics together had probably not done so. Yet he confidently asserted that the German critics' view of the multiple authorship and the date of Homer was the veriest trash. What was the meaning of this "Higher Criticism"? It was an invitation to get rid of sound and sober criticism. It was an ambitious flight through the air in preference to the patient traversing of the solid earth. As in the case of Homer, so he believed in regard to the Old Testament—critics of the school of negation swept all before them with recklessness. Schliemann's discoveries had gone far to set up Homer. The Nile Valley discoveries would, he thought, go far to reinstate the older criticism of the pre-Abraham period. So far from that period being beyond the light of contemporary record, it seemed likely that Moses had more record to draw on than later writers dealing with the history of Abraham.

CHAPTER III

LATER CONVERSATIONS OF GLADSTONE: 1895 TO 1898

THESE later conversations of Gladstone cover the last four years of his life, 1895 to 1898, during which, in his retirement, he was often with Lord Rendel. The general level and the range of subjects are much the same as in the earlier years, though the incursions into serious political talk are more broken up by incidental topics and recollections. Gladstone's reversion to the Near Eastern question, to the growth of "Jingoism," to the leadership of Lord Rosebery, and to similar subjects, shows that his interests and point of view had undergone no change, but already he was beginning to look towards the end. His illness and the acute pain that sometimes accompanied it confirmed his lack of desire for old age, though old he already was. The mere distance that remained was to him something less than life, and its prolongation was not to be coveted. The changes he had already seen and the problems of the coming generation he clearly contemplated with misgiving, and the conversations close with a rather sad lament, not unnatural, perhaps, at his time of life, that he had not died some years earlier—before England had become, as he saw it, "a nation, betrayed into levity and recklessness."

There Lord Rendel's journal of Gladstone's conversations ends. No word remains of his own feelings concerning Gladstone's death. That is easily understood. With Gladstone's departure something very large and precious passed out of Lord Rendel's own life—something that it would have seemed almost sacrilege to discuss. His silence may be accepted as his epitaph on a great friendship.

NAVAL EXPENDITURE

CANNES: 1895.

11th January, 1895.

I told Mr. G. yesterday that I suspected further trouble in the Cabinet over Navy Estimates. This led him to recur to the beginning of it this time last year, and he spoke rather scornfully of the surrender of the Government to the threat of three Admirals to resign. He dwelt on the hopelessness of arriving at any principle or limitations in regard to naval expenditure, which he likened to the rents men pay for deer forests—purely fanciful and boundlessly extravagant. He called the proposal of Lord Spencer “the worst ever submitted to Parliament.” He went on to tell me that he had heard it said that he resigned in consequence of the decision of the Cabinet (unanimous but for Shaw Lefevre) to support Lord Spencer. On this point he made a marked and earnest objection.

At and before the time when this question of large increase of expenditure on the Navy arose he was plainly and hopelessly disabled from further continuance in the Office of Premier by cataract supervening on growing deafness. The cataract and deafness must have brought about his retirement at the very time he did retire. The difference with his colleagues might well have done so also. While talking of the circumstances of his retirement, he said, “I will not tell you half a secret. You are a secret man, and I will tell you the other half. I thought that there should be a dissolution. I considered the right time had arrived. I would not have given the Lords the chance of settling over the Local Government (Parish Councils) Bill. I would have gone to the country against them on that question and in that juncture. I urged it; but it was contended that we had neither money nor candidates. That might be so, but when the pinch came, and, in fact, the necessity, the situation in regard to candidates might have been expected to mend, and in any case the objection, however sound in itself, was not big enough to block the way and overrule other and larger considerations.” I told him that I knew how much our Whips were bothered by men who declared that they could not and

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would not face a third general election in eight years; but what better off were we now, and on what could we go to the country—a distracted and leaderless party with neither programme nor record?

14th January, 1895.

Mr. G. spoke last night (as once before he has done) of the extraordinary effect which the taking up of a schismatic position by any leading man in politics has had upon his success as a debater in the House of Commons. Chamberlain has been even more effective since he left his party than before. Men like Horsman made themselves first-class men from second-class men in the House after their desertion. The temptation to speak for cheers from the opposite benches, which attracts and destroys inferior men on the Liberal side, seems to stimulate and ripen the debating powers of the superior men who yield to it. Lowe rose to be the most striking figure in Parliament during his perfectly sincere and most brilliant opposition to the reduced franchise. When, to Lowe's indignation and disgust, Dizzy dished the Whigs and Lowe attempted to cross swords with him, Dizzy crushed and crumpled up Lowe with ease.

Speaking of seceders and of their conduct to their old colleagues, Mr. G. gave credit to Childers for his reserve and loyal behaviour after he had found it necessary to leave the Cabinet. But Mr. G. seemed to attribute much or most of the cross-fighting and personal running in Parliament to the infection of Disraeli's character and career. He said he felt most deeply the dreadful mischief he had done to his party and politics generally. It takes supreme effort and the highest qualities to lift public life to any sensible extent. One-tenth the talent and labour will serve to depress it deeply and fatally. In past times the Tory Party had principles by which it would and did stand for bad and for good. All this, Dizzy destroyed.

We spoke of official salaries. Mr. G. considers the puisne judges overpaid, but the appeal judges fairly earned their money. £6,000 or £7,000 a year was not too much for a man like Bowen, but £2,500 was enough for

OFFICIAL SALARIES

most men of the stamp of the puisne judges. As to political salaries, he thought that most of the offices could be filled without salary at all. But he did not suggest the abolition of salaries. He said, however, that he had seriously raised of late the question of the higher salaries. Those of the Presidents of the Board of Trade and Local Government Board ought certainly to be raised, but he considered that the £5,000 a year salaries might well be cut down. However, on consulting Rosebery, he found that the proposition for any change or redistribution would meet with personal objection in the Cabinet, and so he dropped the proposal. Rosebery and he had two differences, for when Mr. G. suggested curtailing the Foreign Office salary, Rosebery objected that to that Office attached the great expense of the Birthday Reception, and on Rosebery suggesting that the First Lord's (of the Treasury) salary should be raised, Mr. G. objected.

Upon this subject of salaries, Mr. G. remarked that modern ideas of progress were too vast and vague for the good old-fashioned economy by which a scrupulous and minutely conscientious administration of public expenditure had been in a large degree maintained. Democracy was going to prove a very costly mistress. Mr. G. returns now and again to the same general observation, "You younger men have an anxious fifty years before you. I am well content on the whole with my half-century."

16th January, 1895.

Mr. G. said he thought there was no portrait or bust of Fox at Windsor. That there was none of Peel somewhat surprised him. But Peel was not a lady's man, and, though the Queen respected him thoroughly and liked his Government, yet he could understand her not being touched by him. Mr. G. said that Ponsonby (Sir Henry), now struck with paralysis, to Mr. G.'s immense sorrow, was one of the wisest, most discreet, and loyal of men, and that it was remarkable how much he had known of the Queen's mind and how absolutely dumb he had been. Perhaps the one exception to this reserve within Mr. G.'s experience had been Pon-

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

sonby's admission to Mr. G. that the Queen, with all her respect for Peel, had no liking for him. No great exception this, said Mr. G., since Peel had been dead forty-four years when Ponsonby made this statement.

Mrs. G. joined in the talk between Mr. G. and me, and said that in the last conversation she had with the Prince Consort the Prince was eloquent in praise of Peel and warm and strong in declaring his admiration for him, and all the while the Queen was listening to the Prince. Mrs. G. evidently felt that the Queen would have done well to accept the Prince's opinion of Peel, and wondered she did not give expression to it by having Peel's portrait. She said that the last time she and Mr. G. were at Windsor there was one of the several portraits of Disraeli in their room. She said to Mr. G. that one day there would be one of him in the Castle, because the Prince of Wales really loved him ("love" is her way of saying "like"). Mr. G. would not hear, but, when she made him admit he had heard her, he replied with apparent sincerity that he really saw no reason. He appeared to think it reasonable that the Sovereigns should have about them portraits of Prime Ministers and Chancellors for whom they may have had special regard. He expressed surprise that there should be no portrait at Windsor of Lord Aberdeen, who in every way deserved that tribute. And Lord Aberdeen was a man all women liked. I am quite sure that Mr. G. perfectly understands that the Queen does not like him and that his relations with her are the deliberate result of principle and resolve. He will not flatter and he will not manœuvre.

17th January, 1895.

Mr. G. mentioned that he had kept a diary—a plain entry of facts—for seventy years, and had only given it up this year. To all his family this seemed news.

Mr. G., speaking of men and manners in the House of Commons during his early career, said that there was little wit. Canning, so witty out of the House, never said a good thing in it. Once a laboured personal joke about heavy goods aimed at a bulky opponent quite failed. The House of Commons, Mr. G. observed,



A GROUP AT CANNES IN 1898.
Lord Rendel, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gladstone (in carriage), and
Mr. Henry N. Gladstone

HOUSE OF COMMONS WIT

never liked references to personal peculiarities in its members. But the old manners were worse in some ways. Some member, in reply to Paul Methuen, wound up with, "Paul, Paul, why persecutest thou me?" a question received with immense laughter, which would certainly not greet it now. The best joke Mr. G. ever heard was, he held, one made by Lord Russell. Sir Francis Burdett, the early Radical and later Tory, was fond of gibing rather bitterly at his old allies. Once he made a great point and hit with the expression "cant of patriotism." Lord Russell, in reply, quite agreed with the honourable baronet in his repudiation of the cant of patriotism, but there was one thing more sickening still, the recant of patriotism.

He spoke of the want of small talk in some great speakers and men. The Duke of Wellington said of his joint Government with Peel, "I have no small talk, and Peel has no manners."

Mr. G. knew Chalmers pretty well in Edinburgh, and used to walk with him at times. Chalmers had to visit a sick poor family and had not a word to say to them. He could have delivered them an impassioned sermon, but, short of that, had simply nothing to say.

18th January, 1895.

Mr. G. said last night that he had never cared much to cultivate personal relations with Louis Napoleon. But passing through Paris about 1867 he left his name at the Tuileries and was asked and went to dinner. After dinner the Emperor took him from the Drawing-Room into a private room and talked with him for a whole hour about financial administration. Mr. G. by no means contended for applying principles and methods successful in England to France. However, amongst other suggestions, he commended for attention the system of Government loans to local bodies for local objects such as had been long and successfully carried out by our Exchequer Loan Commission. He noticed that this suggestion fell very flat and met with no response. And no wonder, he said, for it would have knocked on the head the great system by which

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

the Emperor had long bribed the Provinces with public works and buildings paid for out of the pockets of the people.

To-night came a letter from Lord Kimberley, most of which Mr. G. read to me. Rustem Pasha (for whom Mr. G. was unfeignedly sorry) had been instructed formally to make complaint of Mr. G.'s recent language respecting the Armenian atrocities. Lord Kimberley had replied that the Government had neither responsibility nor control in the matter, but deemed it right to advise the Sultan, since he raised the question, that public feeling supported Mr. G. and that it was urgent that thorough enquiry should be made and condign punishment inflicted on the guilty persons, if guilty they were. Rustem rejoined by complaining of Mr. G.'s language as personally insulting to his Sovereign.

To this Mr. G. said it was poor Musurus and the Bulgarian atrocities over again exactly. Mr. G. went on to say that he was, and always had been, in fact, the Sultan's best friend. He was not a fanatical anti-Turk at all. His advice had always been that the Sultan should extend the principle of devolution of Government and establish independent autonomies, each with its constitution and executive. The success of the system had been proved by the condition of Rhodes and Samos and the Lebanon as compared with other provinces.

Mr. G. told us during our drive to Antibes to-day of the Chamberlain of Queen Emma of Hawaii. The Chamberlain, whose name (so like him) he gave, was also Chaplain, the resources of the Royal Household being limited, and he owed his double office at Court to the desire of the Queen to repair an ancient injustice—Her Majesty's grandfather having eaten his!

25th January, 1895.

Last night Mr. G. spoke about Turkey. He asked what good in their whole career the Turks had ever done. From first to last they were anti-human. He was pleased to find that his expression the other day at Hawarden to the Armenian deputation appeared to have

TURKISH MISRULE

struck home. He characterised the state in Armenia, if proven, as a "disgrace to Mahomet." The expression had been translated in Eastern newspapers as "a disgrace to Islam," quite a different thing.

Freeman, he said, had been the only consistent anti-Turk in Great Britain. From the first he had denounced the Turk and his career. Palmerston and Lord Stratford were gravely responsible, and even Lord Aberdeen in a manner, for maintaining Turkish power of late years. The Foreign Office also had been, under Hammond, almost unscrupulously Turkish. To do Lord Stratford justice, he desired reform and helped to put forward the whole series of reforms set out in the Hatti Shereef issued after the Crimean War. During Mr. G.'s first premiership the Foreign Office put a most audacious answer into Byng's (Lord Strafford's) mouth as Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, to the effect that generally and substantially these reforms had been carried out. Should the Armenian horrors prove true, Mr. G. thought that he would rather let what might happen to Constantinople than suffer the Turk to remain there. No doubt Russia was waiting for it and would have it, and Greece and the Southern Slavs would greatly object.

As an example of the deadening and perverting influence of Rome upon the individual mind and conscience, Mr. G. mentioned Newman's action when the St. James's Hall meeting was held upon the Bulgarian Atrocities. Mr. G. had not taken part in originating this meeting and public protest. But, when it was started, he gladly joined, and became a convener, together with such men as Lord Shaftesbury. Remembering that Newman had once published an even violent attack upon the Turks, Mr. G. wrote to Newman to invite him to join. (I presume Mr. G. wished to unite Christians of all shades.) Newman replied very kindly ("and he was always most kind to me," said Mr. G.), but declined, giving two singular reasons: (1) Newman did not know the Pope's mind on the subject. (2) An apostate priest was one of the conveners. He mentioned his surprise at finding Carlyle's name among the conveners. Carlyle was a force-worshipper. He

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supposed it was because the Russians had beaten the Turks that Carlyle went against the Turks.

Mr. G. told with gusto a story of John Morley's—a joke against Bostonianism. An American, finding that a Boston friend had never read any Shakespeare, got him to do so and enquired the result. The Bostonian gave cordial and gracious recognition of Shakespeare's merits, and went so far as to declare that he did not believe there were more than twenty men in Boston who could have done better.

28th January, 1895.

Mr. G. said that as a boy at Eton he always slept with his window open, winter and summer. He could not tell how the habit arose. His window looked on to the most crowded churchyard in England, and he scoffed at the idea of unhealthiness. He hates cremation, and is all for earth-to-earth.

29th January, 1895.

Last night Mr. G. talked about the Articles, and said it was a common but complete error to suppose that they were binding on laymen. They were instructive and in many ways excellent, but it was not the fact that the Church sought to impose such an elaborated scheme of dogma upon all its members indiscriminately. They were drawn up for the guidance and acceptance of the ordained ministers of the Church, who might reasonably be called on to profess concerted belief in matters and forms of greater detail and complexity.

For many years Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone attended St. James's Church faithfully, although the sermons of the Rector, Sir Harry Dukinfield, were no attraction. He said the Rector was popular—"his being a baronet and a well-blown-out man" had probably something to do with it. Once Melvill,¹ the great preacher, unexpectedly took his place, when the invariable and most irritating accompaniment of coughing ceased as by magic.

¹ *Rev. Henry Melvill (1798-1871), Canon of St. Paul's.*

A MEETING WITH KOSSUTH

2nd February, 1895.

Mr. G. said he had once only met Kossuth, who called on him during, I think, his first premiership. Mr. G. assured Kossuth of English sympathy with Hungarian autonomy, but pointed to the difficulty England would be under in favouring for the Austrian Empire a legislative disruption which she did not accept herself in somewhat parallel circumstances. To this Kossuth rejoined—how would the English system work if the House of Commons sat in Edinburgh, not London? Yet that was the case in Austria, Hungary being in about the same proportion larger in area and population than Austria.

Mr. G. referred last night to the Conservative rumour that money for further expenditure in connexion with the Navy would be obtained by raising a loan. He was pained by the rumour, whether true or false. It seemed to him a shocking thing deliberately to incur debt in time of peace for the purpose of a further step in the mad race and rivalry of armament. The argument, that we must do as others do and let the measure of expenditure be wholly dependent on French or other foreign action, he repudiates as immoral and futile. It is a mere game of beggar-my-neighbour. Some one must have the courage to stop, and if no one else does, at least we should do. It seems wretched to him to throw the cost of such a hopeless competition in extravagance upon the Income Tax payer, and terribly hard upon the small incomes. That the expenditure makes a false trade and barren production, and is thus popular with classes high and low who do not pay their fair share of it, stirs his feelings.

After the effort he made in December, 1893, he seems to have lost faith in his colleagues' power of resistance. Harcourt, he thinks, might agree if further taxation could be avoided. Spencer never ought to have been at the Admiralty, and he deploras his surrender to three Admirals. John Morley won't like it, but what can he do? Still less can Shaw Lefevre do. Mr. G. never touches these questions from the military or expert side. He says often of himself, "No man can

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know less of military questions than I do." He takes up a position outside these questions. We ought to have our own standard and conscience in these matters. There is no finality in a mere race with other Powers. To leave the decision to Admirals and experts is both cowardice and surrender. They will never be satisfied.

Again last night he thanked God fervently for the period in which his span of life had been cast. It had been a period of emancipation and liberation—emancipation of the slaves to begin with, liberation of the Press, freedom of trade and industry, abolition of tests, freedom of religion and extension of the franchise. All this and more at home, while abroad twelve millions of its old subjects had been withdrawn from the misgovernment of Turkey, and Italy had been unified—a great work, however unfortunate its miscarriage. Liberty had extended itself in every direction and sense. But now it looked as if there would be a period of far less unbroken progress and of much less satisfactory achievement. I remarked, "Liberty come of age must sow its wild oats." He accepted that view. He was not the pessimist. He confessed himself to being glad for himself and sorry for the next generation of statesmen.

At lunch he told his story of Pio Nono's quadrilateral joke upon Clarendon, Cardwell, himself, and Argyll. These four ex-Cabinet Ministers (with, for a time, a fifth—Sir George Grey) found themselves in Rome just after quitting Office in 1867. In view of their late station, three of them thought it their duty to ask for an audience of the Pope. No argument, no pressure, would induce the Duke of Argyll to concur, although the Pope had done a very civil thing for the Duke of Argyll and Mr. G. in remitting the 20 per cent. duty then payable on two pictures they had bought. The three had their audience, and the Pope was very amiable and satisfactory. Mr. G. had full twenty minutes' talk with him in Italian. But of the four men the Pope said afterwards: "Lord Clarendon I liked and understood; Mr. Cardwell I understood but did not like; Mr. Gladstone I liked but did not understand; the Duke of Argyll I neither liked nor understood."

ITALIAN AND QUAKER WIT

Mr. G. thought the then Duchess had much to do with the Duke's refusal. The Pope paid him out by withdrawing the permit from the Scotch Presbyterian Chapel.

Mr. Gladstone was thought to be deficient in humour. I do not subscribe to that opinion, and he himself would certainly be surprised at the imputation. He was fond of discriminating between the humour of different peoples. He illustrated Italian humour by another story of Pius IX. "Pio Nono" was a most popular cry with Italian Liberals till he turned round in politics, when he became "Pio, No! No!"

Lord Aberdare's story of Italian wit has the same flavour. Pope Gregory XVI was a noted toper. When his time came to knock at the gate of Heaven, or Purgatory, St. Peter, the doorkeeper, says, "Why call me? You have the key yourself." "But, somehow," says poor Gregory, "it won't work." "Shew it me," says St. Peter. "Why, you have brought the key of the wine cellar!"

Mr. Gladstone found a special quality in Quaker wit. He was fond of telling the story of a very worthy Quaker who supported every good work in his neighbourhood. When his neighbours found occasion to rebuild a ruinous church they were in a quandary as to the Quaker. Should they, or should they not, ask his help? A deputation was appointed which was merely to state the case to the Quaker, and leave the matter in his hands. The Quaker listened carefully to the case, pointed to the impossibility of his taking part in the erection of the church, but added in a more cheerful tone, "Did'st thou not say, friend, that thou wert about to pull down a church? Put me down £100 for that."

Mr. Dillwyn told me a story of his Quaker father of Swansea, which has the same quality. The old Quaker was sitting in the bow window of the club overlooking the place where the militia had just been drilling. A saucy young militia officer standing outside in the street took occasion, in the presence of his comrades, to present his sword, of which he had disembarrassed himself, to Mr. Dillwyn and mockingly said, "Friend,

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if thou be'st not afraid, please to place this sword upon the table." On which Mr. Dillwyn replied, "Seeing that the sword hath not yet shed blood, and judging from thine own appearance that it never will, I have no objection, friend, to comply with thy request."

The old Indian story is characteristic of native wit. "Oh, sir! Yes, the Sahib has shot exceeding well, but Heaven was merciful to the birds."

4th February, 1895.

Speaking of the Squirearchy, Mr. G. glanced at Harcourt's new Death Duties. He thought Harcourt had no plan and did not much exercise himself with how his new system would work nor to what limits it might be carried. Land had long borne an exceptional taxation annually (personalty. escaping rates), which was the excuse for easier Death Duties. Its assimilation with personalty in regard to Death Duties seemed to Mr. G. to involve an equal degree of assimilation in reference to local burdens. Grants in aid were only a rough makeshift.

10th February, 1895.

On the 8th the Secretary of M. Henri, Préfet of the Alpes Maritimes, called here to inform Mr. G. that the Préfet had been instructed by the new President (Faure) to welcome and compliment Mr. G., and the Secretary was to ask Mr. G. to give him (the Préfet) an interview in this connexion. Mr. G. begged me to see the Secretary for him and to arrange an interview, which I did for Tuesday at Cap Martin. It was obvious that this message had political significance. Faure was a Free Trader, and therefore Anglophil, and Ribot, his new Premier, confessedly Anglophil. Thus the President's very formal overture possessed probably more than mere social intention. Mr. G. said, "You see, I might well be looked upon as a Gallophil. In truth, I think the French Government of late might have prodded us more sharply over Egypt, and for my part I should not have been sorry had they done so." On these broad questions Mr. G. cannot wholly abdicate or abstain. Fairly challenged, he will exhibit his

PREMIERSHIP AND FOREIGN OFFICE

colours. And this makes him just now a possible embarrassment to his friends in Office. But he heartily wishes them well, and would never consciously cause them the very slightest inconvenience. On the contrary, he is keen for their advantage.

LONDON: 1895.

1, *Carlton Gardens*,
26th June, 1895.

Yesterday after breakfast Mr. G., when alone with me, broke into a vein of reminiscence. He referred to his early ignorance of economics. He said Ministers, whether Tory or Whig, were equally ignorant. Mr. G.'s education in finance came about quite against the grain, and simply because, in the spirit of obedience and loyalty, he accepted the uncongenial place of Vice-President of the Committee on Trade. When Peel offered it to him he said, "You will have a master of the craft in Lord Ripon," then President. In three or four weeks, Mr. G. knew enough to know that Lord Ripon knew nothing, and in three weeks more he knew more than Lord Ripon ever knew. Then it was that Mr. G. studied economics "exactly as he would have read for a class at the University." The next two or three years were the hardest years of his life. Mrs. G. had told me how little she, as a young wife, saw of him at this stage of his career.

Mr. G. spoke of Lord Salisbury once more taking the Foreign Office with the Premiership. Mr. G.'s objection to this course was as vigorous as ever. He gave one reason I had not before heard him give. He said that hitherto the Foreign Office, though necessarily not so much under Parliamentary check as other departments, was, within the Cabinet, under a kind of dual control, since the Secretary for Foreign Affairs never failed to consult the Prime Minister on any question of any importance. So much was this the case that he might say that hardly a day passed without Lord Clarendon or Lord Granville consulting him on

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

some point or other, or at any rate without communication between them. But with the Prime Minister as Foreign Secretary a kind of autocracy was set up. The Prime Minister became absolute master of the situation. The most serious questions might all be kept locked in his own breast. I suggested another disadvantage in the risk of the Court and the Prime Minister running Foreign Affairs between them, but Mr. G. did not go so far as this or think it at all likely.

Mr. G. told me an incident of 1864 relating to the Irish Church. Lord Palmerston was violently anti-Papal, and on this account desirous to bolster up the Irish Establishment. His then Chancellor, Lord Westbury (whom Mr. G. regarded as the cleverest lawyer he had ever known, Jessel being next to him) was a thorough Erastian. Between them they devised a scheme for doing that which had never been done, and giving some organic unity to the Churches of England and Ireland by uniting them both under the jurisdiction of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Mr. G. no sooner found this ingenious scheme in shape before the Cabinet than he penetrated the meaning and mischief and bethought him how to defeat it. He said to himself, "Johnny Russell is the man. He is straight and sound on all such matters." So he called on him and invited him to the rescue. Lord John Russell responded heartily, and so the plot for incorporation of the English and Irish Churches was still-born, and within a few years the Irish Church was disestablished.

30th June, 1895.

On Monday, June 24th, Mr. and Mrs. G. disembarked at Tilbury from the *Tantallon Castle* after their twelve days' cruise to Hamburg, Copenhagen, Kiel, and Gothenburg, in which I accompanied them. The news of the defeat of the Rosebery Government on the 21st, by a small majority, in a comparatively small House and on a snap division over a question of reserve ammunition, reached us at Tilbury, together with the stranger news of the consequent resignation of the Government on the 22nd. Mr. G. was unfeignedly

OFFER OF AN EARLDOM

amazed, but was absolutely reserved, and was most careful to avoid the use of a single word which might be taken as indicating any opinion.

The Times this morning spoke of the Queen having more than once offered an earldom to Mr. G. I mentioned this to him, rather hoping he might now depart from his long-maintained reticence on such matters. He replied that the Queen had indeed once offered him an earldom (no doubt in June, 1885), but next morning he found that she had made his old private secretary, Stafford Northcote, an earl, and he had no mind to be put in the category of Northcote and now of Cranbrook. "However," he added, "had it been a dukedom, it would have made no difference."

In this connexion, he probably went back to 1880, when the Queen took the very strong step of sending for Hartington. He said that the Queen made some sort of apology, and that he was careful to say nothing as to the Queen having sent for Hartington instead of Lord Granville, but confined himself to telling her that she was right, as he said technically she was, not to send for him. But this superseding of Lord Granville did not please Mr. G. He pointed out that in 1874, when he thought he had finally retired, he was careful to provide that Lord Granville should be, so far as he was concerned and could effect it, the leader of the Party in succession to himself, much as he felt the difficulty of Lord Granville's being in the Lords (not so insuperable then as now). He had from 1874 to 1880 always treated and referred in public to Lord Granville as leader, or at any rate spoken of Lord Granville and Hartington together. The fact was, he had much more trust in Lord Granville's judgment than in Hartington's.

HAWARDEN: 1895.

22nd September, 1895.

Mr. G. told me that his sister became Roman Catholic not from any personal influence, but out of her independent conviction. His father, in consequence of this

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step, provided for her mainly by annuity, but, not wishing to deprive her of all power over money, left £10,000 at her own disposal. On her death enquiry was made in vain as to this £10,000. No trace of it could be or was ever found. Her maid, an honest, faithful woman and a Roman Catholic, did recall, in reference to searching enquiry, something about a money transaction having occurred, as she thought, some years ago. When pressed to try and remember the date, she said it was about the time that Cardinal Wiseman set up his carriage.

23rd September, 1895.

Mr. G. spoke of himself (as he is accustomed to do on the rare occasions on which he refers to the matter) as never having been good at any bodily exercise or amusement except walking. But he had always been both a rapid and an enduring walker; he had both speed and "bottom." His powers of walking left him quite suddenly a few years ago. He was still, at eighty-five, good for a couple of miles, he thought, on level or rising ground, but could not manage downhill. He walked with me quite sharply up the slope to the old Castle last evening on our way to church, and, when I said that it was wonderful how easily we raised our own weight 50 feet, he spoke of the vigour of his heart and its perfect efficiency after eighty-five years of service, lifting (according to Paley) 20 tons (*i.e.* of blood) per day—a task equal to two full days' work of a labourer.

Mr. G. is a little surprised and, I think, not a little pleased to feel able to enjoy the considerable task of editing Butler ["The Analogy"].

The release from political life and labour has done much to lighten and cheer him. Sir Andrew Clark, who knew him so well, used to warn him not to throw up politics. Clark believed it would be a fatal step. Clark was, as the event shews, quite wrong. The change of life has been an unalloyed gain in spirits and vigour. It is surely a good illustration of the great power, flexibility, and elasticity of his mind, that he can quit, at his age and with ease, the absorbing occupation of sixty years, and only the more enjoy the opportunity

SELWYN'S BISHOPRIC

and leisure of giving his thought and time to possibly more congenial occupation.

Mr. G. said he tried to get good men for the Episcopate from the Evangelical side in the Church, and did appoint Bickersteth,¹ but that he could not get a strong man among them. He much disliked the tendency of men to take Colonial Bishoprics simply as a stepping-stone and to gain promotion. He mentioned with much respect a Bishop of Newfoundland and one or two others who had stuck to their posts. He did not like Rosebery's bringing a Colonial bishop back to fill an English vacancy when there were so many good and deserving men of his own side reasonably awaiting preferment in this country: He excepted such remarkable men as Bishop Selwyn and also Bishop Moorhouse. The former was in every way distinguished and known before he left England, and Moorhouse had done a considerable work at home and was a man at least equal to any other candidate.

He told the story of Selwyn's bishopric. Selwyn was an unusually brilliant and popular young man. He became tutor to the Clive family, and at Eton was in the highest favour and reputation. His family connexions, talents, and personal charm pointed him out for early and rapid promotion. It happened that the New Zealand Conference, wanting a bishop, offered the appointment to George Selwyn's elder brother William, who was a man of high attainments and character, a good scholar, and in every way respectable. William Selwyn accepted the offer, but after a time his wife and his friends so warmly opposed his going that he began to give way and draw back.

This conduct caused the most acute concern to George Selwyn, who felt the family honour to be involved and the family name to be in danger of discredit. In these circumstances he called on Mr. G. and told the story, and he did so in order to ask whether Mr. G. thought he might venture to suggest himself as substitute for his brother. Mr. G. greatly sympathised with him and sent him to the Primate's domestic chaplain—saying to him, "Walk across St. James's Park to Lambeth and see Ben

¹ *Edward Henry, Bishop of Exeter, 1885.*

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Harrison"—which Selwyn did, with the result that he became bishop in place of his backsliding brother. This was a story after Mr. G.'s own heart.

Mr. G. is fond of a story of Lord Hammond and his watch. Hammond was for many years head of the Foreign Office, and largely contributed to fixing the F. O. pretensions to independence of "these shifting Ministries." After a very long term of service, and at about eighty years of age, he retired with a peerage. About the same time he took his watch to a watchmaker and said, "I have worn this watch since I entered the public service and it has always gone very well. Now and again I have had it cleaned, but it has played me no tricks and never been in any mischief. Yet, now, it seems somehow out of sorts and won't keep time. I don't suppose there is anything in particular wrong with it, but I should like you to look it over and give me your opinion and advice." The watchmaker took the watch, examined it long and minutely, and handed it back to Lord Hammond, saying, "Well, as you say, there is nothing in particular gone wrong with it. Only, it is gone altogether."

24th September, 1895.

Mr. G. enjoyed telling of Keate of Eton over his tea. On Sundays at two Keate had what he called Prayers in the Upper School, but what the boys, in good faith, called Prose. It was always the occasion of a great "rouge" or crush at the door. So soon as the boys were in the room Keate's arrival was announced by the banging of his class-room door, and then a senior boy stood up and said or recited something which nobody heard for the noise, and Keate first read a short passage from one of Blair's sermons, to which nobody paid any attention, and then took occasion to make any general remarks to the boys that were on his mind, chiefly of an objurgatory character. Whenever he said anything of which the boys did not approve, they made a great inarticulate noise called "booming"—a humming, hooting noise, which Mr. G. reproduced with much spirit and made with closed mouth and immovable

MORLEY CONSIDERS HIS POSITION

countenance. Keate was wise enough never to take notice of this noise.

Mr. G. said that Provost Goodall had the reputation of wit, and probably deserved it. He gave an illustration. George IV was walking with Goodall and had the bad taste to describe the sort of man he should appoint to the Provostship in succession to Goodall; on which Goodall stepped forward, and turning round on the King with hat off and a deep bow, said, "I should never think of going before your Majesty."

Mr. Grenville, who was at Eton about 1780, used to exclaim at the luxury of the school in Mr. Gladstone's days, just as Mr. G. was inclined to exclaim at the luxury of the school in these days. Mr. G. did not know of any difference between his and Mr. Grenville's day, except that he fancied that the fag in the earlier day blacked the shoes. There were no carpets in Mr. Gladstone's day. Mr. G. said that he gathered that in Shelley's day the boys wore great-coats. He thought Keate might have stopped that practice, and it was not resumed in my days.

LONDON: 1895.

*1 Carlton Gardens,
2nd November, 1895.*

John Morley called on me to talk over his position. Harcourt wanted him to come back to the H. of C. He was determined not to shew any sign of sullenness, and he felt the importance of being in his place to take part in the chief measure of the next session—the Irish Land Bill, upon which he was the man best informed on the Opposition Benches. But it was not easy to find a seat. Morley gave me the usual reasons for not dropping out, but added that he found liberty so sweet that if he were long out of bondage he could never return. I agreed in favour of a temporising course. It seemed to me that the whole mind of the country would shortly and for some time be absorbed by foreign affairs. To this Morley assented. Next I thought that the Government would be cautious and reasonable enough in home

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

measures to press him into the attitude rather of a friendly critic than of an irreconcilable opponent. Thirdly, I thought his position so distinct and unique that it would not be prejudiced by mere lapse of time and by new men and matter. Ireland would remain and, the present fit of socialism over, the country would fall back upon men untainted with empiricism.

I make these notes, not for the sake of the foregoing, but to introduce Morley's parting remark. Standing at the door of the library and looking round, he said, "I cannot forget that in this room was struck the most deadly blow to our fortunes of the last nine years. I mean the cashiering of Parnell. Mr. G. refused to come up on the Saturday, would not travel on Sunday, arrives here not till five on Monday, holds a meeting at once with Granville, Harcourt, Arnold Morley, and me, and then that very night writes his letter. If he would not come up in time for discussion, he should at any rate have put off acting until we had debated and thrashed out the business in and out. However, it was done, and there is an end of it and of us. And to think that Colman, the mustard man, should have been the man to bring about such a stroke! Mr. Gladstone, when challenged to name the leading Nonconformists who had written so strongly and urgently to him, gave Colman as the very best and most typical of such men." I told Morley that on that Monday I went to meet Mr. and Mrs. G. at Euston, and that, though tired with the journey, he broke out at once in the carriage and declared that Parnell was impossible, that the country and party, and in particular the Nonconformists, would never endure any maintenance of political relations with him. In fact, he came to town with his mind made up and, so far as he justified his decision by outside opinion, he rested solely upon the letters he had had from such men as Colman.

CANNES: 1896.

7th January, 1896.

John Morley told me during his visit here, ended to-day, that Rosebery, when Foreign Secretary in Mr.

ROSEBERY'S QUARREL WITH WADDINGTON

G.'s last Government, made the wretched mistake of a personal quarrel with Waddington¹ because Waddington had discussed Egyptian affairs with Mr. G. direct. Rosebery might in form have been right, but to allow wounded *amour propre* or diplomatic etiquette to carry him so far as to subordinate the very grave interests at stake to either was a grievous error. In Rosebery's own Government, Edward Grey was assumed to have said in the House of Commons that the British Government in one form or other claimed control of the Nile Valley from source to outfall. Morley called attention to this reputed expression. It turned out that Grey's actual words did not cover such a claim. But when the reputed claim was backed in debate, John Morley said at once, "Then I go." Morley seems to think Rosebery more Jingo and emotional in Foreign Affairs than Lord Salisbury, and less cautious.

Morley spoke of Rosebery and Lord Acton as two dark horses, as two men whom no one quite understood or gauged. Of all other leading public men one could form a complete all-round idea; one felt one understood them. But there was in both Rosebery and Acton a secret cupboard, as it were. I asked whether the dark place in Rosebery was not, in fact, a void, whereas in Acton it was a *cabinet noir*. He said that at Dalmeny, during the horrid period of the August (1892) Election, Acton plainly asked him, Would Mr. Gladstone put him in the Cabinet? And all he had was a Lordship in Waiting!

Morley left for Paris and England earlier than he intended, because he wished to give himself some time to consider and take up his own line on foreign affairs. He declared that the late Liberal leaders had no foreign policy. Harcourt had a mind and knew it. But the rest had none. For instance, he asked, what is our Mediterranean policy? We talked twice pretty fully of the change which, as I alleged and he agreed, the new economic conditions of Great Britain must certainly effect in the relation of the Liberal Party to foreign affairs. Morley wants to study this question.

¹ *The French Ambassador.*

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13th February, 1896.

Mr. G. spoke energetically about Courtney and the Speakership. He was strongly against it. Notwithstanding all Courtney's success and ability in the Chair [of Committee], he was unfitted for the Speakership, because he was not a man of sense, being a confirmed faddist and lover of paradox, the advocate of woman's franchise, minority votes, bimetallism, and the rest. On the other hand, Mr. G. thought it not only a great wrong done to a most loyal colleague, but an injury to the party that Campbell-Bannerman should not have been allowed to take the Speakership. He considered that in dissuading him the Cabinet pushed the claims of colleagueship too far and beyond any fair right or propriety. He was sorely tempted to write to Campbell-Bannerman and urge him to take the post.

Morley told me that he was empowered to go to Courtney after his first and public refusal in order again to offer him the Speakership. But Courtney was resolute not to take it unless he received the spontaneous approval of the (Liberal) Unionist M.P.s, and that he never got. In truth Courtney sacrificed himself to that small and most selfish party who betrayed him in this instance.

Mr. G. told me to-day that Harcourt wrote to him such a letter making it a condition on or of taking Office in Mr. G.'s last Government that an Under Secretaryship should be given to the head of his family, Lord Vernon, that Mr. G. could not answer it. Instead he sent for Lulu (Harcourt's son), shewed him the letter, and said he had never received such a letter and could not answer it, and Lulu took it away. Mr. G. said that such a strange mixture of a man was never known. He had all the good and many of the bad qualities jumbled up together, so that he had never been able to understand him.

14th February, 1896.

Speaking of the Smyrna episode, Mr. G. gave me a full account of the steps he secretly took for the seizure of Smyrna in order to force Turkey to surrender

TRUTH ABOUT THE SMYRNA EPISODE

Thessaly to Greece, and of their silent, immediate, and thorough success. Three of the Powers, Germany, Austria, and France, were unfavourable to the British proposal for putting pressure on the Sultan. Russia was willing. Italy would probably have consented. Mr. G.'s account was that, losing all patience with the Sultan, revolted by his mendacity, and convinced that he would yield to no argument and respect neither treaty nor promise, he gave the order to the Admiralty to make arrangements for the single-handed seizure of Smyrna and the consequent diversion of the most important Customs dues that Turkey possessed.

Admiral Sir A. Cooper-Key carried out these instructions to the last point of detail. The Sultan's secret service supplied him with sufficient knowledge of the preparations, and just as the trigger was about to be pulled, the Sultan climbed down, and the surrender of Thessaly to Greece, as provided by the Treaty of Berlin and so long avoided, was quietly effected without anybody being a bit the wiser or the worse for the nature of the measures taken by Mr. G. not only with no flourish and no big words, but with no public knowledge or assent. "And," added Mr. G., "to give the Devil his due, he did not try to back out afterwards, as he well might have done on finding that the three Powers had refused assent. But although the fact that under the Treaty of Berlin there was no sufficient delimitation of what Greece was to have would have given the Sultan a chance of wriggling out of the engagements extracted from him under pressure, yet he quite handsomely fulfilled those engagements in spirit and letter. Thus Montenegro obtained its due accession of territory, and Thessaly was added to Greece."

The secret of these naval preparations was well kept, and the actual official knowledge of them was most closely confined within the Cabinet, nor did Mr. G. himself ever openly acknowledge them till quite lately, though, as was his duty, he communicated the facts to Lord Salisbury when the latter succeeded him in Office.

The contrast to this action supplied by Lord Salisbury's inaction over Crete often, I feel sure, occurred to Mr. G. He was, even in the most intimate conversa-

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

tions, very slow to pass judgment on rivals or men who held his old offices. He would use, however, such expressions as "Grasp your nettle" in commenting on Lord Salisbury's nerveless, passive habit of shifting all responsibility on subordinates and shirking all definite action. I cannot aver, but I do not believe, that he ever regarded except with some scorn Lord Rosebery's boasted nostrum of "Concert of Europe." I believe he thought this public surrender of individual national responsibility as futile as it was abject. I know his own maxim was that no alliance, no concert, is of any value or effect except so long as it suits the interests of the strongest party to it. But the "Concert of Europe" was a plausible shelter for evading our obligations to Armenia and for our coldness to Greece in her quarrel with Turkey. To my mind, of all the countless current popular delusions, none is more absurd than the idea that Mr. G. could "funk" where Lord Salisbury would fight. Mr. G. would not have said "Shoot if necessary" to Irish constabulary. But he would have backed his "bag and baggage" notice with blows any day and anywhere, when tyranny was intolerable and human freedom at stake.

19th February, 1896.

Talking of the propriety of a Cabinet Minister putting his personal views before the Sovereign when they varied from those of the Premier or Cabinet, Mr. G. said the Minister had no right whatever to have his views separately represented. He held that there was serious constitutional objection to such a course. The Cabinet and the Sovereign were in a measure opposite parties. It would never answer for the Sovereign to have the right to deal with Ministers individually, although it would be to the interest of the Sovereign to do so and would, and often did, arise in practice. When a Minister was in attendance or at Windsor on a visit, the Sovereign would wish to take that Minister's personal views. But no Minister other than the Premier should yield to the wish of the Sovereign. If a Cabinet Minister differed from the Premier in the Cabinet, he must nevertheless refrain from criticising Cabinet

LORD BRYCE

action or separating himself from it, even when consulted by the Sovereign, unless he at the same time left the Ministry for good. Mr. G. first learned this lesson from Lord Palmerston, who very properly refused his request to make his views on some minor financial questions known to the Sovereign independently.

Mr. G. said that he had urged Bryce to spend a year in the United States and to study and write on that country. He thought that to his advice was in a measure due the foundation of Bryce's "great work." But he regretted that Bryce had so much confined himself to the political institutions of America. What Mr. G. would have wished would have been a study of the social conditions and tendency of the U.S.A. The incursion and sudden growth of wealth of itself raised questions of vital importance. What was its influence on the structure of human society, on the nature of the individual man? That there should be annually 25,000 divorces in America was a portent, surely. What did it mean?

When Mr. G., in forming his last Government, wrote to Bryce, he offered him the Chancellorship of the Duchy and said he should be pleased to see him "a Minister of the Crown." This was the expression used to Mr. G. when he was first offered Cabinet rank. Mr. G. was surprised at the unhandiness of Bryce in failing to make any reply by telegram as requested, and then causing delay by writing to know whether he was to have a seat in the Cabinet. Only Cabinet Ministers are "Ministers of the Crown."

1st March, 1896.

Mr. G. learnt yesterday that the Naval Estimates for the year would reach £22 millions, and he was glowing with indignation and deeply stirred. He insists that such prodigious expenditure upon war provision marks a retrogression and that militarism is a reversion towards barbarism. For the European Powers he sees some excuse. For England none, since he regards her as little more under need of monster armaments than the U.S.A. England has not known invasion, and has less reason than ever to fear it. The sea does almost as much

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

for her protection as for that of America. Even Palmerston, and certainly Peel and Aberdeen, would have been horrified at such expenditure. He referred to the comparatively recent time when Army and Navy Estimates together came to £11 millions, and now they are £40 millions. He sighed for the old Conservatives. Rather than be under *any* Government now, in such matters, he would like to have back the Tories of old days. "I look back with immeasurable yearning to the days when Melbourne and John Russell were the leaders of the Liberal Party, and Peel and the Duke of Wellington of the Tory. We have fallen miles since then." After all, they were statesmen, and who were the statesmen of to-day? He could name two or three, and then he was stopped. Was there another of the old stamp?

About the Communion Service he was sarcastic. He did not like people running away from it. They were too mealy-mouthed nowadays. They could not call a spade a spade. Sin is cursed, and should on occasion be so characterised. The Bible was become too strong for the delicate palates of to-day. So with sermons—there was not enough of the Bible in them. It would be well if every second or third sermon were strictly expository. A poor preacher who stuck to his text could make a good sermon.

2nd March, 1896.

Mr. G. told me as a fact not enough known, and likely to be somewhat buried in official records, that the Third Napoleon had in or about 1864 missed an opportunity which, turned to account by France, would probably have altered the whole course of subsequent history. Lord Palmerston, without the consent of the Cabinet and without, indeed, any consultation with it, made, towards the end of the Session, in and through him, a statement that if Denmark chose to stand firm in the Augustenberg affair and resist the dictation of Germany, Denmark would not find itself alone. Denmark naturally interpreted this declaration as a pledge of British aid, and on finding it a broken reed^e greatly resented the betrayal. When it came to the point, it was clear that

DENMARK, 1864

England could not undertake to protect Denmark single-handed against Prussia, Austria, and the Bund, and so it was necessary at the last to throw over Palmerston and Denmark.

But meanwhile the Government made proposals to France for a joint assistance of Denmark, and undertook, if France would go in with England, to aid Denmark with all its force by sea and land. Napoleon was foolish enough to decline the proposition, on the ground that the interests involved for France were much inferior to those of England, which might look after its own affairs. So Denmark went to the wall, and the first aggressive step in the series of movements by Prussia towards the creation of the German Empire and the reduction of French pretension was secured at a time when Louis Napoleon might easily have nipped the Bismarck programme in the bud. Mr. G. thought Louis Napoleon was blinded by pique at the time with Palmerston, who had declined Louis Napoleon's proposals of a general European Congress. In 1866 broke out the war between Austria and Prussia, growing also, I think, out of the Augustenberg business, and Louis Napoleon's chance was gone for ever.

It was about 1864 that Emile de Laveleye published a remarkable prophecy of the course of events, shewing how Germany and France must drift into collision, and after, for a civilian, a wonderful review of their respective military strengths, declaring that France would be beaten by Germany.

Mr. G. reverted to the £22 million Naval Estimates, urging that such an expenditure was an invitation to the Powers to combine and a justification of their recent attitude towards England. He denies that it is a called-for answer to a plain challenge. He regards it rather as a challenge upon our side. He pictures to himself the ghosts of our old statesmen rising from their graves at this portent and going to and fro on the earth gibbering out their vain protests.

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HATCHLANDS: 1896.

16th June, 1896.

Lord Hawkesbury, when staying here three weeks ago, told me the story of Mrs. Gladstone's first engagement, as he had heard it from his uncle, Colonel Francis Harcourt, the man to whom Mrs. Gladstone was engaged. Francis Harcourt proposed to one of Lord Liverpool's daughters (an heiress) and was rejected. He then proposed to Miss Glynne (Mrs. Gladstone), who accepted him. On hearing this, "his first love relented, from jealousy or on better thoughts, and sent for him and accepted him, whereupon he threw over Miss Glynne, who was greatly upset. When Mr. Gladstone subsequently proposed she said she had but half a heart at her disposal, on which he replied, "Give it to me, and I will make it a whole one."

To me, Mrs. G. has never even hinted at the existence of this episode. Yet her talk about her first meeting with Mr. G. and her engagement has been consistent with it. She has spoken of seeing him first at a dinner-party, and having him pointed out to her as a future Prime Minister. She has distinctly intimated that he shewed his feeling for her long before she had any feeling for him. And the proposal and acceptance seem to have come about through her being taken abroad by her mother, probably for distraction after Colonel Harcourt's action, and Mr. G.'s pursuing her abroad in order to create favourable opportunities for his suit. I suspect the proposal occurred in Rome. It was a "high" match for Mr. G. The Glynnes were then very rich and extremely well connected, and the daughters lovely. New men did not then easily make such matches.

PENMAENMAWR: 1896.

1st November, 1896.

I arrived here last night on a long-deferred visit to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. He had been rather anxious to see me on various grounds, and I had some time back

THE ROSEBERY RESIGNATION

taken, for me, the exceptional course of writing to him on a political subject. I wished to tell him that I would like to put upon his Liverpool speech on the Armenian massacres the liveliest interpretation of which it was capable, and to let him know how little sympathy I had with the tame utterances of Lord Rosebery on the subject.

We were no sooner alone than, with much animation, he entered upon the Rosebery resignation. He gave Rosebery up altogether as a competent man for Liberal leadership—for lack of judgment and even sense. He said he had nothing to do with Rosebery's becoming Prime Minister. This he had told me at the time Rosebery took Office. When I saw him in Carlton Gardens immediately after his return from Biarritz and on his resignation, he had said that he was not entitled by usage to make any recommendation or suggestion to the Sovereign in the circumstances of his individual retirement on grounds of physical incapacity. However, he now repudiated responsibility for Rosebery's promotion more formally. I should interpose here the observation that, though Mr. G. had at one time in public used language which might well lead the Queen and the public to suppose that he looked on Rosebery as his successor, yet the occasion on which he had done so was remote, and Lord Rosebery had not then held Cabinet Office.

At this conversation of last night Mr. G. did not mince matters. First of all, he remarked that in all his experience of seventy colleagues in Cabinet Office he knew of no two men at once so clever and so difficult to deal with as colleagues as Harcourt and Rosebery. Next, he shewed that he had long been deeply disappointed with Rosebery as Foreign Minister. I now better understand his constant allusions in pathetic terms to Lord Granville as the most loyal and single-minded colleague a man ever had. Rosebery was in Lord Granville's place during the period of these laments, and, though I never suspected it, they were probably induced by Mr. G.'s sense of the difference in this respect between Lord Granville and Rosebery. Rosebery had evidently fallen in Mr. G.'s good opinion and

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goodwill steadily since the early days when he lauded in public his talents and believed in his future, though still a political babe.

The first serious symptoms of disappointment had arisen at Dalmeny during Mr. G.'s last election. Rosebery's whole attitude and conduct at that time had been most mysterious and painfully embarrassing. He seemed torn between personal loyalty and political disaffection. I presume he was embarrassed to the last degree between his desire to retain his supposed place in Mr. G.'s political will and his dread of committing himself deeper to Mr. G.'s political creed. I remember learning secretly at the time how grave was Mr. G.'s trouble over getting Rosebery to shew his real mind about taking Office in the 1892 Government. He had to *persuade* Rosebery to take the Foreign Office; and could never discover the secret of the mystery of all his shilly-shally conduct at that time. Now, Mr. G. tells me, he did propose to Rosebery to take the Foreign Office, but he very soon learnt his error, and he had mistaken his man. There was no such agreement in foreign policy as he had gathered from the prior communications on the subject he had had with John Morley as Rosebery's friend. In particular, the views Morley held, and said that Rosebery held, on Egypt were found not to be the views on which Rosebery acted as Foreign Secretary.

However, Mr. G.'s concern was at this moment chiefly centred on Rosebery's conduct in reference to the Armenian agitation. He regarded each step taken by Rosebery as one from bad to worse, and he pointed out new aspects and incidental mischiefs, *e.g.* Why had Rosebery gone out of his way to spoil the chance of any colleague in the Lords succeeding? Why should he, in effect, treat Spencer or Kimberley as incapacitated from leading the party by placing his resignation upon his incapacity as a peer? Mr. G. brought into light all the inconsistencies of the successive positions assumed by Rosebery, and expressed the opinion that such conduct could never be forgotten.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH M. RIBOT

1st November, 1896.

Mr. G. asked me after lunch to read a correspondence between him and Ribot now going on. Ribot started it by a letter about October 12th, saying that on his return from a visit to the U.S.A. (Madame Ribot is American) he had seen a translation of a letter of Mr. Gladstone's to an Egyptian Minister, in which Mr. G. said that the Government had responded favourably to an overture of Ribot's Cabinet in 1893 for a reopening of the Egyptian question, but that the French Government had taken no further step. Ribot charged the breakdown upon Rosebery's conduct in refraining from any discussion with Waddington when Waddington called for the purpose, and on this silence being followed by Rosebery's telling Dufferin to call Ribot's attention to Waddington's irregularity in going past Rosebery to Mr. G.

Mr. G. told me the facts were that Waddington came to him at Ribot's instance asking for an interview. Of this Mr. G. informed Rosebery at once, and when the interview was over Mr. G. informed Rosebery of all that occurred at it. Moreover, before the interview took place, Mr. G. informed the Cabinet of the request for one, Lord Rosebery being present, and received Cabinet authority. Thus nothing could be more in order up to that point. But it seems to be true that Rosebery did sulk with Waddington after Waddington's interview and did instruct Dufferin to complain, whereupon Waddington resigned.

Mr. G. tells me he has no clear recollection of the Dufferin intervention, nor had he at the time ground for suspecting that Rosebery would do anything that could tend to choke off the French. It is true that at this juncture English troops were reinforced as a matter of police, and in consequence of some *fredaine* of the young Khedive. But Mr. G. had never associated this action with the French overtures. However, he has written a skilful rejoinder to Ribot, setting the Dufferin and the troops incidents on one side and sticking to the point. But he has also sent Ribot's letter and his rejoinder to-day to Rosebery, with a letter to Rosebery

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

in which he says that the instructions Rosebery gave to Dufferin should have come from the Cabinet, and that their issue by him at his sole discretion is another instance of the grave differences between them on the subject of their respective authorities—differences, he is glad to think, now happily a matter of the past.

Mr. G. summed up his present feeling about his Cabinets by repeating an observation he had made to me long ago. He had presided over four Cabinets. The first was the best, the second the next best, the third came after the other two, and the last was the least good of all. He attributed it to a change in the style of men of Cabinet rank. The old stamp of Cabinet Minister was above all a good man to row with. All pulled together for the benefit of the boat. But now each man seemed to have his own axe to grind. Men looked out for themselves, first and foremost.

3rd November, 1896.

Mr. G. referred to the proposal to celebrate with great ceremonial the close of the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign. He thought it superfluous. The Queen had, he said, with her usual good sense, declined the suggested celebration of her entering upon the longest reign. He thought the modern passion for jubilees overdone. But I think he has at bottom much feeling for the Prince of Wales. He thinks his position a very bad one. He said, "He may well be sixty years old before he *begins* to reign," and I suppose he may feel that that disadvantage is a set-off against the Queen's continuing to reign after reigning sixty years. I spoke of the Queen's failing eyesight and growing decrepitude. He thought that she did not shew the usual signs of old age, such as being bent or having tremor. And if she felt the burden of years, he said she could very well resign. "Of some things it was perhaps as well to say nothing, however privately." But he hinted that he had given expression to his feelings about the repressive relations of the Queen to the Prince (he called it in plain terms once "jealousy"), and that in due course of time—that is to say, after every one concerned was under the sod—this matter would see the light. One step the

WHEN ETON WAS "COMPLETELY PAGAN"

Queen certainly ought and should have taken long ago, he said, and that was to allow the Prince £50,000 a year in consideration of the extent to which she allows him to discharge her social duties for her.

I happened to say incidentally that Mr. G. could not appreciate a certain point of view taken in the House of Commons Lobby because he had never held subaltern rank. He replied that he rather resented that observation, that it was years before he got into the Cabinet. I rejoined that all the while he was being regarded as a future Premier or coming leader of the Liberal Party. He declared that he never knew it and was too modest to think it. And he said that it was not until he had been in one or two Cabinets that he became alive to the fact that some able and independent observers thought him a future leader. The first two men who let him know that they held such a belief were George Glyn, afterwards 1st Lord Wolverton, and John Bright. That was in 1855.

CANNES: 1897.

2nd February, 1897.

Speaking of his school days at Eton, Mr. G. said that from two-thirds to three-fourths of the boys were at Dames' Houses, and that the plan answered. The charges were some £30 a year less at a Dame's House, and he strongly disapproved and deplored the change by which gradually the Dame's House had been extinguished and the cost of Eton education thus raised and the social character of the school restricted. The millionaire boys were a great drawback. His tutor was a Mr. Knapp, a harmless and well-meaning but very meek and much-bullied little man. As an illustration of the school system more than as a criticism on Knapp, Mr. G. said that during all the six or seven years of his Eton life he never but once had a single bit of advice given him by his tutor, and that was the rather singular suggestion that Mr. G. should in his English verse-writing found himself upon the style of Erasmus Darwin, of all people.

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

Eton in his day was completely Pagan. There was no sort of religious teaching. The sermons mumbled by toothless old Fellows were a mockery. He remembered well a passage in a sermon of a Vice-Provost they called Pug Roberts, to distinguish him from another Fellow also called Roberts. Pug Roberts observed that no doubt many of his hearers would, when they reached man's estate, be in possession of influence, and he exhorted them above all things to use that influence in keeping Roman Catholics out of Parliament. This passage struck Mr. G. because, even as a boy, he was not at all of that way of thinking. The boys went to Chapel twice on whole holidays and once on half-holidays, and every Saturday afternoon in any case. They took Prayer-Books always on Sunday, but never on a week-day. When Milnes-Gaskell went to Eton he had been religiously brought up by a most excellent mother, and, as a new boy, took his Prayer-Book to the first service he attended, which was on a Saturday. After Chapel he was surrounded by the boys, who railed at him as a "Methodist." The next day he was careful to leave the Prayer-Book behind, but, being Sunday, the boys were outraged and abused him worse as an "atheist."

The story of Mr. G.'s confirmation I may have told before, but I repeat it as told by Mr. G. to-night. He wished to be confirmed at home; but after deliberation it was ordained that he should be confirmed at Eton. The sole preparation made was that three times before the Confirmation the tutor, without word of preface or of reference to the Confirmation, read some sermon (Blair's, I believe) for an hour. The sermon had no connexion with Confirmation, and when ended the tutor simply walked out of pupil room without a word to the candidates. Bishop Pelham of Lincoln (for Eton was then within the diocese of Lincoln!) confirmed Mr. G., and of his sermon Mr. G. remembered verbatim a passage to this effect: "I advise you to cultivate a sober religion, neither declining on the one hand into lukewarmness nor transgressing on the other into enthusiasm."

Yet out of such Pagan surroundings religious men grew up, and Mr. G. instanced five of his own immedi-

SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN

ate contemporaries and friends who became pre-eminently good Christians: George Selwyn, the Bishop whose influence and example had the most widespread effect, and especially on Eton itself; Hamilton, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, a perfect saint; Lord A. Hervey, whom Mr. G. afterwards recommended for a bishopric, and who was a most admirable man; and two others who died early in their career, one an Egerton of Tatton, and another whose name I forget.

4th February, 1897.

Some talk about G. O. Trevelyan's retirement led to one or two of Mr. G.'s stories. Trevelyan's father, Sir C. Trevelyan, was Permanent Secretary to the Treasury when Mr. G. was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and James Wilson was Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury. Trevelyan and Wilson could not hit it off at all; in fact, they soon began to lead a regular cat-and-dog life. Matters came to such a pass that each determined to appeal to his chief, the Chancellor, and, as fortune would have it, each fixed upon the same day. Wilson came to Mr. G. and informed him how he had found Trevelyan so impracticable, encroaching, and insubordinate—though, remarked Mr. G., the relative status of the Permanent and Parliamentary Secretaries was an open question—that he had deemed it needful to have a very frank and plain-spoken explanation and expostulation with Trevelyan, and that in the end, and as the result of Wilson's firm and convincing remonstrances and success in bringing home to Trevelyan a true sense of the situation, Trevelyan had burst into tears! On that same afternoon came Trevelyan to Mr. G., and he in turn confided his troubles to his chief. Trevelyan had long endured much at Wilson's hands. Wilson was arbitrary beyond belief. He took everything into his own control. To work with Wilson was become so impossible that Trevelyan had deemed it needful to bring about a very outspoken personal discussion of their general relations. In the course of explanations, so explicit as to amount almost to altercation, Trevelyan had been enabled to bring conviction to the mind of

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

Wilson, and had, in short, spoken with so much effect that Wilson positively trembled.

We spoke of "City" men and of the death of Bertram Currie. Mr. G. said he had, he feared, never been in good odour in the "City," and that in truth he had never been much impressed with "City" men of his day. Bertram Currie was a great loss because he was undoubtedly an able man. George Glyn was, he thought, one of the best "City" men of his time, so far as he knew them, and he supposed Tom Baring must have been a sound and sensible man. But in all his thirteen Budgets he had derived nothing from the "City" or "City" men. And he did not see that the House of Commons itself had fared much better.

In the evening Mr. G. said to me that he thought the toughest job he had ever tackled was the Succession Bill—probably owing to the want of legal training. Cockburn and Bethell were Attorney- and Solicitor-General, but Cockburn never took hold of the work. He used to come in casually, sit at the Speaker's end of the Bench, and after a time slip away. On the opposite benches there were but two men who understood the Bill, and they were Malins (afterwards Sir Richard, V.C.) and a City solicitor called Mullins. They did not oppose in any party sense, but were so active in Committee that when Malins was down Mullins was up, and *vice versa*, which gave occasion to Cockburn to parody the Virgilian line, "*Qui Mullens non odit, amet Tua carmina, Malins.*" Cockburn, when C.J., bitterly resented not having the vacant Chancellorship, which Mr. G. gave to Hatherley. Mr. G. denied that Cockburn as C.J. had any claim. The Chief Justiceship was in itself a final post. Cockburn's career had been made by a single speech in Parliament (one in which he defended, I think, Lord Palmerston). He took his business too easily as Attorney-General. All he said when his Solicitor-General (Bethell) had complained of his absence on an important Committee, and begged that Cockburn should be told of his annoyance, was, "Well, I'm d——d glad he was vexed." Mr. G. had had six Chancellors—Cranworth, Campbell, Westbury, Hatherley, Selborne, and Herschell. Hatherley was

THACKERAY'S AMBITION

most useful as a member of the Cabinet, and Selborne, strange to say, least so.

Speaking of Brougham, Mr. G. said that he knew of nothing quite equal to the energy and fire of his countenance. It was tremendous. He had seen the face of Berryer compared with that of Brougham. For all the orator he was, the face of Berryer was inert and dead beside that of Brougham. Like some very contentious and turbulent men, Brougham became mildness itself in old age. Every one he knew he divided into three categories: his friends, his dear friends, his beloved friends. The only exceptions were Jock Campbell and Westbury. These he never forgave.

2nd February, 1897.

Speaking to me alone, Mr. G. seemed to confirm my old idea, formed at the time of Mr. G.'s final retirement from Office and Parliament, that it would have been better for the Liberal Party had Lord Spencer been invited to lead the Party and take the Premiership for the natural term of the current Parliament. Mr. G. distinctly expressed regret that Lord Kimberley was once more put into the Leadership in the Lords, because this course openly threw the whole cards into Harcourt's hands. Lady Sarah Spencer, who is not of her brother's politics, gravely admitted to me that she had heard before that Lord Spencer might be asked to lead in the Lords, and that it had given her much pleasure to hear from Mr. G. himself that he would have liked Spencer to do so.

7th February, 1897.

Mr. G. said that some time between Peel's death in 1850 and Palmerston's second Ministry in 1859 he was standing in the middle of Christie's Sale Room when Thackeray came up to him and said he wanted to have a word or two with him. Thackeray then told Mr. G. that he was Peelite in sympathy and politics, and that he had an ambition to enter Parliament, and that his main reason was that he had observed that the efforts to put down Disraeli had so far failed and he felt convinced

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that he was the man to do it. Mr. G. was rather taken aback, for Disraeli had already reached a very high point in his career. But, of course, he regarded Thackeray as a valuable recruit, and he took the matter up somewhat seriously. Thackeray's utter failure as a candidate at Oxford in 1857 did not so much surprise him as his miscalculation of the task of putting down Disraeli: nor did he suspect Thackeray of adapting his "reason" to his company!

Mr. G. told me the Irish drinking story of the hogs-head of claret drawn into Lord Portarlington's dining-room at Christmas time, and of no guest leaving the room until it was finished. Lord Jocelyn told Mr. G. about forty years ago that his grandfather, Lord Roden, had told him that when a young man, which would be about the time of the Union, he was a guest of Lord Portarlington's on such an occasion, and that, having somewhat revived from a drunken torpor on the floor, he noticed a lad enter the room and look about cautiously at the faces of the "dead men." On suspecting the lad's business and roughly asking what he was about, the lad replied, "Please, Sir, I be the boy that undoes the neckcloths." I record this old story only because Mr. G. tells it at but one remove from the actor in it.

Last night Mr. G. was talking of the intelligence of dogs, and referred to Bishop Butler's argument for immortality as not excluding the animal creation. Once or twice Mr. G. has a little startled me by a theory of discriminating immortality, as a sort of survival of the fittest or reward of special virtue or ultimate goal of evolution. The suggestion has been most lightly touched, but enough has been said to shew that Mr. G. does not think it needful to a belief in immortality to extend immortality to all men or to exclude from it all animals. Last night he went a little further. After declaring his disbelief in a single Adamite source of mankind and saying that he could not think all races of men, black, white, and yellow, descended from a common ancestor of the human type, he went on to suggest that man may long have existed in a stage or stages between the highest animal and the spiritualised man. He attempted to suggest as probably the first

POSTHUMOUS CHARITY

differentiating attribute of man his making of implements or weapons. He thought that the flint-implement man might have been a soulless or an unspiritualised man, and that the Adamite creation might mark the emergence of man from a lower state of indefinite duration and of possibly many differing stages into the higher and essentially new state of what he called spiritualised man. I suspect that he is enough of an evolutionist to give weight, if not conviction, to an evolution solution of the incongruities upon the moral side of the Bible story.

9th February, 1897.

Mr. G. touched on a favourite subject of his half-humorous scorn. He denounces posthumous benevolence. It is no benevolence at all. What is the virtue of giving what you can no longer keep and have no use for? How many men who refuse to give a single sovereign in life bequeath thousands after death! Many in so doing cheat their natural heirs. Guy of Guy's Hospital, whose memory is duly lauded and honoured, was, Mr. G. believed, a hard and uncharitable man in life. Why glorify his philanthropy for an act which, whatever it may have cost those who had natural claims on him, cost him, at any rate, nothing? Mr. G. is a good deal in earnest in these diatribes. And so much so that he announced that in his will (but lately signed) he had left nothing to charities. All, and I think more than, he ought to do in such ways he has done in his lifetime, and to palpable sacrifices of himself.

Speaking of France and Egypt, Mr. G. said we had made a fatal slip at a time when we might have settled our differences with France during the 1880 Administration. The terms were pretty well all agreed upon, but there was a difference between France and England over the question of lowering the interest on the Egyptian Debt. The French Government insisted that Egypt could pay the interest, and we, under the advice of Lord Northbrook, who, though First Lord of the Admiralty, visited Egypt for the Cabinet expressly to investigate and report on this question, backed up by Childers as Chancellor of the Exchequer, declared that

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

Egypt could not continue to pay and that the interest must be reduced. And it turned out that the French were right, after all. In Mr. G.'s last Administration, when another effort was made to settle with France, Mr. G. considered that the failure was not due to France nor directly to the French Government, but to some occult influence or financial "ring" or other cause. Mr. G. evidently suspects that the French bondholders were the obstacles. He deplores the leaving open of this question as a circumstance of growing danger.

12th February, 1897.

Mr. G. railed at the Reform of the Oxford School System. The old plan of compelling men who tried for honours in both schools to read their classics and mathematics together, by holding the two examinations within three weeks of each other, was, he said, a better method in itself and a more real test. A Double First under that system meant far more than the same honours when nine months intervened. Besides, dragging out the examinations kept the men too long from the business of life. Under the old system men read for twelve hours a day; under the new they read but eight. He was for the sharper work even though men broke down under it. They did not suffer in the long run. And it was reasonable enough to try, and to measure by, the elasticity of the mind in youth. He was against the modern claims of athletics and of lengthened and distributed college courses. He preferred the sharp, short, stern strain upon the mettle and mental vigour of youth. I suppose it was this view and practice of his undergraduate days that rendered his life at College so seemingly barren of variety and incident. He scarcely ever refers to it. His chief companions were Hamilton, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, and a Mr. Anstice. Hamilton Mr. G. speaks of tenderly as the most consistently and unbrokenly holy man he ever knew.

Cambridge used in an older time to produce on the whole the greater men, and once again, in the days when Whewell, Thirlwall, Peacock, Sedgwick, etc., were at Trinity together, became necessarily very strong. But

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MEN

in Mr. G.'s own time and career Oxford had been unusually to the front in public life. Men of First-Class Oxford honours were strong in such Cabinets as Palmerston's, where I think there was but one non-Oxford—even non-Christ Church—man. Christ Church under Dr. Smith as Dean in Mr. G.'s day was still to the front in honours. Smith was wholly devoted to his College and his work. Gaisford let the College down. It might, Mr. G. thought, have recovered the lost ground had he and Lord Canning had their way, and succeeded in getting Lord Palmerston to appoint Sanders. But Lord Granville pressed his old tutor Liddell. Lord Granville had greater authority with Palmerston and Liddell had equal claims with Sanders—both were Double Firsts, and Liddell had just finished his wonderful dictionary. But, much as Mr. G. liked and respected Liddell, he could not think he had been a success as Dean.

He mentioned that Newman overtaxed himself when reading for honours. Mr. G. only heard him preach twice and before he changed Churches. In presence, voice, manner, and language, he was of marvellous harmony and completeness, grave, earnest, simple, impressive, absolutely without action. Newman's parochial sermons would live as well as his *Apologia*. Manning would not allow his Anglican sermons to be published. Mr. G. agreed with Arthur Butler that Newman might have never gone over but for Provost Hawkins and for the Bishops' fulminations against Tract XC. When Hawkins and Newman were candidates for the Oriel Provostship, each voted for the other, and it was Pusey's vote for Hawkins which lost Oriel, and perhaps the Anglican Church, Newman.

Lord Ronald Gower came from Nice to lunch. Both he and Mr. G. told me of the strong link between them made by Mr. G.'s great regard for his mother. Lord Ronald brought up the question of the beautiful women of Mr. G.'s early life. Mr. G. mentioned the extraordinary effect produced upon him one day in St. Peter's at Rome by one of the two Miss Burkes. Her beauty struck him with a physical force. It was a blow, he said, striking his forehead. Mr. G. is a man through and

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through. He has been very susceptible, and is always interested about women who are endowed with exceptional feminine attractions. But he is simple, and unteachably disposed to see only the woman in fair women.

13th February, 1897.

Mr. G. is much exercised in mind over the Diamond Jubilee Celebration. The Jubilee was well enough. Custom supported such proceedings. To renew them simply on a further decade of reign seemed artificial and unreal. What he seemed not to care for was the gathering of all the Royalties, home and foreign, once more. He appeared to dislike the caste and Imperialistic character of such proceedings. He spoke in this connexion of the sharp change in the character of Pitt's career—so admirable up to 1793, and after that date so altered for the worse. In the same way, he regarded the Queen's reign as wholly admirable up to 1874 and as having after 1880 suffered marked and permanent change. Up to 1874 home affairs and the discharge of her duties towards her subjects were her chief concern. After the 1874-1880 Parliament and Cabinet she looked more and more abroad and to her Continental and Imperial position and relations.

Mr. G. told me that his plan of coercing Turkey at the outbreak of the Armenian massacres had been quite clear. Had he been in Office, and had he found the Sultan stubborn, he should have arranged for the seizure of Smyrna, Salonica, and Crete, and he declared his utter disbelief that any of the Powers would have made of such action a *casus belli*.

HAWARDEN: 1897.

31st October, 1897.

Mr. G. over his tea spoke with fire about Imperialism. He called it a form of Jingoism, "a vulgar road to popularity and power." He said it was an innovation. Once when Palmerston proposed to spend some £10,000 in connexion with (I think) railway development in British North America, but not upon British

THE RECOIL FROM JINGOISM

territory, he found himself without a single supporter in the Cabinet. The idea was scouted. Yet now we have the scandal of the Uganda Railway! Evidently it is the perversion of first-class public men which rouses Mr. G.'s wrath.

He said that it had been argued that he had in 1880 cultivated and preached concert among the Great Powers. Yes, he had sought to unite them for the purpose of enforcing upon Turkey fulfilment of her obligations under the Treaty of Berlin. He began with Turkey's failure to comply with her treaty engagements in respect of Montenegro. A ship from each Government was to demonstrate. But when he found that two of the Great Powers at least had given orders that on no account should a gun be fired, he dropped concert as a sham and snare and went on alone. Happily Alexander proved sound and firm. And so, he considered, might we have found in the late trouble in Crete, not only Italy, but perhaps Russia on our side, but we, on finding the concerted demonstration of the fleets a farce, ought to have acted independently. We ought to have occupied Crete at once. To Rosebery he had lately written that he could wish it had pleased God to take him away before the miserable events in the East during the last two years. 1880 shewed of what a recoil from Jingoism the country is capable, but he said *two* such marked revulsions of public opinion can hardly occur in one generation. He would not say he was glad he was out of it—that would be selfish—but he did wish he had never lived to witness it.

1st November, 1897.

At dinner Mr. G., in reply to a question, said his power of going to sleep so readily at will, no matter after what excitement, arose from long-continued discipline. Once only could he remember being for a time troubled after going to bed. It was in 1880, and he was forming the Cabinet of that year, and after a hard day he found himself turning over in his mind when in bed various alternative dispositions of the Offices, each designed to meet some want or avoid some objection. After a time he said to himself, "I am going to

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lose my sleep. This will never do." So he got out of bed, lit his candle, wrote down straight off lists of the Offices, disposed of all the alternatives he had been weighing, and the lists being recorded, he went to bed again and to sleep at once.

CANNES: 1897 AND 1898.

17th December, 1897.

Mr. G. spoke of his early relations to Peel. The first thing Peel had to do was to deal with the Corn Laws and the Act of 1826. Peel sent Mr. G. his proposals, but Mr. G. replied that he thought Peel did not go far enough in reduction of Protection. Peel then saw him, and at the interview Mr. G. told him that he must ask to be released from voting for Peel's measure. On this Peel, who could be stormy and forbidding to a degree, became clouded and reserved to the uttermost, and finally startled Mr. G. with the declaration that in such an event Sir Robert would resign. Mr. G. had not appreciated the effect of his own independent action upon the Government of which he was so subordinate a member. He did not realise what it was to represent commerce in the House of Commons and then to oppose a commercial measure of the first importance introduced by his leader. Of course, on reflection, he felt that it was his duty to stand by Peel, and when he told Peel so, the clouds dispersed and all was warmth and brightness. Nevertheless, Mr. G. observed that in this and in all other commercial legislation during the rest of Peel's time he was distinctly in advance of Peel.

As to the effect upon the country of the various measures for liberating trade and commerce between 1840 and 1860, Mr. G. said that he felt profoundly grateful that it should have fallen to him to enter on public life just at the time when the old and settled system of Protection had become the subject of enquiry, of doubt, and of reform. He considered the legislation by which this system was displaced for freedom of trade was incalculably beneficial, and that it was a glorious privilege to have had a share in bringing it about.

THE OLD PARLIAMENTARY HAND

17th December, 1897.

Mr. G. said that in the Address of 1833, which was the first in which he took part, there was a peculiarity. The Address was so drafted as to constitute a judgment and declaration binding upon the House. And it happened that the committal of the House on this Address was to the legislative Union of England and Ireland, upon which the Speech from the Throne, mindful of O'Connell's position, pronounced a retrospective sanction and confirmation.

When during the short Tory Government of 1886 Arthur Elliot, in the debate on the Address, challenged his leader, Mr. G., to declare himself on this question of the legislative Union of Ireland and England, Mr. G. parried a most dangerous and mischievous interposition from his own side by adverting to his experience as "an old Parliamentary hand," and recommending his followers to await the proper moment, and not attempt to force the hand of their leader. But Mr. G. said that probably no single man then in the House in 1886 knew of the precedent that the Address of 1833 afforded for turning the Address to account as a means of getting a verdict from the House on this question. Had Arthur Elliot known the facts, he would undoubtedly have moved, and by a large majority then and there carried, an amendment adverse to any disturbance of the legislative Union. Not 100 members of the Liberal Party would at that time have voted with the Irish. Knowing this, Mr. G. sat in unimaginable trepidation during the debate. Never was he on such tenterhooks. Not a single man on the Front Bench knew of his anxiety or its cause. Lord Granville was the only colleague who knew, and he was in the Upper House. To his great relief, the Government had framed the reply to the Speech in the usual form of mere thanks and the danger passed.

It was not many days after this Address debate that Hicks-Beach announced the Coercion Policy of the Government. "Thereupon," said Mr. G., "I wrote to Harcourt and said, 'I intend to turn the Government out.' Harcourt said, 'How about Hartington and

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Chamberlain?" Mr. G. said even more firmly and decisively, "With or without help I intend to defeat the Government." Harcourt thereupon threw in his lot with Mr. G.

Mr. G. admitted that he felt there was room for doubt whether, when his first Home Rule Bill was defeated by a majority of thirty, he should have resigned. He said that Rosebery had raised this point and that there was something in it, and he quoted a precedent of Peel's. He might have taken a second judgment, perhaps. But he would not hear of the suggestion (Rosebery's to me) that he might have proceeded by resolution instead of by Bill.

17th December, 1897.

Talking of Taylor (Sir Henry of "Philip von Artevelde"), Mr. G. said much in his praise and quoted Taylor's opinion of all the many Colonial Secretaries whom he had served as interesting and valuable. Taylor thought Lord Grey on the whole the ablest. But when Mr. G., thus fortified, asked whether Lord Grey was not a man quick to take "strong grasp" of a subject, Taylor observed, "I would prefer to call it 'a firm nip' of a subject." Mr. G. thought this a very happy distinction.

Mr. G. had read Tennyson's life carefully and with much approval, yet I found him seemingly forgetful of the two repartees quoted by Hallam T. as having so much struck Tennyson as to make him say that he would rather have made them than have written much of his poetry. The one, in which some one strongly resembling the French Royal Family, being asked by a member of that family whether his mother had not been at Court, replied, "No, but my father frequented it," Mr. G. received in stony silence. The other, when the Prince Regent challenging a friend in Portsmouth said, "I hear you are the biggest scamp in the place," and was answered, "I hope your Royal Highness has not come here to take away my character," required almost explanation.

5th January, 1898.

Last night at dinner (Lord Welby present) Mr. G. referred to Jules Favre in '70 upon a point I think I

BISMARCK AND JULES FAVRE

may have already noted. Mr. G. said that Lord Granville told him (or, as Mr. G. rather thought, shewed him in writing in a letter) the following story from Lord Lyons, who was, said Mr. G., one of the most reliable and exact of men.

Lord Lyons wrote that at an interview with Jules Favre he had been frankly told by him that the account of the interviews of Favre with Bismarck at Ferrières was fictitious and made for French public consumption, that Jules Favre had never used the expression "*ni un pouce de notre territoire, ni une pierre de nos forteresses*," and that Bismarck's demand for territorial concession was limited to Strasbourg and the *banlieue*. Upon learning this Mr. G. went to see the German Ambassador and asked him if he could confirm this account of the German demand, but he said he knew nothing about it. Mr. G. was disposed to believe that it was true that Bismarck's demand had been in the first instance thus limited, and thought that if so the fact was immensely to Bismarck's credit in every respect. Of Bismarck Mr. G. spoke as a very big man, however truly one of blood and iron, and he referred with perfect good humour to the fact that he had always understood that Bismarck was very far from being an admirer of himself, having a great contempt for oratory and no appreciation of the business of governing a country through Parliamentary machinery and of the qualities required for such a task. Mr. G. said that when Li Hung Chang visited him lately at Hawarden, Li told him, truly or not, that Bismarck had expressed to Li a great admiration of Mr. G.

8th January, 1898.

Mr. G. at dinner—Welby, Acton, and Spencer Lyttelton present—said that when Secretary to the Colonies (fifty-five years ago) in Peel's Government he was, as I reminded him, also War Minister, and in that capacity became recipient of the Duke of Wellington's famous letters on the defenceless state of the country—which letters he must still have somewhere. On receiving the first of these formidable letters, coming from a Cabinet Minister and from the Great Duke, Mr. G.

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described himself as having been "in a great pucker." Accordingly he at once consulted the Permanent Under-Secretary, Sir James Stephen, who took the matter with extreme coolness and explained that no action of any kind was required, and that in fact the rule of the Office was not to take any notice of such letters. Consequently the letters were never even acknowledged, although the recommendations urged in them were long afterwards more than carried out.

Asked by Welby whether it was true that the Duke of Wellington's manners were rough, Mr. G. said that in all ordinary circumstances and situations the Duke was a great gentleman, but that it was probably true that on occasions he used strong language, and he referred to the common story that at Waterloo the Duke was not on speaking terms with any of his Generals.

Of the customary use of oaths in talk Mr. G. mentioned instances within his knowledge. The Duke of Cumberland was a strong party man and went to thrust himself to the front as a Tory to the annoyance of the Tory leaders. The Whigs had carried through the House of Commons without much difficulty, on account of its simple form, a Bill—a very bad Bill, said Mr. G.—throwing a part of the Church Rates upon the Consolidated Fund. It was decided to throw it out in the Lords and to ask the Archbishop of Canterbury to move its rejection on the Second Reading. The Duke of Cumberland put himself forward as the person to convey the invitation to Archbishop Howley, and after doing so came back to the leaders saying triumphantly that he had asked the Archbishop, and that Howley had jumped at the offer and declared, "I'll be damned to hell if I don't."

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was a great sinner in this habit of promiscuous swearing. He once addressed a secretary or attache of his Embassy with the usual preliminary of "God damn you, Sir," on which his subordinate, in his reply, took occasion to begin, "And God damn you, Sir," which simple retaliation had a wholesome effect.

Mr. G. told with relish and humour a slight story of his once dining with Moffatt (the M.P. and tea

"A BROKEN MAN"

importer); famous for his good dinners and better wine. The whole party had drunk plentifully and variously, when for the last time the "bloated butler" made his round and offered to fill Mr. G.'s glass from a bottle of Burgundy. Mr. G., thinking he had had enough wine, declined the offer, upon which the butler simply repeated the word "Burgundy" with an emphasis and tone conveying such mingled astonishment and indignation and authority that Mr. G. at once surrendered and meekly announced, "Thank you, if you please."

I mention these trifling stories of mere good spirits and cheery reminiscence as examples of the resolute effort to be cheerful in company and at table which Mr. G. has always kept up. For he is, in fact, terribly depressed, and for most of the twenty-four hours he is under pain which at its lowest point is discomfort, but at its highest most intense suffering. And he takes a very grave view of his ailments, which have lasted with little or no abatement for five months and which he considers as baffling medical skill. Mr. G.'s depression is mainly due, as he admits, to the unnerving and unmanning effect of protracted suffering. He says he is "a broken man." But he is actively sensible to the loss of his power of in any way profitably spending his time. For this reason alone he would wish it were God's will that the end should be at once. And another great trial to him is his keen sense of the trouble he thinks he gives. He cannot bear to discompose us by giving evidence of pain. He regards himself as a heavy and useless burden. Last night, after a sharp paroxysm of pain in the drawing-room, which, of course, caused silence and some consternation, he said three times to himself, "I cumber the ground." But he maintains that God has some good purpose and he submits himself. "It is God's will."

14th February, 1898.

Mr. G. in walking with me to-day in the corridor spoke once again of the gloom and anxiety of the general outlook. Once more he said he wished he could have died some years back. It seemed to him the

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

prospect in Europe was more and more overclouded, and that while there was no advance in any causes worth advancing, there was an increase in the conditions that made for instability. He instanced the Dreyfus case as an evidence that in the situation of France it was the element of unrest that gave all the importance to the incident, and not the incident that brought about the danger of grave crisis. He thought that political liberty had made little or no advance in either Germany or Austria, and that the prodigious growth of material prosperity had been attended by an equal or greater growth of extravagant public expenditure. Meanwhile the great and general principles on which in his youth both parties were agreed, and to which he still adhered, were gone out of fashion and held only by men too ineffective in politics to give them force or to rally to their support a nation betrayed into levity and recklessness.

CHAPTER IV

MISCELLANY: LORD SPENCER, "C.B.," ASQUITH, MORLEY AND OTHERS

LORD RENDEL's intimacy with Mr. Gladstone brought him into contact with other politicians and public men of the period, of whom one gets many personal glimpses in his papers. At his château at Cannes, where Mr. Gladstone had stayed so frequently, he continued, after Mr. Gladstone's death, to receive guests, and though his journal was not so regularly kept, he occasionally reverted, in the case of his more notable visitors, to his former habit of recording their talk.

LORD SPENCER

Among these was Lord Spencer, who early in 1904 visited Lord Rendel at the Château de Thorenc for a stay of some days, during which they often rode together. Lord Spencer had just been visiting Sir Edward Malet at Monaco, and this turned the conversation on to General Gordon:

I told him what Lord Avebury (Sir John Lubbock), who was here to-day, had told me of the part played by Malet in Egypt prior to the Arabi mutiny. Tewfik (the Khedive) sent for Malet and his French colleague one morning and informed them that he had received a sort of ultimatum from the army, and that he must yield to their demands unless he had an undertaking from England and France that they would support him and see him through the consequences of resistance to his army. Malet and the Frenchman replied that they would instantly consult their Governments by telegraph, on which Tewfik rejoined that, unfortunately, there was no time even for telegraphing, and that his answer to the army must be immediate. Thereupon, not without anxiety, Malet and his colleague gave the undertaking.

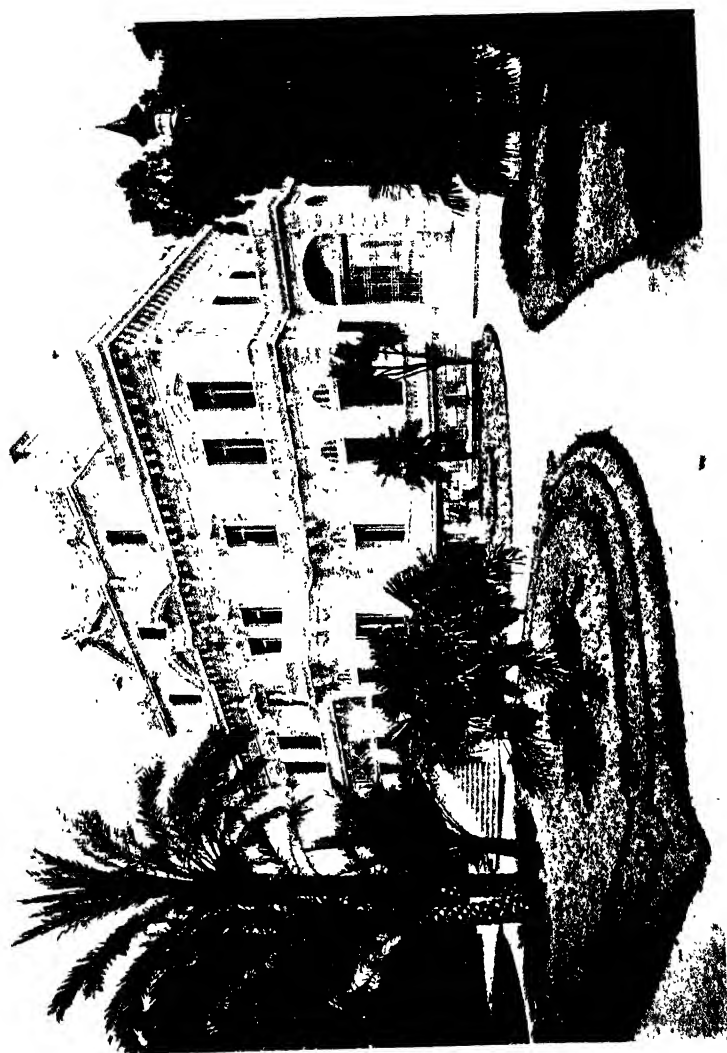
PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDÉL

required and at once informed their respective Governments. Lord Granville was a good deal put out, but decided that the right course was to support the British representative. The French, however, ran away and thus lost Egypt for good.

Lord Spencer said that he was in the Cabinet at the time, that he did not know this story, but that it was perfectly consistent with all he did know. Lubbock was at the time much associated with Lord Granville as Vice-Chancellor of the London University, of which Lord Granville was Chancellor. I think Lubbock said that he had the story from Lord Granville.

Lord Spencer told me that Malet had at Monaco portraits of distinguished Englishmen he had known, amongst them one of Charles Gordon, which he pointed out to Lord Spencer. Malet told of two incidents illustrating Gordon's methods. One day the Khedive sent for Malet to shew him two letters from Gordon when Governor of the Soudan. In the first Gordon asked the Khedive for the cordon of an Egyptian order for an Emir in the Soudan. The Khedive so gravely doubted the deserts of the Emir in question that he declined to assent to Gordon's request. Gordon resented hotly the refusal and threatened resignation unless the honour was granted, and accordingly the Khedive sought the good offices of Malet. Malet advised compliance, and the Khedive sent his assent to Gordon as the result of reconsideration. Gordon's rejoinder was startling. He coolly said the Khedive's assent had come too late, as he had just hanged the Emir!

This, said Malet, was Gordon all over. At a dinner either with Nubar Pasha or the Khedive, Nubar Pasha spoke slightly of Baker in Gordon's presence. Gordon insisted with Malet that he must challenge Nubar. Malet urged that such a course was utterly beyond reason or precedent. Gordon held that, he and Baker being both members of the Order of the Bath, he was under an obligation to defend the honour of a brother in the Order in the manner he proposed. Malet got Gordon to allow him to try first to obtain an apology from Nubar, and Nubar wrote a letter which somehow or other satisfied Gordon. This story appears, said Lord



CHATEAU DE THORENC, CANNES, WHERE MANY OF LORD RENDEL'S GUESTS STAYED.

GLADSTONE AND LORD SPENCER

Spencer, in Malet's published reminiscences, but Malet had just told it to Lord Spencer as another illustration of Gordon's character.

Lord Spencer said, as an example of the blunders of English society over great issues, that in the Franco-German War society was all for France. He was at the royal supper-table at some ball during the war, when Count and Countess Bernstorff were also at the same table, and the language he heard used in favour of France was not in the least restrained by the presence of the German Ambassador and his wife, to whom it was openly most distressing.

Lord Spencer told me that he had committed to writing two conversations he had had with Mr. Gladstone. The last was on the occasion of his last visit to Mr. G. at Hawarden on a Sunday after having been speaking at Clitheroe. Mr. Gladstone's long and sad illness had just declared itself by severe pain behind the nose and cheek. Lord Spencer took a grave view at once from the evidence of the pain, and was rather struck by the lightness with which the family treated the matter. However, after an afternoon's sleep, Mr. Gladstone rallied and gave Lord Spencer the most full and confidential account of his estimate of the qualities of all his colleagues. Nothing could be more private and interesting, and Lord Spencer had written it all down at the time. He could never shew it.

The visit occurred just before Mr. Gladstone left Hawarden for his last visit of eleven most trying weeks to this place. I feel confident that in this conversation Mr. Gladstone had in mind the fact that he would have wished and expected that Lord Spencer should have succeeded him. I daresay he told Lord Spencer so. Most certainly he would have repudiated the popular notion that he looked on Lord Rosebery as the man to follow him.

Lord Spencer gave credit to Lord Rosebery for unwonted decision and pluck in sending the Fleet to Crete. Lord Spencer was at the time at the Admiralty. He thought no King could have behaved worse than the King of Greece did later on when, never intending the madness of single-handed war with Turkey, he forced

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war in the belief that we would once more send in our fleet rather than suffer it.

Lord Spencer did not like Lord Rosebery's administration of foreign affairs generally. He was too hostile to France. Over Siam he brought us within a hair's breadth of war with France. Not one of his colleagues would have supported him. And once, when meeting a deputation of House of Commons colonels and "Jingo" at which Lord Spencer attended as his First Lord, Lord Rosebery astonished Lord Spencer by alluding in his speech to this most secret and happily avoided incident. Lord Rosebery's sensitiveness on personal matters was painful.

Lord Spencer remarked that the portrait Rosebery had had painted for himself of Cecil Rhodes was not as conspicuously hung as formerly. He admitted the advantages Lord Rosebery had in his remarkable cleverness and brilliance. I daresay Lord Spencer is fairly alive to the contrast between himself and Lord Rosebery in this respect, as shewn upon the platform and at party meetings.

Lord Spencer said that after his marriage he and Lady Spencer were for many years intimate with the Dufferins. At the last Lord Dufferin became too slow to call on old friends on account of his deafness. But after the Whitaker Wright catastrophe he wrote a long and interesting letter to Lord Spencer in reply to a letter of sympathy. He explained that he had taken every precaution, and Lord Loch had been his principal guide, and he had relied on an able solicitor whom he had always kept at his side. Sir Alfred Lyall, who is writing Lord Dufferin's Life, told me that he should leave the whole incident severely alone, and that it was impossible to palliate it, for that every friend Lord Dufferin had seemed to have poured in warnings, and yet Lord Dufferin was obstinate.

Lord Dufferin had greatly desired the Vice-Royalty of Ireland when Lord Spencer got it. Later on, Lord Spencer was offered India and would have accepted, though Lady Spencer did not quite like it. However, when he found that, if he refused, it would go to Lord Dufferin, he determined that he would not twice in his

A "FEEBLE AND INACTIVE" CZAR

life stand in his friend's way, and so Lord Dufferin had India. He said Lord Dufferin was not a good Viceroy. The best in Lord Spencer's experience and belief had been Lord Elgin. Lord Mayo had been also extremely good, and had remarkable personal influence with the native princes. Lord Dufferin, of course, secured a success over Burmah, if that were success.

Lord Spencer said that Malet, who had special information and had been so long at St. Petersburg, told him the war with Japan might most easily have been prevented; but that the Czar was a very poor creature, feeble and inactive. At the crisis of affairs the death of a child occurred in the Imperial family, and the Czar went away. When Count Lamsdorf sent him despatch after despatch and, obtaining no reply, followed him personally, Count Lamsdorf found that his despatches had not even been opened. All this gave the game into the hands of the war party. Lord Spencer had known and much admired the Czar's mother as Princess Dagmar. He did not like to hear from me that she had become so fanatical and reactionary. Her sister, our Queen, he observed, had warm Liberal sympathies. Lord Spencer is no doubt in the most friendly relations with the Queen. I noticed once, when he kissed her hand, with what affectionate intimacy she looked at him. Of all subjects there could have been no nobler pair than Lord and Lady Spencer, and their standing with the King and Queen was probably unique.

Lady Sarah Spencer recalled Mr. Gladstone's brilliant conversations at Thorenc during his earlier visits and when she was one of the party. When the news came of the death of Charles Villiers,¹ Mr. Gladstone was, of course, moved to reminiscence. Lady Sarah remarked to Mr. Gladstone that Villiers had told her that he loved life and was far from willing to die. Mr. Gladstone at once replied that he did not wish to live to be very old. Lady Sarah told him that she did. All that Mr. Gladstone would say was that he hoped her wish would be accomplished, but that he could not share it.

Lady Sarah said that Mr. Gladstone was much amused

¹ *The Rt. Hon. Charles Pelham Villiers, M.P. for Wolverhampton*, 1835-98.

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by what she told him about boys' "tips." When she had a house at Windsor she asked boys from Eton to tea. She wondered whether the boys would be satisfied with tea and whether she ought not to add a tip. Her friend, Miss "Gerry" Liddell, convinced her that a tip was not only allowable but right. One day, when she had five boys to tea, she put five half-sovereigns in her handbag for them, and scrutinised their faces as she mustered up courage and put the half-sovereigns into their hands. Stuart Wortley's look she understood when she afterwards found one of the five half-sovereigns left in the handbag. She had given him sixpence by error! When she made good the blunder, and asked Stuart Wortley whether he had not felt hurt, he replied that he was very grateful for his tea and did not mind much about the sixpence. Mr. Gladstone was sufficiently amused with Lady Sarah's troubles, but he told her quite seriously that she had been wrong to tip the boys, and added, "I never received a tip and never gave one."

Lord Spencer left (with Lady Sarah) this afternoon (7th March, 1904). I have ridden with him twice here, and I rode twice with him last week at Valescure. He is unhappy, but not despairing or utterly wretched. He has lived in interesting social movement, and has been more concerned with the personal than the *matériel* in life. He feels the more deeply his maimed condition, and yet he likes to talk of people because, I think, his career, important as it has been, has had little better backbone than great and wide social relations have given it. I can suppose that the same characteristics marked his uncle's (Lord Althorp) career. Perhaps Lord Spencer is the last of his type in our public life. Chivalry, courage, integrity, and amenity of character have been enough, with very great aristocratic connexion and station, to lift Lord Spencer to the lead of the Liberal Party in the Lords and all but to the Premiership. Neither native ability nor acquired knowledge can have ever been sufficiently his to explain alone such elevation and responsibilities. Yet the disappearance of the type is an irreparable loss to the country.

“C.-B.”

When Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was staying with him early in 1907, they had what Lord Rendel describes as “some *tête-à-tête* talks of, to me, very interesting character.” These largely concerned political figures. Thus:

11th April, 1907.

It was natural that we should speak of Chamberlain,¹ since we had been so near to him at Valescure, and since his family made so elaborate a mystery or mystification over his state of health. C.-B. told me that even some of Chamberlain's servants were not allowed to see him, and that when a barber was called in to shave him at Princes Gardens, the barber was sworn to reveal nothing of what he saw in the house before he was admitted. There was but one comment to make on such elaborate concealment. It could not be designed for mere private or family reasons. It must have some public object. To keep up the courage of the Tariff Reform League by making believe that Chamberlain was still a living force was the probable explanation, and, if correct, the whole business was as futile as it was unworthy.

C.-B. fully agreed with me that it was absurd to suppose that there was not complete mutual understanding and confidence between Miss Flora Shaw (now Lady Lugard) as Rhodes's representative and Chamberlain. I did not press the matter further or seek his admission that Chamberlain must have been privy to the Raid.

I told C.-B. the story of Chamberlain's conduct to Morley when in February 1886 Mr. Gladstone brought Morley into the Government and Cabinet. From talk of alliance of Dilke, Chamberlain, and Morley and the special functions discharged by each and of the intriguing character of this alliance *vis-à-vis* of the Liberal Cabinets, we passed on to the relations between Rosebery, Harcourt, and Morley from about 1890, when the succession to Mr. Gladstone appeared an imminent

¹ Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, after his first illness, spent the winter at Valescure, 1906-7.

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question. I told C.-B. that, having been a 'friend of Morley before he entered Parliament, I had grown to almost brotherly intercourse, and that I still loved and honoured him. Yet I had suffered two serious and long intervals of estrangement due to his totally unreasonable jealousy and his too Chamberlain-like claim that to be his friend I must be no friend to any rival of his. I did not think him self-seeking, but femininely sensitive in personal matters, and apt to mistake implacability for virility. Harcourt I described as a great baby in his habit of alternately cuffing and kissing his friends. Unlike Morley, he was most placable, but he was recklessly rude. Rosebery was to me a Sphinx. The cleverest of men and most industrious, but almost abjectly nervous over any possible committal of himself.

All three had been most kind to me, and for a while I had been proud of their goodwill. But, when the secret struggle for the succession to Mr. Gladstone became less easily kept in the background, then I thought I discovered that my sole interest for all three was that I was the leader for Welsh politics of twenty-eight or thirty M.P.s, and also most intimate with Mr. Gladstone! After this supposed discovery, I became more alive to the falsity of the relations of Rosebery, Harcourt, and Morley. They were playing the part of each the dearest friend of the other, yet each had, as it were, a knife concealed in his hand and always ready for the back of the other.

C.-B. seemed to me cordially to concur with my account, but I was careful not to seek to draw any expression of opinion from him, though equally careful not to say more than I felt would carry his sympathy and approval. I plainly said that I was quite alienated from political life by my experience of these falsities in high places, and I admitted that Harcourt, to my mind, came best out of the business. I believe that C.-B. was quite of my mind.

He told me that on one occasion Rosebery had said to him that Harcourt was insufferable, but that Morley was worse. He said he had described Morley as a "petulant spinster," and thought the expression a happy one. Harcourt he called a "naughty school-girl." He said

JOHN BURNS AT COURT

that, meeting Morley in the North in holiday time and being sorry that Morley should be going south to his India Office work, he had playfully remonstrated with him, saying, "You know you have nothing to do at the India Office." Some considerable time after he begged Morley, who was to visit his constituents, to come on to him. To this Morley solemnly demurred, and said quite gravely, "You insulted me last time." C.-B. found that Morley had laid up his small chaff in his mind, and had never forgiven it, but had bided his time, and now had his revenge. It took C.-B. trouble and time to pacify Morley and wipe out the incident.

On another occasion he asked Morley to speak and wind up a debate. Morley hesitated, objected, said he did not think he could manage it, etc. Thereupon C.-B. asked Asquith to wind up. Asquith spoke, and spoke well. Morley, on the next evening, and actually while sitting alongside C.-B. on the Front Bench, made loud and angry reproach to C.-B. for having displaced him. Men behind could quite well hear the unseemly display of temper. In this way did C.-B. shew me how much he agreed with me in my estimate.

On Easter Day of 1907 we have some reminiscences and stories in a somewhat lighter vein. C.-B. is described as "an extremely good *raconteur*, and he loves to tell his stories to a congenial audience." Those relating to John Burns inevitably suggest comparisons with some of the current jokes of another popular Labour Minister of the present day:

Easter Day, 1907.

C.-B. talked of John Burns, whose vanity is so open and simple that it disarms. When C.-B., in forming his Government, sent for Burns, he said, "John, I want you to join the Cabinet and take the Local Government Board." The immediate reply was, "Sir 'enry, you never did a more popular thing in your life." And thereupon he made his acknowledgments.

The King had a liking for John Burns, in good part, perhaps, because he was so well made that he looked extremely well in his clothes. In fact, the King used to say that John Burns was not only the best-dressed

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man in the Government, but the best-dressed man at Court. C.-B. advised the King to have some talk with John Burns, and noticed in the papers that Burns had had an audience. So at the next Cabinet he took Burns into a window recess and asked him how the interview had come off. "Oh," said Burns, "him and me got on first rate. I was in my best form."

John Burns had a dine-and-sleep invitation to Windsor, and took the right clothes, except for default of a white waistcoat, just then made *de rigueur*. The Castle servant who valeted him, and who was in Court livery, told Burns of his deficiency, on which Burns, looking at the man's excellent figure and white waistcoat, said, "Have you the ditto to that waistcoat?" The man thought he had, produced it, and the King said to Burns, "As usual, the best-dressed man here."

John Burns told C.-B. how he got his clothes. When he was a boy he was a page in the service of a Colonel Somebody, who had his liveries from Hill in Bond Street. Years after, John Burns was standing for the London County Council, and thought that a well-cut blue serge suit would be the right dress in which to canvass. He remembered Hill, and went to Hill for the suit, with the result that the cutter and tailors employed by Hill, of whom several lived in Battersea, asked Hill if they might make a present of the suit to Burns. Still later, when Burns wanted his Court dress, he went to Hill for it and, said C.-B., he certainly looked wonderfully well in it. But what struck C.-B. was the candour with which Burns revealed the fact that he had been a page-boy. A man might not object to saying that he had begun life as a working engineer. To confess that he had been a page-boy was a different thing. Vanity accompanied by such openness was very harmless.

C.-B. is proud of his Scotch blood, and is certainly a striking example of many of the best Caledonian characteristics. "Look at four present examples of Scotch predominance. Who take the first four places of precedence in the Kingdom? Davidson, son of a plain Edinburgh Scot—brought up a Presbyterian, and now the head of an exclusively English body, the oldest, proudest, and in a way greatest in the Empire. But who

MODEST C.-B.

comes next to him in that capacity? Maclagan, son of an Edinburgh doctor, also brought up a Presbyterian. I daresay that neither Davidson nor Maclagan was ever confirmed even. Yet these men rule the English Church. And who comes in precedence between Davidson and Maclagan? Why, Bob Reid, a Dumfriesshire man, and now the Head of English Law and of the English legal profession. To name the fourth does not become me. He too is a ruling man—not a ruler of an English institution or of English judiciary, but ruler over all alike.”

All this discourse as spoken is humorous. It must not be judged from its written effect. No man has ever held the first place in English life with so much modesty of a very manly and straightforward kind. After all the personal running of so many of Mr. Gladstone's lieutenants, that primacy should fall to C.-B. is a reconciliation with morality. My own soreness and alienation have been healed by mere contact with a nature so frank and friendly and naturally sunny and cheerful and wholesome. C.-B. does not seem to me to want at all for courage.

Arnold Morley paid us a surprise visit, and I was struck by the way in which C.-B. shewed that he cared neither for his visit nor for his company. He was quite civil, but knew exactly how far his civility should go. I understand that Arthur Ponsonby wrote on his instance to Herbert Gladstone to point out that his wife's smart dinners were not so constituted as to promote his influence with the party. I happened to say that I believed the efforts of the Liberal Party to shine in London entertainments were worse than useless, and C.-B. at once agreed. I went further, and said that Haldane and Asquith were both handicapped by their social proclivities, and that, for my part, I sympathised with the distrust and disfavour thus created, and C.-B. also agreed with me.

Not that C.-B. wants for breadth and generosity in his social surroundings. He likes clever and bright women as much as Haldane or Asquith, but as he is a more manly man than others, so I think he likes more womanly women. He gains in social range by his fond-

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ness for travel and his good knowledge of French. He is as little Philistine as possible. But, then, he is decidedly not "precious," nor is he concerned to be *répandu*. While he likes women's society and is dependent on it, he is essentially a man's man also—most clubbable, most sociable. In fact, he is rather wanting in tastes outside social—by which I am far from meaning society—life. No man, I think, could be better fitted for House of Commons life and duty in its best sense as a democratic body.

The conversation turned on C.-B.'s relations with Lord Spencer, and this, it will be seen, led to a very happy meeting and mutual reconciliation.

C.-B. told me how intimate and friendly his relations with Lord Spencer had been in the past, and especially during the last two years of Balfour's Government. It had not been thought possible that Balfour would cling so desperately to Office, and suffer himself, his Cabinet, and his party to be so grievously discredited in the country by ignoring the extraordinary manifestations of universal disapproval afforded at all the numerous bye-elections. Therefore, an arrangement had been come to between Lord Spencer and C.-B. nearly two years before the latter formed his Government in December, 1905, under which Lord Spencer was to surrender his claim by seniority to the Premiership on the simple and sole ground that the Premier must be in the Commons. Of course C.-B. felt that Lord Spencer's surrender of the first place made the second place of unusual importance. And in accepting the Premiership C.-B. relied greatly on the aid of Lord Spencer in maintaining suitable relations with the Court and society, as well as in leading the party in the Lords. Thus during this interim of two years' expectancy Lord Spencer and C.-B. saw a great deal of each other, and twice they made up Administrations together.

When Lord Spencer walked home from shooting one day speechless, and when hopeless, though partial, paralysis of the brain ended his career, the blow to C.-B. was very severe. The first incoherent speech which returned to Lord Spencer (so Lady Sarah told me) came

LORD SPENCER AND C.-B.

back chiefly in the form of French words, though he was not at all good at French or accustomed to speak it. His only letter to C.-B., in reply to one from C.-B., was rather better written than usual—his handwriting was very bad—but while sensible on the first page, was unintelligible on the second. Thus C.-B. regarded Lord Spencer's mind as too much affected to admit of intercourse. In this view he was strongly supported by Bobby Spencer (Lord Althorp), who strongly dissuaded C.-B. from all attempt to see or communicate with his brother. As the result of this prohibitory advice, C.-B. had not seen Lord Spencer for nearly eighteen months. What Lord Spencer must have felt or thought it is hard to say in view of the lesion of his brain. But Lady Sarah Spencer told me she feared he would not see C.-B. It need not be supposed that he was deeply wounded, or that he felt acutely the apparent neglect of C.-B., under circumstances giving it a character of peculiar hard-heartedness. Lord Spencer was by nature singularly unselfish and noble-minded and modest. All that can be alleged is that the long interval had created some sense of estrangement, or at any rate reluctance to meet C.-B.

Just now C.-B. must be especially sensitive on any emotional matter. He is terribly bereaved at heart by the loss of his wife. He tells me that life is "dreary" to him, that she was part and parcel of himself, that their union had been so entire and perfect that the separation was an awful business for him. That he should have any additional burden on his affections, however relatively small, seemed cruel, and that Lord Spencer also, in his mysterious and afflicted state, should perhaps suffer some needless pang seemed more cruel still. For these reasons I boldly told C.-B. that in my judgment Bobby Spencer was quite mistaken, that C.-B. judged Lord Spencer too much from letters, and I affirmed that a meeting would give great satisfaction to C.-B. and, I hoped, relief rather than pain, while I was sure it would be good for Lord Spencer. I said that, when first I saw Lord Spencer, Lady Sarah was a little afraid our conversation might turn on subjects too exciting for him; but that nevertheless we had had a good half-hour's talk

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alone over people and politics and passing events without a break in the working of his mind and with complete ease and pleasure. During five or six rides of from one and a half to two hours each alone with him there had been scarcely ever any serious lapse of memory. I guaranteed to C.-B. that a meeting would be a success, and he very readily assented.

Accordingly I telephoned to Lady Sarah at Valescure, asking her and Lord Spencer to lunch at our villa there to meet C.-B. She would not speak to Lord Spencer, being a little nervous over it, but wrote down my invitation and sent it to him, when he at once wrote "Certainly" on it. We had a lovely motor drive through the Esterel forest by "La Duchesse" and "Malpey" to Valescure, and very shortly Lord Spencer with Lady Sarah arrived, and the meeting took place as simply as possible. I left the two together for a quarter of an hour, and then luncheon was served and went off easily and brightly.

Apart from the good effect of bringing the two Liberal statesmen together, the conversation threw a little light on the Liberal League in its relation to the party:

After lunch the conversation turned almost wholly upon the Liberal League, and C.-B. told Lord Spencer, as naturally as if they were still Cabinet colleagues, the latest incident, which I here record, as it may be of interest. The death of Wentworth Beaumont (Lord Allendale) had just made vacant the Vice-Chamberlainship held by his son through accession to the peerage. Thereupon Haldane went to Whiteley, the Patronage Secretary, and told him that Freeman Thomas was the Liberal League's candidate for the place. On Whiteley's shewing some surprise and hesitation, Haldane declared that the League did not intend to be ignored in such matters and would "flutter the dovescotes" (or some such expression) if not properly regarded in respect of patronage. Whiteley duly reported the interview to C.-B., who told Lord Spencer and me that he was most indignant; for that when he took Haldane, Grey, and Asquith into the Cabinet (and they therefore detached themselves from Rosebery, etc.) he had done

C.-B. AND THE LIBERAL LEAGUE

so in the faith that as members of his Government they would cease to act with any organisation which favoured inconsistent political aims or acted through rival agents and propaganda. The Liberal League had begun by decoying Allard, and Allard was still its active highly-paid official, and no doubt Allard was at the bottom of this move, but that Haldane should from within the Cabinet be running Allard's and the Liberal League's man for a Household appointment was intolerable. C.-B. added that, had he not formed his Government before the election, he believed he would not have been able to include all these Liberal Leaguers—Asquith, Grey, and Haldane—in it. The constituencies and the new House of Commons would not have stood it. C.-B. considered that if he told Haldane what Whiteley had reported, Haldane would declare that he had been misunderstood. He took the bull by the horns. He told Whiteley to tell Haldane from him that one thing was at any rate certain, and that was that Freeman Thomas was rendered impossible by the mere fact that, with, or without his knowledge and consent, he had been put forward as the Liberal League's candidate, and he desired Whiteley to say further that any claim to separate recognition of the Liberal League would mean a reconstitution of the Government. Lord Spencer listened with interest, and the incident shewed how much C.-B. and Lord Spencer had been united as stalwarts of the Liberal Party.

After this conversation Lord Spencer and Lady Sarah took their leave in excellent spirits. It was most clear that she was made very happy. C.-B. said instantly that Lord Spencer was "just the same as ever," and to my joy I saw no evidence throughout the whole time of any painful lapse of mind. I believe it will be a lasting satisfaction to C.-B. to have thus effaced a sad and far-too-prolonged break of intercourse, and put matters on a natural and easy footing between himself and Lord Spencer. But for C.-B.'s visit here this result might not have been reached.

His journals make it clear that Lord Rendel had no great liking for the Jews, though the subject seemed to possess a

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certain fascination for him. It arose in the conversations with C.-B., as noted below:

I found that C.-B. seemed to share my notions as to *la haute Juiverie*, and I thought also that he might be glad to know at first hand something of my connexion with the peace between France and China after the Tongking War and my abortive negotiation with Rosebery in order to stop the Chino-Japanese War, and again with regard to my early effort to settle the opium question with China. In these matters Jewish interests were in some degree affected, and I found the subject had attraction for C.-B.

Accordingly I handed him some pages of biographical memoranda I had lately dictated. I told him that no one whatever had seen, or would in my lifetime see, those pages, and I had reason to be glad that, after much hesitation, I had placed them in his hands. As regards the Jews and their claims and attitude in respect of other races or peoples or nations, he gave me the following account of a conversation he once had with a Mrs. Stern. This lady was the daughter of an Italian Jew who had held high diplomatic appointments for Italy. Her husband was one of the well-known family of Stern, which has now given two more peerages to the Jews settled in England. C.-B. met with Mrs. Stern at Marienbad, and was attracted by her and often walked with her. One day she asked him which he thought to be the really Great Powers, adding that in her view there were but three. C.-B. considered awhile, but could not imagine which two of the five Great Powers Mrs. Stern eliminated, and replied in that sense. On which she rejoined, "Oh! I am not thinking of Empires and Kingdoms or of Nations and Countries. These all rise and fall, shift populations and frontiers, and have no real abiding solidarity. My three Powers are far more truly powers: they are the Jews, the Jesuits, and the Freemasons." Of the Jews Mrs. Stern said little. Of the Freemasons she recognised their innocent and unpolitical character in England, but she emphasised their power and importance throughout the Continent, and accepted the Vatican view of their missionary and icono-

SOME C.-B. IMPRESSIONS

clastic activity and importance. In all three Powers she saw the same historic features. They thrived upon persecution and grew and developed in silence and secrecy. The dying prayer of Ignatius Loyola was that Jesuits might always be persecuted. None of the three ever resisted. They bowed their heads and let the storm go by. Yet they grew richer and stronger every generation. They were the Powers that counted.

This is clever enough to be worth recording, but its chief interest for C.-B. was, I think, the light it throws upon the Jewish point of view; and he said that he told me of the conversation because it supported observations of mine in the memoranda I had given him to read.

I will add that I regard the Jews as a tribe still, and the Jesuits and Continental Freemasons as conspiracies. Their ideals may be more or less lofty, and their appeal to imagination may well be more effectual in many cases than mere environment and association. Nevertheless, the native land and the native tongue must always constitute almost inviolable boundaries and establish primary units, especially among the Scandinavian and Teutonic peoples. The Jew is a fox without its tail, and I would have said so to Mrs. Stern if I could have found the fitting expression.

Following on these more serious discussions, we find recorded a group of "C.-B." impressions and stories:

Speaking of the rigour of Scotch Sabbatarianism in the days of his youth, C.-B. said that Sunday would have been intolerable to him as a boy at home but that his parents made the common mistake of supposing Borrow's "Bible in Spain" to be a pious missionary work. He was allowed to read it with the "Pilgrim's Progress," and it is needless to say which book had his principal attention. The Bohemianism of Borrow had an influence on him.

C.-B. spoke of Lloyd George as admirable in his management of his Department and of his Bills. He was a first-rate negotiator, had a very clear head, and persuasive and conciliatory ways. His fault was that he accepted too many engagements to speak, and having no time to prepare for speaking, was apt to use expressions

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scarcely restrained enough for a Minister. The King had several times written to C.-B. to call attention to Lloyd George's utterances. C.-B. thought that the King did not object so much personally, or rather from personal observation. But there were always people about him who stirred him over Lloyd George: "Here is Lloyd George again. Do you see, Sir, what he has been saying about the House of Lords?" And so on.

C.-B. spoke of the blunders in newspapers shewing want of education in the newspaper staff. A lad had a talent for stenography and got early newspaper employment as reporter, and then his education perhaps ceased, while he got promotion on his paper. C.-B. had suffered in some absurd ways, of which he gave one instance. Having to speak without special material, he had to make the most of a rejoinder to Opposition criticisms. He likened the Opposition to the chorus of a Greek play, which at every turn and pause in the drama made exclamations such as "ὁτοτοί! ὁτοτοί!" He felt, at the time, that he had given the reporters, and perhaps the audience, a nut to crack. On looking at the *Daily News* he found himself reported as saying "ôte toi, ôte toi" (*que je m'y mets*). The *Standard* had it "Hoity toity." The *Times* left the Greek words out, very naturally and prudently.

Of the Crown patronage in Church dignities he said there was much less than was supposed. He objected to the common use of it in giving honour, ease, and emolument to men who neither had worked nor would work and had no real need. He was keen to give a vacant canonry at Canterbury to a man who had done admirable work in an East End of London parish for some fourteen years. He was met with such objections as that his man had only a Victoria University degree, and it was whispered that he even dropped his h's. C.-B. questioned whether St. Peter or St. Paul could boast academic honours. He thought that even their Master may have spoken with a Galilean accent. Possibly St. Peter ate his peas with his knife. C.-B. consulted his friend the Archbishop, whose opinion he always took and had a right to have, though of course he was under no obligation whatever to follow it. C.-B. referred to

A VISIT FROM ASQUITH

the spiritual force and effective work of the man he proposed to appoint and of the good thing it would be to rouse Canterbury. The Archbishop was clever enough to say that he feared the Statutes excluded C.-B.'s man by requiring that canons should be graduates of either Oxford or Cambridge.

I may here add that I had been a good deal pressed by those who had a right to my friendly offices on the subject of C.-B.'s Church patronage. It was alleged that because distinguished Liberal clergymen were generally of High Church proclivities, they were passed over by Presbyterian C.-B. in favour of Tories more Evangelical. Scott Holland was the favourite example in point. However, I declined absolutely to make any use whatever of the fact that C.-B. was my guest in order to exert any pressure upon him on matters either public or private.

ASQUITH

An interval of a few years passes, and then we find a batch of papers relating to a visit—the only one recorded—that Mr. Asquith paid to Lord Rendel at Cannes early in 1910 in somewhat exceptional circumstances. On 27th January, 1910, during the General Election of that year, a telegram reached Lord Rendel from Mr. Asquith, asking if he might come to him, and he was at once, of course, assured of a welcome. The cause of Mr. Asquith's visit, illustrating once more his affectionate nature, is explained in an interesting document :

I had seen but little of Mr. Asquith since he had been Prime Minister, though he had kindly asked me to one or two of his official dinners. But I could not understand how it was possible for him to absent himself at so critical a moment. I pictured him to myself as holding at least one Cabinet meeting to consider the singular and serious position created by the results of the General Election, not then absolutely completed. I assumed that it was his imperative business to constitute a *bloc* with the Nationalist and Labour Parties. I felt that without such solidarity he could not possibly advise the King to

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

take any action as Sovereign in the nature of pressure upon the House of Lords. I interpreted his action as deliberate and tactical, but I could neither like nor understand the tactics.

Almost at once on his arrival I discovered the probable solution of the enigma. No man matches a clear, cold, and incisive intellect with a warmer and softer heart. As his daughter said to me, "They call him ice and steel. How little they know him!" Two or three years ago my friend and his friend and family doctor, Sir John Williams, told me that in all his practice he had never known a man suffer so acutely from the extreme sensibility of his family affections. And the secret of his rushing abroad just when he should have been at home was not so much the great need of rest for himself as his intense sympathy with a daughter who had just suffered a very severe loss and shock. Mr. Asquith was determined to do his utmost to save his much-loved daughter from collapse. Accordingly he arranged to accept the offer of Lady Sheffield to take Miss Asquith abroad in company with her friend, Lady Sheffield's daughter Venetia, and in order to share Lady Sheffield's responsibility he came to see me in order to settle upon suitable quarters and overlook his daughter's health.

Fortunately my smaller villa at Valescure was known to Lady Sheffield and was, I felt sure, the very best haven of refuge for Miss Asquith. I offered it to Mr. Asquith, and he made it his first interest and business to go with me to see it. He approved, Lady Sheffield approved, her party was speedily installed, and Mr. Asquith, while he stayed for some ten days with me, had the opportunity of several times visiting his daughter and noting her happy progress towards recovery of health and spirits.

I record these seemingly unimportant facts because I think they constitute the real explanation of Mr. Asquith's untimely journey, and because that journey undoubtedly needs explanation.

There is no doubt that the King was annoyed with the Lords' action in throwing out the Budget, thus producing a deadlock between the two Houses which would prove embarrassing to him. Before the Lords' vote was taken he had seen Lord Lansdowne and Arthur Balfour,

THE KING AND THE LORDS

who gave him no help or even enlightenment as to their intentions. Although the Court party are intensely Tory, the King's personal liking falls perhaps more within the Liberal than the Tory Front Bench. His views on the Lords' division were clearly enough shewn by the absence from it of such Conservatives as his friend Lord Suffield, Lord Esher, and others. Moreover, the King likes Sir Edward Grey and Henry Fowler (Lord Wolverhampton), and Haldane and John Burns. In the heart of the Royal Family life Lord Knollys is always true to his Liberal convictions, and just now makes the King read the excellent articles in the *Westminster Gazette*.

Mr. Asquith may not be much in the King's favour, but clearly the King was to be conciliated, and amongst other disadvantages the sudden journey to the Riviera involved the failure of Mr. Asquith to attend the dine-and-sleep invitation to Windsor immediately following the General Election, when the King would naturally be keen to discuss the situation with his Prime Minister. Undoubtedly, Mr. Asquith was much taken up by private sorrow, which affected him even more deeply than might be expected. Yet I think that it is in his nature rather to shirk serious and anxious forecasts. He is optimistic, or rather he is averse to being over-troubled and concerned beyond present and immediate business.

Having lived much with over-tasked public men as their host, I naturally refrained from myself introducing any political questions of the hour. When Mr. Asquith announced his visit, we had staying with us as our only guests Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hobhouse. Hobhouse was Financial Secretary to the Treasury, an office of peculiar difficulty and importance at the moment when the great fight was over the Budget, and when the Exchequer was in the hands of a Chancellor of the very special and somewhat exclusive qualities of Mr. Lloyd George. Most men would have expected that some discussion would have arisen upon the special problem of the hour between Asquith, Hobhouse, and myself. However, I was resolute to make all our conversation and social life a complete change and holiday. We took long motor excursions in the mountains day after day, which Asquith

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

enjoyed beyond measure, and our evenings were short and filled with either music or a game of bridge.

Of our table talk I set down some notes. He affirmed that he knew on absolute authority, which he intimated to be that of Mr. Gladstone himself, that on resigning his last Premiership Mr. Gladstone would have advised the Queen to send for Lord Spencer had the Queen asked his advice as usual on a Prime Minister's resigning Office. "But the Queen," said Mr. Asquith, "treated Mr. Gladstone on his resignation with the utmost coldness, and neither thanked him for past services nor consulted him as to the future."

Mr. Asquith said after dinner (Charles Hobhouse present) that the general elections of 1874 and 1906 closely resembled each other, in that each represented a strong and general discontent with a Ministry which had outstayed its time and the patience of everybody, and had accumulated small subjects of resentment or discredit.

Asquith spoke strongly of Hicks-Beach's total desertion of the whole of the debate in the Lords upon the Budget, and also, when we were alone, of Charles Hobhouse and the very hard work he had been doing and was doing in meeting all the exigencies involved in the loss of the Budget. He told me that George Murray said he did not know how he could get on without Hobhouse at the Treasury. Asquith considers Hobhouse a thoroughly good all-round man. In thus speaking to me, he led me to infer that Asquith found great difficulty in putting Hobhouse into the Cabinet at the present moment, although Hobhouse is by custom entitled to that promotion. The fact is that, with Lloyd George as Chancellor, the Treasury cannot spare either George Murray or Charles Hobhouse. Of Lloyd George Asquith said he was very good where he was good, but that he never looked at a figure, and could not be made to do so. He echoed my observation that, since Lloyd George could, as it were, neither read nor write, he was not unwise in thus *recognising his limitations and concentrating upon his genius for speech and on his remarkable native readiness and resource.*

Asquith said Harcourt was as bad for irritability and bluster as Hicks-Beach, and nearly as bad for running

WELSH POLITICAL GRATITUDE

away. When I said I could stand Harcourt's cuffing better than his kissing, Asquith concurred.

Asquith was curious as to how I brought Mr. Gladstone round to Welsh Disestablishment, and said that I was the only man who had any hand in that remarkable conversion. This was generous of him, seeing that Mr. Gladstone had placed the Welsh Disestablishment Bill in his hands and he had practically carried it through the House of Commons. On another occasion Mr. Asquith went out of his way to speak in very warm terms of my work in drawing Wales within the Liberal Party. He gave more recognition than I could have expected to this service as one of much importance and value. He went on to tell me that he had found that to this day there was throughout Wales the strongest feeling of gratitude towards me. Welsh people said, "He came to us a stranger to our people and country when we were neglected and of no account. He came with no personal interests to serve. He lifted us out of our subordinate position in Parliament. He brought us together, helped us to assert ourselves, and lifted our whole status and influence, and in all this seeking nothing for himself, out of pure goodwill and without thought of reward." No doubt, Asquith is both kind-hearted and also disposed to conciliate by the exercise of this talent for happy and effective expression. Yet I was surprised and gratified by his language, as I am not a believer in political gratitude, and some Welshmen must have shewn themselves grateful in speaking of me to Mr. Asquith, who could not have invented the remarks he quoted.

Mr. Asquith said that Lord Spencer fully expected to be Prime Minister in 1906. I did not seek from him his authority for the statement. There can be no doubt that Lord Spencer was imperfectly conscious of his mental incapacity. He might well also have forgotten his long previous surrender of all claims to the leadership in favour of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. If in 1906 he still fancied himself entitled to the Premiership, he must have felt all the more acutely the neglect of Campbell-Bannerman, during eighteen months of Premiership, to hold any intercourse with him. *I make this observation in connexion with my record in previous notes of the*

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success attending the meeting I brought about between Lord Spencer and Sir Henry at Valescure.

I referred to the impression that my many winters in Cannes have made upon me as to French administration from top to bottom. In this connexion Asquith said that President Faure's dead hand was so entangled in Madame Steinheil's hair that the hair had to be cut off. Our ambassador, Sir Francis Bertie, told Asquith that all Paris regarded the Steinheil trial as a pure piece of play-acting. Bertie summed up his opinion of French Ministers by saying that whenever a new Minister was appointed, his first three acts were to buy a startling portfolio to take to the Chamber, to invest in certain shares to be turned to account in the Lobby, and to engage a higher-class and more expensive mistress. Asquith said that Clemenceau and Briand were clean-handed.

The P. M.'s visit was, I think, successful. It was wholly his own idea. He got thorough change and rest. Long motor drives in the quiet and lovely mountain scenery did him great good. Moreover, he established his daughter Violet at Valescure, which seems to be the best solution of the difficulty. She is recovering from much nervous upset. Lady Sheffield and her daughter Venetia are her good angels and now are with her.

JOHN MORLEY

At Torquay in January of 1888 John Morley was staying with Lord Rendel, and discussed with some freedom his relations with Chamberlain and other colleagues:

Mr. Gladstone's papers are to be arranged by Godley. Morley thinks it better all such papers should be destroyed. They cannot be published for thirty or forty years after death, and then can do no real good, though doubtless history is utterly wrong in its details, which are known as to important events to so very few. Morley has made a codicil to his will ordering his own papers to be destroyed.

Chamberlain honestly believed Dilke to be innocent

ECHO OF THE DILKE CASE

for long, though he was seemingly shaken after the second trial. Chamberlain, Dilke, George Trevelyan, G. S. Lefevre and Morley used to meet every Saturday to discuss the political events of the week, and on one of those Saturdays, when the meeting took place in Richmond Terrace (where Dilke's Housing of the Poor enquiry was held), Morley observed that Dilke was so deadly pale and strange that he told his wife when he got home to Wimbledon that something had happened. On the Tuesday he got a note from Chamberlain saying that he would come to see him, that something dreadful had happened. Dilke was for bolting at once. It was all Chamberlain and Henry James and Hartington could do to keep him. Chamberlain had him down for five or six months staying with him at Birmingham, where Dilke quite recovered. It was not till after Dilke himself confessed to Chamberlain that Chamberlain knew anything of such matters. Mr. Gladstone thought that in ten years Dilke would get back to public life; but Schnadhorst doubted whether Dilke would get a constituency. Lady Dilke behaved ill in Madras when staying with the Grant-Duffs, making trouble for them. She told Lady Grant-Duff (who told Morley) that she could marry either Chamberlain or Dilke. J. M. says this was certainly not true of Chamberlain.

On the Saturday before the formation of Gladstone's (1885) Ministry, Chamberlain had a long talk with Morley. He said, "If you go into the Cabinet without me, you will have me against you, and I shall smash you." Morley argued that Gladstone would not offer him Cabinet rank. Chamberlain said, "Yes, he will—*soyez-en sur*." That afternoon Mr. G. offered Chamberlain the Admiralty. On the Sunday morning Morley got a telegram at Wimbledon from Mr. G. asking him to come to him at two. He went, and Mr. G. offered him the Chief Secretaryship, with a seat in the Cabinet. Morley said he should like to consult Chamberlain before deciding. Mr. G. agreed and appointed for 6 p.m. Morley went to Chamberlain's house at Princes Gardens, and followed him to Wimpole Street, where he had lunched. When he told him of Mr. G.'s offer, he noticed that Chamberlain turned a little pale and said

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with some expletive, "I knew he would do it." Morley said, "What do you advise? I don't promise to take your advice, but what do you say?" Chamberlain replied, "Of course, you must take it. I don't agree with your Newcastle and other speeches, but after the time you have taken, you are bound to accept." Morley demurred. Chamberlain said Mr. G. had offered him the Admiralty, but that he did not think he should accept it. He did not like the office. Morley went to Mr. G. in Carlton House Terrace at six and gave seven good reasons for declining (which Mr. G. swept away) and accepted.

That night he dined with Chamberlain at a pleasant party. Chamberlain said to him, "You accepted, of course." They had another friendly talk on the following morning, and then no communication till the afternoon, when they attended the first Cabinet and Chamberlain met Morley! For six months following, and in fact until the troubles began, their relations were most strained. Morley's explanation was that Chamberlain, after thinking over Morley's being in the Cabinet, felt more and more averse to it, and made up his mind that Morley would stand in his way.

He admitted that at first Chamberlain owed something to him. When he was at Brighton he remembers telling Shaw Lefevre that there was a man coming into politics, the Mayor of Birmingham, who would jump over the heads of Shaw Lefevre, G. O. Trevelyan, and others. From that time, for a good while, Morley was very useful to Chamberlain, but Morley said Chamberlain was most useful to him. He considered Chamberlain clearly a better man for doing the political business than himself; besides, there was his five years prior Cabinet experience.

Harcourt went direct to Mr. G. and asked to be Lord Chancellor. Mr. G. said he was very sorry; he had just offered it to Herschell. Harcourt saved £3,000 a year out of his salary and with the £15,000 built Malwood. Harcourt would probably like to be a peer at some time. He is now laying himself out to get the Radical vote. Harcourt was most unpopular with all the peers in the 1880 Cabinet.

Sir Henry James asked the Government to make him a

JEALOUSIES BETWEEN MINISTERS

Lord Justice. He is tired of politics and may not stand again for Bury.

Lord Granville was dreadfully cut up at being passed over, and especially hurt at Rosebery's getting the Foreign Office in his place; but Lord Granville did not get through his work. His room was filled with unopened boxes, and he made himself impossible with Bismarck.

As to the future leadership of the Liberal Party, there was no man in the House of Commons who could unite the Party. In the House of Lords the choice was between Lord Spencer and Rosebery. Rosebery has no great *flair*, apt to take short views, enormously circumspect. His wife hates entertaining. Rosebery has no real scheme for Colonial Federation. Morley has probed him on this to the core, and there is no plan in his mind. He took it up because it seemed to be likely to turn out well, and he ought to know it won't work. The great difficulty of a Peer Premier is that the leader in the House of Commons can always veto his proposals in a Cabinet by saying, "Our fellows won't stand it." A Liberal Peer Premier would see all his own Bills rejected in his own House.

Mr. Gladstone offered Lord Northbrook the Viceroyalty of Ireland under Morley, that is, without a place in the Cabinet. Of course, Lord Northbrook, who has been Viceroy in India, took offence and declined, after asking distinctly whether he would be under Morley. But Lord Northbrook's bitterness is probably due rather to the utter rejection by Mr. G.'s previous Cabinet of his report on Egypt. Mr. G. told Morley that this report was wretchedly inferior. The notion is that, if Mr. G. had offered Lord Northbrook the Admiralty, he would have stayed with him.

Cook of the *Saturday*¹ once sent Morley at one and the same time four works to review, a new edition of Plato, Hamley's "Art of War," a three-volume novel, and a book on cookery. Morley sent Hamley back and did the other three. He reviewed "Felix Holt" and "Silas Marner" for the *Saturday*, but Cook gave him only

¹ John Douglas Cook, who edited the *Saturday Review* in the 'sixties; died 1868.

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from Saturday night to Thursday morning for the review of "Silas Marner" and one other article. Morley began with reviews when Charles Bowen was writing brilliant leaders and "middles." Morley was afterwards promoted to "middles" and leaders and earned £600 a year.

MÜNSTER, GOSCHEN, BISMARCK AND OTHERS.

Count Münster, formerly German Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, visited Château de Thorenc, Cannes, during March, 1899, and met there the Duke of Cambridge, with whom there was an interesting after-luncheon exchange of views and recollections:

Count Münster lunched here on March 7th, 1899, to meet the Duke of Cambridge, as he had done last year. We then had much talk after lunch over the Duke's cigar. Count Münster said he had now seen twenty Ministries and seventeen Foreign Secretaries since he came to Paris as German Ambassador. The position was wretched. Ministers might be clever men, but none had any experience. In reply to questions from the Duke, he said he had none but Germans in his house. Espionage was too active. Superannuation was the ruin of the Army, which lost all its best generals. Now they speak of *les Généraux*, never of *le Général*. If there was one real *Général*, there would be a revolution. But the mediocrity was such that the Government dared not make either a marshal or an admiral. The navy was better, but not what it should be. The army was unsound. Compulsory service was most unpopular and was greatly alienating the country. Military service was becoming hateful and was, besides, lowering the physical condition of the people and corrupting the purer peasant blood.

Of the origin of prominent French statesmen he gave a pitiable account. Freycinet was about the only gentleman. Loubet was for three years at the plough. Ribot was the son of a porter at the Hotel Dessaix, who was not above pimping for English visitors. Lockroy was of some equally humble origin, and was a mere *feuilleton*:

SIDE-LIGHTS ON GERMAN POLICY

iste. Count Münster spoke kindly of Faure, but agreed that his love of personal ceremonial was absurd. He had four sentinels at Rambouillet when shooting, where Monarchy never exceeded two. At a recent military review an American addressed the President, asking him if he spoke English. Faure replied, *On ne parle pas Anglais ici, ni au Président de la République sans permission*.

The Duke of Cambridge asked if the German Emperor knew of the Czar's Peace Rescript beforehand. Count Münster said, No. He was with the Emperor at the time he opened and read it, and the Emperor said, "Why, this is very strange. I've never had any notice, and I had a long letter from the Czar only the day before yesterday." Apparently the Emperor must have shewn the letter to Count Münster, for Münster said that the letter was in English and that the Czar and Emperor William always wrote to one another in English.

Count Münster, in reply to the Duke's question, did not attempt to defend the action of Germany in the diplomatic duplicity by which she joined France in helping Russia to snatch the Chinese Port Arthur out of Japan's mouth in order that Russia might swallow it later on. The Duke noted the admission with satisfaction to me afterwards.

Count Münster, in reply to direct questions from the Duke, said that the mortification and disgust of the French at Russia's reply to France's appeal for help in the Fashoda business were unbounded, and had thoroughly shaken the Franco-Russian Alliance. That reply, Münster said, was to the effect that Russia was very sorry but that at the moment she could render no assistance, since her fleet was locked up in the ice, and that France must kindly wait for six months. As for Marchand and Fashoda, Count Münster said that the French never in the least expected Marchand to turn up in the Nile Valley. His commission had been indefinite and roving, and his success in it was much regretted. Indeed, some two years back they believed and hoped he was dead. Count Münster thought they had treated Marchand badly in compelling him to retire through Abyssinia instead of by Suakin, for the journey was difficult, if not dangerous, and he might not come out.

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

When Count Münster first called here on Saturday, the 4th instant, he was quite animated over the closeness of the Fashoda affair and maintained, against my protests, that we had meant war and still meant it, and that a good part of the Government and a strong section of the City still wanted it. And he said that we did so because we could just now beat France, which, in fact, France herself and all the world recognised. It seems commonly admitted, from what Count Münster and the Duke of Cambridge said, that we could easily take Cherbourg.

Count Münster spoke to me of his great regret at the Prince of Wales's rupture with the Emperor. He implied that it took place over the Emperor's telegram to Kruger after the Jameson Raid. Münster did not defend the telegram. He wished the Emperor had taken advice. But, after all, the telegram might, so far as its terms went, have been sent to Kruger by Queen Victoria. Count Münster observed that the Emperor had more brains in his little finger than the Prince in his whole body, and justified the Emperor, whose *fanfaronnade* was rather youthful than vainglorious, on account of his genuine patriotism and devotion to what he deemed his own duty and his country's interests.

When I spoke of the hardship of the Prince's position as almost a sexagenarian heir-expectant, Count Münster cordially concurred. I think Münster, who, I suspect, is one of the men who know, agreed also with the proposition that the Queen is far more taken up by her enormous family cares than by those of the Empire. He agreed as to the supremacy she exercises and the fear in which she is held by children and relatives. He said he had not seen her for nine years and was going to spend three days next week in Nice in order to do so. He avers that she is certainly very rich, though of course the claims on her are heavy and she has much to provide for at her death.

Count Münster told me that Faure passionately desired to have an interview with the German Emperor, and that quite lately he spoke on the subject with Count Münster, asking if the Emperor could not take his yacht to the Mediterranean this season. Count Münster

THE DEATH OF FAURE

thought it could not be managed. However, the Prince of Monaco had met the Emperor in the North Sea, where the Prince was pursuing his deep-sea zoological researches, and much interested him. Accordingly Faure endeavoured to use the Prince of Monaco as an intermediary. The Prince of Monaco was lately in Germany, and raised the subject of a meeting to take place at Monaco. On the day of Faure's death the Prince was at the Elysée for a whole hour between three and four. From the Elysée, Count Münster said the Prince came straight to his house to report. The Prince at once told Count Münster that he was sure Faure was ill; that in spite of his giving an hour to the business Faure never fairly got grip of it. He was as courteous and well-mannered as usual, and escorted the Prince down to the Grille. "But," said the Prince, "I am sure there is something very wrong." Count Münster said no doubt this was the beginning of the stroke affecting the brain. At 10 p.m. Faure was dead.

On one occasion Mr. Goschen and Lord Rendel were the guests of Mr. Arthur Butler at Oxford to revive a small defunct essay society of which Goschen, Butler, Frederick Harrison, Professor Beesley, George Brodrick, Henry Cunningham, and W. Fremantle had been members. Goschen had recently returned from a mission to Berlin to discuss the silver question with Bismarck. He had also acted as Ambassador Extraordinary at Constantinople in order to keep the Sultan up to the mark in the fulfilment of his engagements under the Berlin Treaty. Lord Rendel records some stories and comments of Bismarck told by Goschen during a wet Sunday afternoon:

"Mr. Gladstone," said Bismarck, "has been having difficulties with his Parliament. They are nothing compared to mine. But, after all, what could I put in its place? Bureaucracy is played out in Germany, and what is absolutism? Government by a harlot and a crazy minister."

Bismarck gave lampreys to Goschen for dinner. Lam-

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

preys are called "nine eyes" in German, and Bismarck confessed to having eaten eighty-one eyes at a sitting. Odo Russell asked Bismarck if he had not been sorry next day. He replied, Well, perhaps. He had occasionally been sorry for what he had eaten, but never for what he had drunk! When ill and visited by Odo Russell, there were by Bismarck's side four half-empty bottles, one brandy, one milk, one beer, and one Apollinaris.

At a dinner to meet the Finance Minister and the Governor of the Bank for discussion of the silver question, Bismarck, who is a squire, not a prince, and was his own butler, asked Goschen before dinner what wine he drank, red or white. "Or," said he, "are you a bimetallist?"

Bismarck spoke English a little slowly. He apologised for not being up in English modern poetry. "I know my Shakespeare and am fond of Sheridan. The scene that suits me best is the one where Charles Surface knocks down his ancestors."

Goschen described Bismarck as utterly cynical and as trying to sow dissension and jealousy between the Crown Prince and Princess. The latter was not popular; not enough *grande dame*; giving more time to philosopher or artist than to all the fine people; too openly English, and suspected of free-thinking. She hates Bismarck, who said of her that he could not forgive her for degenerating the stalwart race of Hohenzollerns (Pomeranian giants). Her children are small. The Prince is Liberal now, and it is thought the Princess, who is thoroughly Liberal and go-ahead, has much influence over him, though the common saying is that on his father's death he will go to bed a Liberal and wake up a Hohenzollern.

Goschen described Bismarck generally as a burly, big, brutal man of an astounding frankness, very clever, thorough squire, and the best company in the world, accompanied by a big dog ready to fly at you. As Goschen sat by his bedside the great dog, probably nervous and jealous over his master's illness, kept making starts and growls at each movement of Goschen, who thought that, had he shown himself at all nervous, Bismarck would probably have said nothing and enjoyed it.

MORE BISMARCK STORIES

Goschen said that Bismarck evidently admired Disraeli, who, in fact, impressed the whole Conference, especially with his impassiveness. "I like the old Jew. He is the man," said Bismarck, "who hustled the conference through." Salisbury spoke bad French and let himself down. Disraeli spoke English, which all either spoke or understood well. Count Corti always swore in English. Gortschakoff and Shouvaloff knew English well. Bismarck allowed Disraeli to speak English, as it was the only language he commanded, but he stopped Shouvaloff when he replied in English and required him to speak in French.

Speaking of Disraeli, Goschen, rather vain of his wife's friendly relations, with Disraeli, said that she met him only a fortnight before his death and he said to her, "I grow blind and I grow deaf. In fact I live only in the morning; in the afternoon I vegetate; in the evening I die, and I am buried at night."

Speaking of Baron Haymerle, the Austrian Minister, Bismarck said to Goschen, "Oh, I will make it all right with him. He always says 'No' to save committing himself, like a friend of mine who on waking says, 'No, no, no,' for fear he may have committed himself in his sleep."

In regard to his special mission at Constantinople, Goschen said that the Sultan was a thin man—not obese as in *Punch's* caricatures. Royal but not arrogant, a manœuvrer and liar, but impressed with a genuine belief in the greatness of his empire and religion. Goschen could not help being sorry for him. The Sultan gave his arm to Mrs. Goschen in to dinner and was very courteous. On bidding good-bye to Mrs. Goschen, he said that he had no happiness in life, music was the only thing left to him; and to Mrs. Goschen's careful reference to the ladies of his family, he exclaimed scornfully—"A painted aviary!"

Marshal MacMahon was very heavy in hand. He and General Grant, two Presidents of two great Republics at the same time, were a perfect pair in this respect. MacMahon said to an Algerian Nubian soldier whom he had to decorate, "*Vous êtes nègre, Continuez.*" To a sick man, "I know your disease. It kills and turns you idiot.

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I have had it." Goschen, sitting next the Marshal at the Elysée, found him utterly stupid till he turned him on to the Crimean War. He was firmly insisting that amid all revolutions three things at any rate must and should be preserved, the Army, the Church and—*Mon Dieu, j'ai oublié le troisième.*

George Brodrick said that in 1874, when Lord Spencer was Viceroy of Ireland and Brodrick was his private secretary, a cypher telegram announcing the intention of Mr. Gladstone to resign was received by Lord Spencer in Wicklow. Lord Spencer had to decipher it himself. Through a mistake of the cypher, and not of Lord Spencer, the telegram ran, instead of "Cabinet decided to dissolve," "Bunglers decided to dissolve."

The following story was told to Harcourt and Lord Rendel by Prince Czartoryski after lunch (17th February, 1899):

When St. Aulaire went as Louis Philippe's Ambassador to Austria he was cautioned to be careful of the strong Bourbon feelings of Princess Metternich, wife of the elder Metternich. They met at a Court Ball, and the Princess, a very imposing personage, was wearing a handsome diamond coronet. St. Aulaire's presentation was so scantily acknowledged that he lost countenance and wits, and found nothing better to say to her than, "*Ah! Madame, vous portez une bien jolie couronne.*" "*Jolie ou pas jolie, au moins elle n'est pas volée,*" was the rejoinder.

Harcourt capped this *réponse dure* with a story of Thiers, who, though assumed to be so loyal an Orleanist, yet, speaking of the Comte de Paris once in reply to some veiled suggestions during MacMahon's presidency that an Orleans Monarchy could be resuscitated, observed, "*Pour faire un civet de lièvre il nous faut premièrement une lièvre et c'est justement ce qui nous manque. Nous n'avons qu'un lapin*"—"lapin" being a common French synonym of "duffer."

Harcourt spoke of an introduction he was once honoured with to a great French lady who had become a Princesse and Comtesse d'Harcourt, and who decided to know him as being *un peu parent*. She asked him why the English got on so well with their Government when

A COURT STORY

the French never could. Harcourt, knowing her to be very *vieille roche*, said he dared not answer, for if he did she would never speak to him again. She told him to go on, and he said, "Because we English cut off our King's head at the right moment and you in France were just a hundred years too late."

George Shaw Lefevre capped Malcolm McColl's story of Lord Beaconsfield, Browning, and Mr. Gladstone, as told by McColl in to-day's *Observer* (20th November, 1898). Sir Robert Collier (Lord Monkswell) told Lefevre, as an instance of Lord Westbury's power of mendacity, that when Collier was Solicitor-General, Lord Westbury, then Chancellor, asked him down to the place of Lord Bolton, near Basingstoke, then rented by Westbury, in order to discharge and settle some important question for which Collier could not secure Westbury's attention or time. Collier went, but failed to get Westbury to discuss the business. Instead, Westbury made Collier join him and his son in shooting. Westbury and his son each claimed a pheasant. Westbury gave his son the lie, and it appearing that one of the two shots to which the bird fell had struck the keepers, Westbury instantly charged his son with shooting the keeper, to all of which amenities Collier was a blameless and silent witness. Collier left Hampshire without further reference being made to the business. But when on the next occasion he tackled Lord Westbury, all the reply he got was, "Oh, you know we settled that business the time you came down to me—the time you shot the keeper!"

Lady Granville told me with great spirit and effect a story Count Münster had told her. The Empress Augusta was at Windsor shortly after the passage of the Royal Titles Act. Lord Granville and the Duke of Bedford had spoken adversely in the debate on the Bill and the Queen had been very angry with them. (In fact, said Lady Granville, the Queen never forgave Lord Granville quite for his speech on that occasion. Up to that date Lord Granville had been a favourite. He had begun well with her as a special friend of the Prince Consort. He had long been in high favour. We know he was twice invited by the Queen to form a Ministry. But

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he soon became no better than Mr. Gladstone in the Queen's opinion.) Count Münster was at Windsor with his Empress, who confided to him that, having been rather bored by her company, she wished to meet something better at his house, and suggested Lord Granville and the Duke of Bedford. Accordingly Count Münster at once telegraphed invitations to those gentlemen. That evening, after Count Münster had retired to his sitting-room, came Lady Ely in a pucker. "Oh, Count Münster, what have you been doing? Do you know that the Queen is highly displeased with Lord Granville and the Duke of Bedford? You must not think of asking them to meet the Empress Augusta." "But I have asked them." "Well, the Queen has sent me to say you must put them off." "I cannot, that would be an insult." "The Queen is quite angry, and really you must manage it." "That is impossible unless I can give some sufficient reason, and there is none. I really will not give offence to two such men." "Have you the courage to say so to the Queen yourself? I can't take it from you as a message." "Yes." "Well, then, come with me now to her sitting-room and tell her." Accordingly Count Münster was taken to the sitting-room at some distance, only to find that the Queen had gone to bed. "Never mind, she is in her dressing-room next door and will see you, or at any rate hear you." So the door was set ajar, and the Queen on one side and the Ambassador on the other had their conversation. The Queen insisted. Count Münster resisted, but at last said, "Of course, if I am allowed to say that I put them off by your Majesty's order, I can do so, but otherwise I don't see how it can be done." Thereupon followed a pause, and at last a withdrawal of opposition. Count Münster said that he did not have any reason to suppose that the Queen bore him any grudge. However, he was in rather a ridiculous position in trying to find his own bed and repose. For he lost his way back, and was confronted by a bull's eye and a suspicious watchman, who was reassured at sight of his uniform and orders and led him to his quarters.

CHAPTER V

SOME VICTORIAN LETTER-WRITERS

THE Victorians were magnificent letter-writers, and Lord Rendel's political and personal correspondence—even that relatively small proportion that has been preserved—constitutes a museum of the art. In reading through it, two impressions are quickly established. The first is the extent to which this quiet retiring man, with his love of family, home, books, and good society, was confided in and consulted, and the high value placed on his counsel and experience. Great people and small wrote to him on matters of state, private affairs, problems of business, troubles over finance. They addressed him as they might their confessor. The second is the infinite patience and courtesy with which he treated them. Whether his correspondent was merely the normal bore or mendicant; or an unashamed political or social “climber” urging the presentation of his nauseous claims in high quarters; or a harassed parent seeking out smoother ways of promotion for unlucky sons; or an obscure Church dignitary, with noble aspirations after “higher and harder work” in the inevitable form of a bishopric; or some distinguished poet or author lamenting, as one did, “I am too accustomed to disappointment to believe in anything but the unforeseen, but the prolonged abeyance of the Laureateship, to whatever cause it is due, has had a very unfavourable influence upon my literary income”—he read them all and he answered them all, in terms always kind, wonderfully understanding, and wherever possible helpful.

If these intimate confidences are mostly tiresome and depressing in spite of their occasional streaks of humour, ample

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compensation is found in the splendid zeal for public causes that so many of his correspondents shared with himself, in the gaiety and culture of letters written in the libraries of country houses, and in the brilliant essays on contemporary doings that were exchanged between him and friends like Sir. A. C. Lyall, Sir A. Godley (now Lord Kilbracken) and Sir M. E. Grant-Duff.

The letters from public men betray certain characteristics. Mr. Gladstone's letters observe an ascending scale of degrees of confidence—"private," "private and confidential," "secret." Each serves its purpose with unfailing directness, and never even approaches a doubtful boundary. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's, even in his friendliest days, have a certain cold formality. Lord Granville's letters are cheerful scrawls, distinguished for their breeziness and brevity, yet somehow expressing all he wished to convey as completely as a wearisome essay. What pleasanter form of acceptance could there be than "To hear is to obey, and with great pleasure"; "with great pleasure, or, in case Rendel has forgotten his English, *con molto piacere*"; or merely "delighted"? Could any laboured description tell more than "The poor Chinese Minister is in bed with congestion of the lungs—the negotiation is not more healthy"; "difficult to raise the mercury just now politically"; "have sent out two absolutely forlorn-hope commissions"; "heard some cheering on Chester station; guessed it was the G.O.M.; seemed up to the mark yesterday at Southport"? Lord Morley wrote often—short, drily cordial, always good. There are other more serious letters that amount almost to literature; of this class the correspondence with Grant-Duff, beginning in 1882 and continuing over several years, is perhaps the best example. Lord Rendel's pictures from Parliament might serve as models for the Parliamentary sketch-writer; Grant-Duff's replies, equally entertaining, contain views on Indian conditions and problems not without interest for Ministers of to-day.

FIRST LETTER FROM GLADSTONE

This, however, is a mere chapter, and should not be allowed to run into a book. A few selections must serve.

The first letter Lord Rendel received from Mr. Gladstone was one of congratulation on his election :

December 20, '80.

You carried for the Liberal cause at the election what might almost be considered a Virgin Fortress. Not on this account only, but also because of your personal qualifications it would afford me much gratification if you would kindly undertake to move the Address to the Throne at the meeting of Parliament.

To which Lord Rendel replied :

I accept with equal gratitude and diffidence the honourable task you entrust to me and, fortified by your kind expressions, will do my best for its fulfilment. I have always regarded my return for Montgomeryshire as an expression of the measure of Welsh steadfastness in your principles and devotion to your cause, and I know how Welshmen will be gratified by your distinguishing one who gained their confidence chiefly because he reflected their fidelity.

How far their acquaintance had advanced in the fourteen years that followed is well illustrated in the letters that passed between them on Mr. Gladstone's final retirement from office in 1894, accompanied by the conferment of a peerage on Lord Rendel. The first two are from Mr. Gladstone :

March 2, '94.

The announcements of all kinds made about me in the public journals are wholly without authority and are, in the letter, without foundation. But a foundation will, as I expect, after to-morrow be supplied for them. The Queen has already had in confidence a preliminary intimation. I am a party in advising the (brief and meagre) Speech which will be delivered before the Prorogation. I expect that Speech to receive final sanction at a Council to-morrow; and it is my intention then to place in

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Her Majesty's hands the formal tender of my resignation. It will, perhaps, be announced in the papers on Monday. . . .

It is always serious to do anything for the last time, and the closing of so long a career is for me a solemn event, and may be collaterally more or less grim. We shall, I hope, have before long opportunities for conversing on it. At present, I will only say how sensible I am of the infinite personal kindness, I might, indeed, say tenderness, which you have shown me since the first opportunity for it was afforded in these last years, and which has had a real warming and cheering influence on my public as well as private life.

March 5, '94.

MY DEAR RENDEL,

It was only yesterday that I was put in a condition, by having actually resigned, to forward my recommendation of you for a peerage. This day I have received the approval. I had acquainted her with all the qualifications you possessed, as well as with the special circumstances of times which brought your case within the reach of my expiring cognisance. I also mentioned your relations with Lord Granville, and said that while no one could question your capacity for office, I thought you also would have had the offer of it on the formation of the Government of 1892, had the nature of your position at Elswick and the amount of its demands upon your time and thought been thoroughly understood by me at the time. I must now consign you to the tender mercies of Garter King-at-Arms and the experts. In all you are, do, and desire, may God ever prosper you.

Believe me, affectionately yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

There are two from Lord Rendel in reply:

Valescure, March 6, 1894.

Your writing to me at such a time and in such terms touches me through and through. It is this *goodness* which has made me so bold with you. Your greatness would quite have daunted me, but your goodness has always overcome.

MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE

Your resignation is a great shock. To many it comes as a funeral. But I submit to your judgment and believe in its justification.

March 8, 1894.

Your letter and the peerage are of inexpressible value to me as marks of your public approval and private regard. They touch me all the more closely because of the occasion. No honour could for me compare with that of being in any way linked with you. The slightest and humblest connexion with your career is a full and rich inheritance for me and mine. Indeed, it delights me to think that it reflects honour on those before me as well as on those to come after me.

Mrs. Gladstone could not refrain from joining in the congratulations in her characteristically affectionate way:

March 24, 1894.

MY DEAR LADY RENDEL.

I do like to begin this to you on so many accounts, and it feels quite natural, for somehow it was always on the tip of my tongue—Lady Rendel. But especially does it please me to think how much bother and the sort of trials he had will be spared him. *Well*, he deserves recognition for all he did in Parliament! Perhaps you did not know how often my husband wished to have him helping him by his side *in the Government*, when insuperable difficulties prevented this being achieved. The papers are too stupid, but all his friends know how the work your husband did is appreciated *in Parliament*. . . . God bless you.

Your affectionate

CATHERINE GLADSTONE.

That these were not merely kindly after-thoughts is shown by an earlier letter, dated 1892, from another member of the family:

I wish you could have heard my father talking about you politically. There is no doubt that he considered you well qualified for high office, but he tells me he assumed that your close connexion with Elswick was a

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bar. . . . I am sorry, and so is he, for he would so much have liked to have had you as a colleague. At the same time, I think you may be able to do even more good outside, for unless the Welshmen are kept within reasonable bounds the Government must fail.

The frequent personal intercourse made unnecessary any voluminous exchange of opinions by letter, but a few examples may be quoted. Several refer to Welsh claims in relation to disestablishment and land. When it was proposed that the Welsh Liberal members should raise the question of Welsh disestablishment by moving an amendment to the Address, Mr. Gladstone's reply was emphatic:

December 6, '87.

When 1868 opened, I was perfectly resolved to use every effort in Parliament to put an end to the [Irish] Establishment. But I never thought of raising such a question, which required careful and complex legislation, on the Address. This answer is parabolical, yet I hope sufficiently clear. It is answer for myself alone. The measure of obligation for Welsh members may be different. If I am asked to advise them, I do not see what advantage they would gain by raising the question by way of the Address, while I can conceive that it might stir a spirit of jealousy in other quarters, particularly among Scotch members.

September 3, '92.

I think the representations made to you by Mr. [Thomas E.] Ellis are more suited for conversation than for letter, and I hope that you will soon give me an opportunity of speaking to you here about them. We expect John Morley and others from (say) 8th to 12th, and Alfred Lyttelton about 20th. I mention these as indications of times when you would not find Hawarden quite a desert. I had thought Mr. E. an intelligent man, but this account puzzles me. Does he think Welsh disestablishment can be carried at the same time with a Home Rule Bill and other claims? Or does he recom-

KEEPING WELSH M.P.S IN ORDER

mend making promises through the Queen's Speech with a moral certainty that they cannot be fulfilled? Or would he like us to tell the Irish members that they are to be kept at Westminster till all the claims of all the interests have been satisfied?

July 5, 1893.

I have to acknowledge the receipt of the memorial signed by thirty Welsh members, including yourself, on behalf of Welsh disestablishment. I think you and they will probably feel that, in the midst of the present struggle in Committee on the Irish Government Bill, the time has hardly arrived for my making a reply to this memorial. But when that Bill shall have substantially escaped from the battlefield into security, I shall be happy to make a further communication. In the meantime I ought to say a word on the declarations at Newcastle. I have never heard, and certainly also never considered, that they announced any plan with regard to the order of business beyond the express declarations which may have been contained in them. On the other hand, I think the Government have even in the present overcrowded Session given some evidence of their desire to go as far as they are able in securing a forward place for Welsh disestablishment, and I can also assure you that nothing has been decided or even meditated by us which could tend to deprive that question of the position which it now holds.

By 1896 it required a strong attraction or call of duty to tempt Mr. Gladstone from his retirement. Both were supplied by the installation of the Prince of Wales as Chancellor of the Welsh University—described to him by Lord Rendel as “a Harvest Home of Welsh education.” Lord Rendel's appeal was characteristic:

As an “oldest inhabitant,” as the most Samaritan of neighbours, can you turn aside? The Priest and the Levite will be there. The Welsh Tory peers and the Welsh bishops are coming. I shall preside at a luncheon of five hundred guests, and unless Lord Herschell comes, I shall not have a single real friend of the Col-

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lege or the University alongside me. Such is the irony of the political situation in Wales. No doubt, the occasion is non-political, and we all desire a truce. But that the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales should be turned to party account and that my humble Welsh friends should have one more lesson in insincerity hurts me cruelly. Your presence alone can sweeten and purify the air.

And this is Mr. Gladstone's response:

June 4, 1896.

I have already, and I think more than once, refused to attend the important meeting at Aberystwyth, for I have a strong latent feeling, first, that it is vital to me to keep my door closed against an incessant pressure, and secondly, that when once it is opened danger and difficulty are increased ten-fold. Nevertheless, I am going to say "Aye" to your urgent instance, after much rumination; and I believe that you are the only person alive whose request could have thus prevailed upon me.

I feel and regret that language of this kind from me has the fault of appearing to attach value and importance to an act on my part which I am well aware has neither the one nor the other. But there are commodities which, knowing them to be of no account, we nevertheless refuse to sell. Such is the tranquillity of my old age to me.

If they think proper to give me a degree, I shall accept it thankfully, and it perhaps would help me to fight off future applications.

A year later Mr. Gladstone is shown in a more domestic relation—as the anxious chooser of family presents, fearful of making a blunder in tact.

May 10, 1897.

This note will accompany a box containing a pair of what were once called wine-coolers, in the days when we depended on fragmentary ice placed round the wine bottles, as it was not pure enough to touch the wine. I suppose that in the future they may become flower-

MRS. GLADSTONE DESCRIBES WILD WALES

vases. I sought for a token which I might ask you to accept in memory of your delightful and splendid hospitality to us at Cannes. My mind was much divided between these and some ornamental plate which I examined when in London at the magazine of Lambert and Rawlins, but I consulted, who agreed in advising me that you would prefer something we had actually possessed and used to what might be procured new and *ad hoc*. Old age denies any hope of renewing the old experience, but it is well to have some records of the past.

And here, finally, is a refreshing piece of description, written by Mrs. Gladstone to her "dear friend" from The Châlet, at Hafod-y-Llan, Beddgelert:

September 13, 1892.

I have not time to tell you of the strange wildness and beauty of this spot. The "Châlet" will speak to your imagination. It is on the very Snowdon range, and we have returned from such a drive!—the late rains enhancing the beauty of the waterfalls; the lights peeping beautifully on one side, while mysterious mist in wild outlines hung on the other; a large lake one side, with stupendous rocks solemnly towering above, broken by the dancing many-coloured waters below. And my husband so well and in great enjoyment—the best part of all, is it not? You will have read his speech at Carnarvon (never dreaming he would have to speak). Then imagine to yourself Mr. George following us here to dinner, and Mr. Ellis, and my awe, remembering our talks. Well, had I known nothing, I should have said, "What a nice-looking man! How quiet in manner! How worthy of my husband's speech!" I end by saying—we must hope to *do him good*. The best part was his responsive answer as to *you*, so agreeing with mine. You may guess what that was.

It was to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain that Lord Rendel first turned in his desire to interest Liberal Ministers in Welsh affairs, and his approach resulted in two of the most famous

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speeches in Chamberlain's career. They dealt with the House of Lords in relation to the extension of the county franchise, and were delivered at Newtown on October 18, 1884, and at Denbigh on October 20. It will be noticed how friendly is Chamberlain's response:

Vienna, September 1, '84.

I should like very much to come to Wales, although in my present position I should be unable to discuss the question in which the Welsh Nonconformists take most interest. But my opinions on Church Establishments are well known, and they would perhaps be taken for granted. I fear that my engagements up to the Autumn Session will make it impossible for me to accept any further invitations before that time, but as I should really be glad to show my sympathy with the sturdy Liberalism of the Principality, which has never been in default, I venture to make a proposal. If it would suit you and our Welsh friends, I will come between the Autumn Session and the Session of 1885.

Chamberlain came, and the friendly relations continued for some time. In response to a note of congratulation:

July 28, '85.

Many thanks. I appreciate heartily your kindness. Yes, I *am* proud of my son, and hope he will live to continue my work.

January 14, '86.

Many thanks for your note and pamphlet. You are doing good service, I am convinced, by keeping this subject prominently before the electors of the Principality. Both in Scotland and in Wales the matter has reached a point at which further action cannot be long delayed.

To Chamberlain's appeal for a fund he was raising to pay the costs of fighting—unsuccessfully, as it proved—the election petition at Ipswich against his friend, Mr. Jesse Collings, Lord Rendel sent £50. He added the further note:

CHAMBERLAIN AND WELSH LIBERALS

I shall vote for the Second Reading of the Irish Bill. I can well see why you could not accept responsibility for the scheme. I am sorry Mr. Gladstone should have seemed to burn everybody's ships but his own. I would almost rather have him resign than break up his own party. But I must support the principle of Home Rule for Ireland, which I conceive to be at stake on the Second Reading.

To which Chamberlain replies:

April 13, 1886.

I thank you very much for your prompt and liberal reply to my appeal. I am sorry you vote for the Second Reading of Mr. G.'s Bill. I am also a Home Ruler, but I am not a Separationist, and this, in my judgment, is the issue involved.

The parting of the ways was already beginning to appear. How far Chamberlain travelled in the opposite direction appears in a letter of some years later. It was, it will be recalled, in October of 1884 at Denbigh, the home of Thomas Gee, the Welsh nationalist and editor of the *Baner* that Mr. Chamberlain made his historic attack on the Peers.¹ Remembering these stirring words, what more natural than that the old and venerable Mr. Gee should, when the Tithes Bill was before Parliament in 1890, turn for sympathy to their author? This is the cold reply:

¹*How has the House of Lords treated the Nonconformists of Wales and the rest of the Kingdom? In old times it persecuted you; then it insulted you. The days of heavy oppression are perhaps ended, but the slights and insults still remain. . . . No, gentlemen, I have no spite against the House of Lords, but as a Dissenter I have an account to settle with them, and I promise I will not forget the reckoning. I boast a descent of which I am as proud as any baron may be of the title which he owes to the smiles of a King or to the favour of a King's mistress, for I can claim descent from one of the two thousand—one of the ejected members, who, in the time of the Stuarts, left home and work and profit rather than accept a State-made creed which it was sought to impose upon them. And for that reason, if for no other, I share your hopes and your aspirations, and I resent the insults, the injuries, and the injustice from which you have suffered so long at the hands of a privileged assembly. But the cup is nearly full; the career of high-handed wrong is coming to an end.*

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April 16, 1890.

I received with some surprise your letter asking me to assist in securing the amendments you desire in the Tithes Bill. A few years ago, at a most critical time, the majority of Welsh Liberals left their old friends in order to follow Mr. Gladstone and his new idol of Home Rule. They had no regard to the fact that their old friends had supported their cause when it was in adversity and had done everything to bring it to the front, while Mr. Gladstone and the Parnellites had never lifted a finger to help it. Having made this choice, I think you must abide by it, and you must look to your new allies for the advantages you seek. In my opinion, you will be disappointed, and you will find that, by your action, you have indefinitely postponed disestablishment and the land reforms on which Welsh Liberals have set their hearts. In any case, you have taken from me the power, if not the will, to help you when you withdrew your support and made me the mark for constant misrepresentation and abuse.

When a copy of this letter was sent to Lord Rendel by Mr. Gee's daughter some years later, it recalled his first choice of Chamberlain as the Cabinet friend of Wales, and elicits the bitter comment: "No, it was not he who first stretched his hand to us in Wales; it was John Morley."

Here may appropriately be introduced the following memorandum, written 30th June, 1909, on an early meeting with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain :

For some years of late I was associated at Cannes in the management of a hospital with the admirable and philanthropic Mr. Ebenezer Homan. Mr. Homan was a retired and wealthy wholesale bootmaker in the city of over eighty years of age. He lived for some sixty years at Finchley, and he told me that he and his family had been friends of Chamberlain's parents, who were Unitarians of very modest position and calling, which he did not specify. One day a Birmingham boot-seller, a Mr. Nettlefold, calling on Mr. Homan on business in

AN EARLY MEETING WITH CHAMBERLAIN

the city, told Mr. Homan that he was starting a business of screw-making in Birmingham, and was in want of a smart and promising young man upon his new staff. Mr. Homan replied that he thought he knew the very man for him, and that Mr. Nettlefold would find him in the warehouse, where he was at that moment cutting leathers. Mr. Nettlefold there and then saw Chamberlain, offered him employment, and thus Chamberlain migrated from London to Birmingham.

Some years after this happened, I found my friend FitzJames Stephens—whose father, "Mother Country Stephens" of the Colonial Office, had been a kind friend to me—was greatly interested in one of his rare briefs, which was in the considerable Patent Law litigation carried on by Nettlefolds in regard to screw-making machinery. I fancy this automatic machinery originated in the United States and was patented in England, and that Nettlefold, the bootmaker, had secured rights under the patent and was fighting a battle with the screw-makers of Birmingham and securing a monopoly in the industry by the aid of the patents. I should presume that in this operation Chamberlain proved himself so invaluable as speedily to make himself essential to the business and a leading partner in it. But I do not remember FitzJames Stephens ever mentioning Chamberlain to me. It is clear, however, that Chamberlain directed this litigation, because I found him the guest of a highly respected Tory London solicitor, Mr. J. A. Radcliffe, and there I first met him. I knew that my friend Mr. Radcliffe was acting for Nettlefolds, but I did not know that Chamberlain was connected with Nettlefolds, and I was not introduced by Mr. Radcliffe to Chamberlain, who took a place at the dinner subordinate to my own. It chanced, however, that we spoke as strangers to one another, and I was much struck by the singular neatness and finish of his conversation. Chamberlain had then been heard of in municipal life, and I think as more or less a protégé of John Bright. Not so much, however, from what he said, but from how he said it, I guessed that my new acquaintance must be Mr. Chamberlain, and told him so, to, I think, his gratification. This was the beginning of our relations,

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which were not unimportant for me when Chamberlain subsequently entered Parliament and began his remarkable political career.

Lord Rendel never forgot the first service that Morley did for Wales in securing the official adoption of Welsh disestablishment by the Liberal Party. What happened is told in two letters :

October 28, 1886.

MY DEAR MORLEY,

I hope you will say a word for Wales and to Wales at Leeds. I assure you that it would be difficult to overrate the joy and gratitude with which the Principality would welcome an explicit declaration on the subject of disestablishment in Wales formally made by such a Liberal leader as yourself on such an occasion as the forthcoming Liberal conference under your presidency. Wales has subsisted long enough on general expressions of sympathy in this matter. *Laudatur et alget*. She now looks for specific and responsible assurances.—Believe me to be, sincerely yours,

STUART RENDEL.

October 30, '86.

MY DEAR RENDEL,

I do not wonder that you are anxious that our voices should be raised at Leeds for Wales. There can be no doubt that Wales, like many active interests in England and Scotland, has a good right to be vexed and disappointed with the failure of reforming legislation that has long been promised. There is one of the Welsh demands with which personally I am fully and in detail acquainted, and that is the demand for disestablishment. Here I am bound to say that I agree that Wales has subsisted long enough on general expressions of sympathy. My own opinion is that the disestablishment of the Church in Wales, whatever view we may take of the larger question, is a reform which cannot any longer be kept out of the active objects of the Liberal Party. That is so obviously required, both by the justice of the case and by the overwhelming sentiment of the country

MORLEY AS LETTER-WRITER

concerned, that I feel confident that even many friends of the Establishment in England would not refuse to co-operate. Be that as it may, it must now form an indispensable article of Liberal policy.—Yours sincerely,

JOHN MORLEY.

These letters constitute a fragment of political history. Usually, however, Morley's communications were pleasant gossip notes. They extended, as Lord Rendel's friendship and respect for him did, over a long period of years:

August 2, '84.

I should like to come more than a little, but I have arranged to depart northwards on Tuesday if it should by that time appear that there is to be no Egyptian division. If, on the other hand, there is to be an Egyptian debate, then I must fetch up arrears of blue-books on that most hopeless subject. I have great affection for the Dorking country, and anyhow it would have been a real pleasure to me to have a good lounging day with you, instead of those hurried snatches of talk, which are better than nothing, but which are not the best. But we have taken a house for the summer and are bound to migrate there this week. 'Tis the house, by the way, in which Coleridge and Southey lived at Keswick. Poor old Southey's shade will groan at a Radical tenant; if it will only impart to me the secret of Southey's fine prose, I will almost consent to turn Tory.

January 15, '86.

I have read every word of your controversy with the bishop [Dr. Hughes of St. Asaph]—and with much relish. Your velvet glove does not prevent you from giving the holy man a most cruel nipping. If the Liberation Society would employ you to write their pamphlets, it would be an advantage to the cause.

December 3, '87.

I have taken a day to think over your point. The conclusion, to my mind, is perfectly clear. The Welsh Church question has received a tremendous lift by what

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took place at Nottingham. It now stands in no need of exceptional proceedings. An amendment to the Address is in its nature an exceptional proceeding, not to be justified in this case by pressure of circumstances. It is not right to take up time at that stage with what ought to be the matter of a private member's motion. We shall be justly charged with detaining the House from real business by a question which could be more properly and usefully dealt with in another way. Considering the readiness that exists to charge us with obstruction, I think we cannot be too careful. They cannot take all the time again, I fancy; and if not, and if all the Welsh members ballot for a chance, one of them would be almost sure of a good turn. Such is my view.

December 22, '87.

I made sure that Sir A. C. [Andrew Clark] would jump at Posilipo. Alas! he did not. He insists that for several weeks to come I must stick to nursery food, taken with intense regularity. These two conditions we cannot reconcile with a long journey. And so, in short, I think that most glorious and noble idea of yours must be abandoned, but I shall not soon forget that it once existed. Then, as to Holmdale, he is of opinion that I shall probably need the sea, and so we must abandon that, too. I can never say how grateful we are to Mrs. Rendel and you for this truly practical solicitude. They allowed me to get up to-day for the first time, but after I had been sitting in my chair for half an hour, the doctor came in and told me immediately to go to bed again. Progress, therefore, is not going to be very rapid, and I am to-night back on broths. Good-bye, and a thousand thanks to you both.

January 19, '88.

You will like to hear that we got safely to our own door by seven o'clock, none the worse for our journey. In spite of the unfriendliness of the weather and the illness of my wife, I look back on my fortnight at Torquay [where Lord Rendel's house had been placed at their disposal] with much contentment, and above all with infinite gratitude to you. I have never before been so

A GOOD TALK ABOUT WALES

kindly, thoughtfully, and providently treated. It makes the common world to which I have now returned look quite chilly and austere. In all sincerity, I am most truly grateful to you, and my wife is not any less so. We can never forget it, be quite sure of that.

I cannot say that I feel much of a giant this morning, rather the contrary. But I will remember your sage counsels and be very careful. I wonder if your family have joined you—and if the skies are more luminous than here—and if the doll is dressed—and if you cherish a benevolent memory for the two poor people who gave you such vast trouble. I wish you would be so kind as to jot down for me in the plainest phrase that excellent mechanical illustration of yours as to the Rope and the Bar.¹

August 29, '88.

You have a right to wish me at the devil. Mr. G. is to speak at Wrexham next week—"a short speech," he tells me, but the brevity is doubtful. This being so, why need I go? In going to Wales, as in going to Scotland, I wish to do something more than mere cut-and-thrust. What that something more shall be is much in my mind. Then towards September 20 I should like a confabulation with you. It strikes me that I ought to have a good talk with the incorruptible Mr. Gee. [Welsh Nationalist leader, Denbigh.] Where does he live? Is he accessible? Would Osborne Morgan, think you, ask him to meet me? Or how? We may talk of all then when we meet.

September 25, '88.

I must have a good talk about Wales—let's all—and Mr. Gee. The latter, by the way, spoke with much cordiality of your value and powers—just as your friend would wish. Altogether, I liked him very much.

¹ We speak of steel as a type of tenacity. If mechanicians want to get the utmost tenacity out of steel, how do they set to work? Not by fusing it into one mass, but by drawing it down into wire and then binding the wires together. A rope of steel thus formed is far more tenacious than the rigid and solid bar of steel. The one will hold on with four-fold tenacity against a pull which will snap the other like a reed.

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

December 30, '88.

I am really grateful to you for your two most pleasant letters. I travelled with you [to Posilipo] in my thoughts pretty steadily as far as Milan, where my knowledge of your route comes to an end. I lounged with you on the steps of the Schweizerhof; I saw the grandeur of the Lake in the morning sun; I wondered at the extraordinary engineering between Amsteg and the Tunnel; I emerged all radiant on the Italian side; and then I put the climax of enjoyment to my dream by looking out on to the grim murk of my London garden and thinking of the good fortune of my friends far away. Your description of the first night on your terrace is ravishing.

Mr. G.'s verses—which, by the way, only tickled my ear *moderately*—are a parody, I believe, on the speech of the *πρόσβεις* in the Acharnians, but I've not had time to look it up.

I'm hard at work on my little book on Walpole, and you need not compassionate me, for I rather enjoy it than not, as a workman ought to do. If only I were not to be interrupted before the Session opens! But the inexorable Stump lies ahead, and I've nothing new to say. The *Star* last night amused us by the single announcement on its bill in immense letters "Nothing Stirring To-day," which is the happy truth of the situation. I've read Bryce's book with much admiration. It is very valuable—tho' it needs condensation and lacks the great quality of weightiness, which strikes one in minds of the first order like Montesquieu or Tocqueville. He has not their art of bringing things to a point and driving home important truths. But 'tis a fine piece of work notwithstanding. I'm looking forward to your guest's article on O'Connell. Pray give him and Mrs. Gladstone my warmest greetings.

January 14, '89.

I am heartily glad that all goes well. As for the letter on the Pope and all that has come from it; there seems to me no profitable word to be spoken, and I won't try to speak it. If Stead were to telegraph inquiries to me I should fling the thing into the basket. Communications

A "BIT OF GOSSIP"

of this gravity are not to be framed while the boy in the hall is waiting. The whole episode from first to last makes my hair stand on end.

Lord Granville has heard a story, on what he believes to be good authority, that Hartington is going to join the Government and lead the House of Commons. Rosebery believes it and so does Lord G. My host here¹ [Malwood, Lyndhurst] and I do not believe it. It would be good for us to be rid of the flank attack; therefore, it would be unwise in H. to relieve us; therefore, he probably won't. Moreover, he would have to run serious risk at Rossendale. Meanwhile, Chamberlain is a guest at Hardwick—the first time he has ever been under a Devonshire roof. Perhaps this bit of gossip will interest Mr. Gladstone. I am going to take the field again next week. So is Rosebery.

January 7, '95.

'Tis a week to-day since we parted, and I have just found breath. My first use of it must be to beg you to believe how grateful I am to you for your hospitality to my wife and me. Nobody was ever more kindly, considerately and warmly treated than we were by Lady Rendel and you and your daughters. I feel, perhaps too audaciously, to have quite made new friends in these young ladies. Your poor case on the day of our departure rather haunted me. I hope that by this time you have cast the demon out. Here to-day the weather is positively gruesome. Good-bye, my dear Rendel. Your kindness, with such a background of gardens and sunshine, makes an episode not to be forgotten.

Of Lord Rendel's letters to Morley, there is little record, and with the one, written nearly ten years after that quoted above, in which he expressed his estimate of Morley's *Life* of Gladstone, this reference to their correspondence may close:

Thorenc, December 20, 1904.

. . . . Another object I have in writing is to acquit or ease my conscience about your biography. I suppose that scarcely anyone had deeper interest in it in a humble

¹ *Sir William Harcourt.*

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

way, yet, to my sorrow and amazement, when it came out I found I could not take it up! We all have strange experiences. This is the most inexplicable and unexpected I ever had. It was insomnia. I suppose that kept up the absurd and morbid shrinking until gone. At last I am free of it, and I am thankful indeed to have lived to be reading the *Life*. It is true that I have only yet reached the last third of the first volume, but how deeply I have been stirred already by many passages that are as characteristic of you as they are illuminating of him, I cannot tell you, even if you cared to hear. Only I want for my own sake to say that I am profoundly grateful. There is a great deal I would like and might try to say in development of my admiration and thankfulness. I think the work wonderful, even for you, and with even all the help and inspiration of its subject. For combination of subtlety with breadth and of delicacy with power, it seems to me, in its appreciation, quite unrivalled by yourself or any other biography I have read. It is presumptuous of me to praise it to you, but it is natural that when I have the exquisite pleasure of finding that you have not simply written a life, but portrayed a soul, whom I recognise and love to look upon with your eyes that have seen what I saw and as I saw, I should run this risk of endeavouring to explain my feelings to you.

The numerous letters that passed between Lord Rendel and Sir M. E. Grant-Duff discuss public affairs with freedom and gaiety and an intimate inside knowledge. The correspondence, of which some flavour may still be indicated in extracts, may well be introduced by Lord Rendel's lively description of a dinner to Mr. Gladstone that he gave at 4, Whitehall Gardens, the old home of Sir Robert Peel, which he then occupied:

March 29, 1886.

You congratulated me in '80 on having had two hours' conversation with Mr. Gladstone as I sat beside him at his Official Dinner. I know I felt after that talk to have been paid fully and beforehand for having to move the Address. Now, having had another two hours' talk with

A MEMORABLE DINNER-PARTY

this wonderful old man, I think once more of your congratulations, and like to send you my account of this second experience.

It was at a dinner I gave to the Welsh Members. He and Lord Granville came. To meet him there were some four-and-twenty Welsh M.P.s; to meet Lord G. the only two Welsh Liberal Peers! When I pointed out the discrepancy of numbers, Gladstone, without a moment's hesitation, charged me with forgetting Kensington, but admitted he had never noticed the contrast in numbers.

I have taken Sir Robert Peel's old house for five years. The distinction has gone with the loss of its pictures. But the furniture and general features are carefully retained. We met for dinner in the Library. Gladstone was quite at home in it. He recognised the writing-table, but missed the House-keeping Books on it. "They were frequently there," he said, "when I called on him. Butcher's, baker's, greengrocer's, and all; a little pile placed there, I suppose, to keep the establishment in awe. I couldn't think so meanly of him as to suppose he really studied them." When I tell this to my friend Frederick Peel (Frederick the Nephew, not Frederick the Son) he replies, "Not a bit of it; the books were not for show. I'll be bound Sir Robert looked into them, and that he knew the price of meat every week, and exactly what he was spending."

I showed Mr. Gladstone Sir Robert's standing desk. He opened it and played with it and said, "Yes, we all fancied those desks then. I used one myself, though I was very bad at standing. I believe we thought it gave us a sort of exercise."

As we sat down to dinner, I told him the table and chairs were the same, and he added, "Yes, and the first time I sat at them was in 1834." He looked round the room, which is a very fine one, and added, "Ah! this used to look magnificent. I am sorry to find that, like other things, it has dwindled for me."

We were thirty at the table, which is seven feet wide, and long in proportion, but yet not large enough for Peel's greatest parties. "On such occasions a half-moon protuberance was added on the centre of the side," Gladstone observed, "and Peel sat at the centre of it."

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

This was the table, I reminded Mr. Gladstone, across which Disraeli threw some word which turned a deadly dinner-party into a sparkling one. At least, so said Dizzy, in a letter to his sister at the time. Gladstone threw no doubt on the story, beyond a cold surprise at the circumstance of Dizzy's having dined there at all.

Speaking about Peel, he said that Peel was a shy man and that his coldness was awkwardness, not pride. I told him that Playfair had spent one hour and a half with Peel on the morning of his fatal accident, and that he thought Peel in almost too robust health. Gladstone rejoined that he had walked with Peel that day to I forget which Government Office, and that he thought Peel in almost superfluous health. But Gladstone did not follow up with any reference to the notion that a fit was the cause of Peel's fall, though to my enquiries he replied that the doctors were, as usual, impenetrable and uncommunicative, and that he thought their practice of extreme reticence in such cases praiseworthy. You know, I suppose, that Peel died in the Dining Room, and would not suffer himself to be thoroughly examined. It is thought, I believe, that had chloroform been known, he might have been examined and saved. F. Peel drew me a comically sad picture of poor Lady Peel, whose head, never strong, gave way, and who could do nothing but walk up and down the Terrace in front of the Dining Room hugging Peel's hat under her arm. Gladstone told me he not only walked with Peel on that day, but had a note from him, which he had carefully cherished.

Gladstone talked of Peel's pictures. He remembered how they were hung, and spoke with a certain veneration of them. He thought the nation made a good bargain of them, and that Bob Lowe did a good stroke of business. I told him how good it was, and upon Mr. Woods' (Christie, Manson, and Woods) authority, to which he paid tribute. For Woods had told me how young Sir Robert came to him one day, "I want you to sell my pictures, Mr. Woods." "Sell your pictures, Sir Robert?" "Yes. I'll excuse you for repeating my words under the circumstances, but I mean what I say. I have had all the pleasure I expect to get out of them. They cost me a lot in insurance. Lady Emily and I would

PEEL'S BAD BARGAIN

rather have the money. Bob Lowe has been after them, but I'm damned if he shall have them. Nieuwenhuis valued them at £80,000 for my father. What do you say?" "Oh! Sir Robert [ironically], I think I can get you £80,000 for them." "Well, you shall have the selling of them. I make two conditions. You are to say nothing about it for a fortnight, and to let no one see the pictures except under the charge of your man."

During the fortnight Woods hears, first, that it is an open secret that the pictures are to be sold; next, that Sir Robert has admitted it at a dinner at the Rothschilds', and given leave to a person there to send someone to see them; and lastly, that Sir Robert has sold the pictures for £70,000 to the nation! Whereupon follows a second visit by Sir Robert to Mr. Woods. "I've sold my pictures." "I know that, Sir Robert." "Bob Lowe's given me £70,000 for them." "I know that, Sir Robert." "What have you got to say to it?" "Only that I think you very patriotic." "What do you mean?" "Why, that you've made a very handsome present to the nation." "How so? You valued them at £80,000 yourself." "Nothing of the kind, Sir Robert. I've never looked at them with a view to valuing them." "Then how do you know I've thrown them away?" "Because they've been valued by the best judge in Europe." "Nobody's seen them." "I beg your pardon. Didn't you dine last Sunday at Baron Rothschild's? Didn't you say they were for sale and give someone leave to see them?" "Now you mention it, yes, I did." "Well, Mr. Rutter came over from Paris, and he valued them, and I may tell you now that I am certain I could have got you between £200,000 and £250,000 for them."

The subsequent language is outside my vocabulary. I daresay Woods thought Sir Robert too ready to save commission. Let us hope, rather, he was too eager to save family pride, if not filial respect. Perhaps the prosaic explanation is that he was too hard pressed.

Gladstone could not but contrast the £70,000 given for those seventy pictures with the £70,000 given for the Blenheim "Raphael." He was almost a little bitter over the cleverness with which a combination or chorus of high valuations worked up the price and prepared the

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

public to swallow it. But he knew and rested upon the consolation that private buyers had given, for the pictures we rejected, prices much beyond those standing against the same pictures in the lump offer to the nation upon which we effected so large a reduction.

He said he once asked Peel why he never bought an Italian Master, and that Peel gave him as his reason his distrust of his own judgment and his determination not to dabble in a market where there was so much fraud, or at any rate doubt. I have heard and prefer to believe a more characteristic reason. Lawrence Peel, though eighty-four, is still a good authority, and he says that his brother told him that he bought Dutch pictures because he was determined his collection should be the best of its kind in the country—which it never could have been had he kept to the beaten track. However, both accounts show, as does the story of the housekeeping books, that Peel belonged to his class; that he looked always to getting his money's worth and, while simple and solid in taste, was resolute that everything he had should be the very best of its kind. The great British Trader all over.

Gladstone said that Peel's retirement for the last four years was genuine and absolute. He had put by all notion of reasserting his political and personal claims. But he was kept in the sharpest expectancy and on the closest watch by an overwhelming dread that Free Trade policy might be reversed and the Corn Laws re-imposed. Gladstone thought this alarm justifiable so long as Lord George Bentinck lived. He spoke of Lord George as a man of singularly strong will. I suspect he thought his will stronger than his brains or his moral sense. At any rate, he affirmed that blood would never have stopped Lord George. He was quite prepared to fight.

Gladstone went on to contrast the rough directness and, as it would seem to us, naked brutality of the Tory programme and Tory tactics in the days of Canning, when a Tory Minister was not averse to being drawn at any moment and by anybody into the most vehement declarations of the most violent articles of the Tory Creed. The instances he gave I do not remember well enough to relate. I ought to have noted them at the time.

What struck me most about Mr. Gladstone's dinner

A BACCHANALIAN STORY

talk was its profuseness, continuity, and gaiety. Now and then he tries to take a note or accept a lead, but his own instrument is so superior, his own repertoire so fine and inexhaustible, that he falls naturally into solo performance.

Lord Aberdare was sitting the other side of me, and he is one of the few who could cut in with fine effect. For instance, Gladstone told a Bacchanalian story which you will remember in Dean Ramsay—the story that ends “Please, sir, I be the boy that loosens the neckcloths.”¹ He told it *a propos* of my port, which he found as pure as the old Irish Newfoundland port (I misdoubt me that Gladstone is not a fine judge of wine), and so he placed this story in Ireland, and said he heard it from Lord Powerscourt, who had it of old Lord Roden, who as a young man had taken part in one of those Irish Christmas revelries (or devilries). Now to this not fresh story Lord Aberdare gave distinction by a finely delivered quotation from Thomson’s “Autumn,” where Thomson describes the Topers one by one “sliding soft” to ground, and the Parson with “vast paunch,” that “black abyss of drink,” scornfully quitting his “buried flock” with a sigh over the degeneracy of modern times.

I had spoken to Gladstone of the British faith in instinct and of its correlative distrust of book knowledge and of training for training’s sake. I told him that the great engineers, *i.e.* the pioneers of the profession, the men who broke the broadest breadth of ground and faced the biggest jobs and strongest tasks, were not only, as might be expected, untrained men, but were conspicuously without mathematical and what is called scientific knowledge. In every walk of life I suggested that natural adaptation or instinct counted for nine-tenths of success, that training could only work upon the remaining tenth, and that mere training was often a hindrance or even a reproach. This was my only hit in the whole conversation.

Gladstone recurred to it twice over in order to find evidences. He related with much gusto the story of an English sea captain in the St. Lawrence who, when we depended wholly on the French for pilotage, refused to

¹ See p. 144, Chapter III.

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be beholden to any "D——d frog-eater," and swore he would navigate the ship himself, though he had never been up the river. This astonishing feat he performed with unerring instinct, and roughly refused every compliment, swearing that there were much more difficult places in the Thames.

To my mind a happier and sounder bit of evidence was the other he cited, when he spoke of the remarkable success and, indeed, fidelity of the early translation of the Bible. The early translators, he affirmed, had what I should call the instinct of translation, a qualification singularly wanting in the most learned of modern translators, and of more value than all the light and knowledge acquired between the Translation and the Revision.

I stop here. If I run into another sheet, you may put the whole by unread.

We return here to the beginning of the correspondence in 1882 and give some quotations in order of date:

January 24, '82.

People here have such preposterous notions about the pre-eminence of politics! It must be delightful to you to escape the ring and the sawdust, the acrobats and the clowns. While the rest of us are drearily waiting for the "Here we are again," you are traversing a kingdom, sowing seeds of prosperity, and making industry mark your track. Forgive my curly-tailed style.

July 21, '82.

We have gone from bad to worse. The weariness of this House of dull dispute is intolerable. It is like travelling through a dreary country in a perpetually stopping train. The fidget of it and the futility are beyond belief. I think to myself what Elswick would come to if every clerk in the place could have his say about everything and pull up the coach whenever he pleased. No business could stand it, and I don't think the British Empire will for so very long.

Lefevre, as I write, is talking to me. Bryce is on my other side. You can imagine the scene at the Lobby

BEAUTIFUL LADY GRANVILLE

round tables. Within, the eternal Babel and battle is rising and falling, as we press slowly forward to a division on the Third Reading of the Coercion Bill. Heaven grant we may get it *easy* in the small hours.

I have seen something of Leveson-Gower. It happened this wise. Lymington asked me three or four times to Hurstbourne, and at last I went. The party consisted of the Granvilles, Lowell, and Henry Cowper. It was like old days with you. We strolled in the park and gardens all the while, and in the result I subsequently lunched with the Granvilles and dined with them twice. Have I told you all this? And how on the Sunday afternoon there arrived Wilfrid Blunt and Lady Anne! You can picture to yourself the delightful confusion. Lady Granville is very interesting, sweet and stately and simple. No deer stepped half so gracefully across the sward. And what lovely avenues there are in Hurstbourne Park! Do you know them? Henry Cowper's quiet purling talk you know well. It is like Gilbert White or Isaak Walton.

But the debate on the Third Reading has collapsed, and now at 12.15 we are dividing. So I come back to politics. Egypt, I suppose, will swallow up Ireland. I don't think matters have gone much amiss. But, no doubt, we are too much at the mercy of accident. Bright's secession does not seem seriously to weaken us. It is regarded as personal and somewhat conventional. Still, no doubt, the Liberal enthusiasm is worn out, and we are face to face with very sober critics.

November 10, '82.

I write now in the midst of the final debate on the Closure. Cowen has made a big rhetorical effort. Henry James has drummed him out of the Liberal ranks. Hicks-Beach is mildly thundering. The division is in full view. I suppose all your friends are here, for the House is, of course, brimming. Lubbock, however, abstains. For my part I find myself slow to take special views. I don't get hold of the corner of a thing. It escapes me altogether or I grasp it all. And I think it is corner-catching that makes men join caves.

Of Egypt you will have heard all the gossip. There is no doubt that the star-guided night march was a con-

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

siderable military feat. The least mishap might have converted it into a failure. One such was narrowly avoided. The Grenadier Guards were sound asleep when the staff came upon them in their inspection of the lines. And but for steadiness, the men might well have fired upon the staff. A strong Arabist cavalry force made a reconnaissance the same night, but took a wide enough circuit to miss the entire British army on its march, and came in sight of Kassassin only in time to hear the firing at Tel-el-Kebir and retire. Wolseley is as chirpy as ever, and just as wren-like.

I think much of you when changes of office are spoken of. There are four vacancies in the Cabinet, *if* Gladstone goes. The Duchy, Exchequer, and Lord Spencer, besides the Treasury. The notion is that Gladstone's remarkable gaiety and general light-heartedness presage a retirement, and even his friends think the moment would be well chosen, especially as the lull in Irish affairs may prove short. But you and I will, I think, feel that retirement is not in Gladstone's power, whatever his wish. Neither his nature nor his following in the country will assent. He has often spoken of devoting his last years to sacred and personal duties. I can quite believe that he contemplates securing a certain span of leisure before the end. But can he? If he goes, they say Lord Granville will say he is too old for the premiership and that Lord Hartington will reign. Goschen has privately renounced his difficulties about the county franchise—at least to J. Morley, who tells me so—and he is evidently preparing to take Office. Forster's return is, of course, most probable, however unacceptable to two members of the Cabinet and indifferent (as I think) to the House. Dilke's promotion is, of course, secured, and Childers' health alone involves some change of work. Bryce wants a little taming, yet I don't fancy he would prove too ardent in a higher degree than Wodehouse too official. Lyulph Stanley represents political garlie. Put him in the ministerial dietary and the whole party would reek of him, but he has a great fund of energy and much knowledge. Fowler, as you predicted, is acceptable to the House, and an excellent middle-aged middle-class middling style of business man, superior to Cross, I

THE CABINET, 1883

should think. Lord E. FitzMaurice* the House and Party would accept, too, but I should be sorry to ask why.

January 21, '83.

I wonder what you will think of the Ministerial changes. They say that Lord Derby's going to the Colonies was quite an afterthought. But you will probably hear all about it direct. I suppose there is some regard for Lord Lansdowne in FitzMaurice's appointment. I have seen FitzMaurice, and he is, of course, very much gratified. I don't suppose it will be a very popular appointment, or Brand's either.

It looks like a premium on caves. Apparently, it is better to begin with a little aversion. J. K. Cross does not strike one as a strong man all round, but he must be liked. Bryce is too eager, perhaps, and various. He must be let blow off or settle down. We are all hoping for a dull session, and I can't think that the Conservatives, at any rate, will give us so very much trouble.

April 6, '83.

Have I written since John Morley's election for Newcastle? I think not. I was muzzled and merely an on-looker at it. Elswick ward is the biggest and determines all elections, and I am the only real Liberal in Elswick management. So I thought it hardly fair to try to turn Elswick influence to account. But I shewed Morley through the works and identified myself with him, which pleased our men, who voted for him *en bloc*.

Morley made a first-rate Newcastle candidate. He stood "heckling," with his encyclopædic political knowledge serving him in good stead, and of course his speeches were beautifully finished in style. I heard one only. He has dropped easily into his place in the House of Commons, made a modest and useful first speech on Transvaal business, and is likely to do well, though journalism must be, I should think, a demoralising sort of training for the H. of C. And Morley's first lesson would be that the Parnellites are not as worthy of his sympathy as he had thought. By the bye, the Irish vote went *en masse* against him at Newcastle. Of Cowen's conduct he spoke

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

to me at the time as "base." And as for his Parnellite friends, when he wrote to them in distress, fearing that Cowenite abstentions and an adverse Irish vote might defeat him, they replied that they could do nothing for him, the Irish vote being a purely local matter! I understand that Morley gives up the *P.M.G.* very shortly, and that he takes the editorship of *Macmillan*, so as to secure a modest income and adequate leisure for his political life. On the whole, I suppose it not unlikely that he will not be so influential as before; but, of course, he has greater prizes before him.

Trevelyan is doing well. He ages and she also, but their courage and simplicity are a "liberal education." He goes to Sandringham for next Sunday to renew old terms. He tells me he knew the Prince very well indeed until he went into politics, when we can understand the interruption. I see something of him still, but am sparing of any claim on so taxed yet so gentle a spirit. Of personal fear he seems incapable. (They don't say that of big Harcourt.) But, when the dynamite business began, he did observe to me that while all the other precautions affected him not at all, he did suffer at times to think what dynamite might do for hearth and home, the women and the children.

The Lubbocks have come to town and to the old house, he as young and Mrs. Mulholland as beautiful as ever. It was at one of the children's small "Mondays" that I was talking to Mrs. M., and my wife to Mrs. Godley close by, when Mrs. Godley said, loud enough for us to hear, "Who is that lovely woman?" Surely she will not long remain insensible to all the homage she gets.

Lord and Lady Lansdowne have called on us; it enables me to exchange a few words now and again with the man of the most brilliant *ensemble* I have ever seen.

May 3, '83.

In the House we have nothing but purely Parliamentary sword-play. It has been necessary to remit genuine work to Committees. In the sham fighting of the Opposition and the vulgar pushing and posing of individuals it is hard to take pleasure or part. And so this place is.

A WATER-PARTY TO THE TOWER

very barren fruit now for me, and I am here as little as possible.

Society and the Capital have lost influence. Is the House to follow suit? All this futility and pettiness must surely be shaking the faith and respect of the country. The Provinces will find that, just as they are prepared to think for themselves and have learnt their power, they have it laid upon them to think for us, too, and teach us to do our business. We shall be getting Chamberlains by the score, and the caucus will rule us with a vengeance. Forgive me, I must be infected by Newdigate's oratory. He has started the ball to-night, and I am unconsciously proving like the political Tupper.

June 29, '83.

Wednesday was a day that would have interested you. Shaw Lefevre got up a water-party to the Tower. It grew on his hands to unexpected proportions, and in spite of dull cold weather was a great success. Everybody came, and the boatload was as interesting a collection of people of present note as I have ever seen.

As I came on board Bright stepped off the boat, looking nervous and weak. "What! going?" say we. "Yes, I don't like a crowd," replies Bright. Hereupon Evelyn Ashley makes loud and coarse comment, "The tribune of the people and afraid of a crowd!" Chamberlain, too, is made to feel Whig asperities. Tenniel's admirable cartoon is just out, and he is complimented on it almost beyond his powers of complacency. The Gladstones are particularly delighted with it. And certainly Tenniel has never been happier than in that duckling.

We landed next the Traitor's Gate. Hartington has a bright idea at sight of it. "Here, Chamberlain, come along. I want to shew you something. Do you see that's the Traitor's Gate!" Lord Houghton, like Bright, dislikes the crowd, but thinks the crowd should leave him, and not he it. "I can't see what business people have here that never had an ancestor—decapitated." I don't enquire his credentials in reply. But when I tell the story at dinner to Lady Louisa Egerton, she says, "I have no patience with Lord Houghton. What is his ancestry? Nothing but respectable persons. When he

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was staying at my uncle's we shewed him some tombstones of Milnes or Moncktons in the churchyard, very worthy good people, his own grandfathers and grandmothers. And he shrugs his shoulders and says, 'An illegitimate branch of my family!'

This was at dinner at Lord Granville's. Strange to say, I was asked there again and again on the occasion of the Duc d'Aumale dining there. This sort of entertainment touches every luxurious instinct in man. The host perfect in his way, the hostess in hers, the house and appliances in theirs, and the guests selected almost as though by yourself—could I say more? Of all sensuous delights Lady G. rises queen. It was a State Concert—that is, Jewel night, and low-dress night—and she was as lustrous as her splendid diamonds. And she has a little trick in the carriage of her perfect figure, a delicate undulation of throat and neck like the movement of a swan gently pressing the stream.

After dinner the Duc d'Aumale entered upon his father's reminiscences. He lamented he could recall little of what his father had told him of the week he spent with Washington at Mount Vernon. His mother used to beg him to write down his father's stories of it, but he put off doing so till too late. However, he was keen in his recollection of Louis Philippe's experience at Reichenau, and he told a startling story of his father's visit to Paris somewhere (I suppose) about the time of the triumph of the Commune over the Assemblée Nationale and certainly not long after the massacre of September. Louis Philippe presented himself to the Provisional Government of the time and was tendering his services, when he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder and saw a man unknown to him. "*Je suis Danton—Laissez ces imbéciles! et venez me voir ce soir à 8 heures. Vous êtes un jeune homme. Vous n'êtes à Paris que depuis vingt quatre heures et vous avez déjà parlé trop. Je sais tout ce que vous avez dit, tout ce que vous avez fait. Et vous avez parlé contre le massacre du 2 Septembre. Mais, c'est moi qui l'a fait. Il fallait faire couler un ruisseau de sang entre les émigrés et ces Parisiens qui sont des canailles, etc. etc. Allez à Strasbourg, je vais arranger pour vous.*" Put my dog-French into good French, please, and remember that I only

TORIES "GOING IN FOR ROWDYISM"

caught fragments, for I had yielded my place opposite the Duke, and National Gallery Buxton would talk to me, who thus had to listen to two at once.

September 3, '83.

You say I have not told you about George Russell's appointment. "Is it a good one?" I think we have had rather too many Whig appointments. Not so much because I object to so many Whigs, but because half-a-dozen Whigs are generally counterbalanced by some one out-and-out Radical or pure Provincial, and no appointment seems made on simple ground of personal fitness. I don't think the House or Party were very enthusiastic about Russell. He is a clever young man, smart and serviceable. But after Ashley and FitzMaurice, I think a Russell was rather surfeiting, and besides, some felt he had played up to it a little too much. Gossips said that he crept up Miss Mary Gladstone's sleeve, corresponded with her during the *séjour* at Cannes, and wrote admirable letters which were to attract her father. Then he published a timely article repudiating Whig-craft. However, he is too bright, intelligent, and desirous to please not to conciliate the House, and I have no doubt he will benefit by his early start and overcome any little grudge his selection may have produced.

March 26, '84.

I often go to Wales. If I were younger and more audacious I think I might become more than member for Montgomeryshire. There is an inclination to single me out. I was asked to be champion of a very Welsh institution, Aberystwyth College. It was an altogether forlorn hope, but has been won. I think I might head the disestablishment movement, but I am not stepping forward. I shall let things take their course. If I am wanted I shall be found. If not, I am the better pleased.

You must be amused as well as interested with the turn of affairs in the Tory camp. The Fourth Party is triumphant. That little political strumpet has wriggled into the bed. It is shocking to see the virtuous but lumpish wife jostled out of it in almost indecent disorder. Clearly the Tory Party are going in for rowdyism.

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and for tickling the street arabs. They are opening a Gin Palace with plenty of glare and unlimited stimulants of the most fiery kind. You can't get politically drunk anywhere else so cheap or in looser company. The question is, Will the sober party prove the stronger at the next election? Thank Heaven for Scotland—aye, even for Wales! Their steadiness may help to right John Bull. But what a lecherous, vain, and imbecile old customer he sometimes shews himself!

July 25, '84.

The other day Mrs. George Howard¹ drew for my benefit a murky forecast of the future relations of labour and capital. Socialism will, in her view—first and rightly first—deal with the inequalities in the respective profits and prospects of the manufacturer and his workmen. I like this Patrician-Radical view of the mote in my eye! I doubt the workman's touching the goose that lays such golden eggs as Elswick. For thirty years we have created new and new demands and brought into existence fresh forms of employment, and in varying degree the same is the case generally in manufacture. The British workman knows better than to knock out his own brains, that is to say, the commanders-in-chief and purveyors-general of labour. He will and he does squeeze us, but not the life out of us.

October 7, '84.

Politics, you see, run high. The Tory Party is assuming its new character with singular rapidity. I suppose they might have rallied a sufficient contingent of the lower classes to overpower the middle, had these been the days of Bright and Cobden or of Goschen and Forster. But I think we have outflanked them with Dilke and Chamberlain, and that Gladstone sweeps the whole front. Randolph Churchill's success is undoubted. He is the idol of the urban swaggerers and rowdy adventurers of all categories. The confidence and prominence he gives them must, I think, only irritate and quicken the sobriety of the nation. He enlivens Tories, but he exasperates Liberals—and makes them too.

¹ *Afterwards Lady Carlisle.*

RADICALS AND FADICALS

Chamberlain and his sister come here [Plas Dinam, Montgomeryshire] for three nights this month. He has kindly agreed to "demonstrate" in Wales. Wales returns a compact body of Liberal members, but with singularly small results. We are in desperate want of a voice in the Cabinet and a powerful leader. Perhaps I have been rash in suggesting to Chamberlain to offer himself in that capacity, but on looking to the future and scanning our leaders, I have ventured on that step. I doubt whether Nonconformity will keep solidly Liberal after all grievances are redressed, or perhaps even unless grievances are being redressed. Wales is very open to bribes, and the Tories are adepts at political bribery. The only great grievance left is the Establishment. Chamberlain will find Wales the best fulcrum for his Free Church programme, and so I think he is the man to keep us alive and to give us weight.

These interesting sketches by Lord Rendel are admirably matched by the light-hearted, yet informing, replies from Grant-Duff, of which, however, there is space for only a few examples:

May 1, 1882.

Ireland is as annoying as ever. My formula has always been—Concede every just demand, leave no vestige of a grievance, *but keep the peace of the country and put down any attempt at resistance with unflinching severity*. I have the utmost confidence in the present Cabinet. It would be impossible to get together a better out of the ranks of politics, and they know all the facts. I accordingly have ever bowed and still bow to their decision without murmur, and I am quite aware of the immense difficulty there would have been in getting our few Radicals and our many Fadicals to agree to *real* coercion; but if we get to the end of the business without the rope and the bayonet, I confess I shall be surprised, and think even more highly of the Cabinet than I do now.

June 24, '82.

The whole charm of Parliament as a career for ability is for the present gone. I look back on the House, as it has been since Ireland came to the front, with mere loathing.

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July 16, '82.

Your horror of St. Stephen's does not surprise me. It had become a hateful place even to me, who had spent so much of my life in it. I cannot help thinking, however, that there must be a change. Yet, even if there is, it can never be again even what it was when I entered it. Parliaments as late as 1857 were rare things; now they are as common as blackberries. An M.P. was a personage in lands where there were no M.P.s.—or no M.P.s. who dared to call their souls their own. And these loathsome people have vulgarised the whole thing. It really seems hardly respectable to speak in an assembly where they do so.

December 22, '82.

We know thus far of two Cabinet changes only—the accession of Lord Derby and the transfer of Kimberley to the India Office. Reuter led us to believe for a whole week that Lord Derby was to be the new Indian Minister, and I wrote both to him and to her in that belief. As I have long been in the habit of saying that I think he should be permanent Secretary of State for India under all Governments, I should have been extremely pleased, but am delighted to serve under my old master, with whom I always got on to perfection. There is no better “man of business” in English politics, and if Mallet and he pull well together, the combination of elements so powerful and so different will be an excellent one.

From a telegram in one of our papers we gather that some action which this Government was obliged lately to take against a newspaper here has been falsely represented to the London *Times* as having been the result of some criticism upon me or this Government in the said newspaper. That is a pure fiction. What we did was simply to exclude from certain privileges accorded to the Press here the newspaper in question for having published a long official paper which had not been communicated to the Press and which can have only reached the editor's hands by the betrayal of his trust on the part of some high official or, what is ten thousand times more probable, practically amounting to certainty, by

BRITISH WORK IN INDIA

theft on the part of some humbler individual. I have not the slightest reason to believe that the paper which we were obliged to punish had ever criticised any of us, but if we were not strict about such things no paper would be safe in this most venal of venal countries.

May 25, '83.

Yes, much to the credit of human nature, or at least of that portion of it which is shut up in his bosom, Dilke has hardly ever while in England missed a mail since I left that country. His notes are very short, but admirably to the point, constantly making just the difference of my understanding or not understanding something that it is most desirable to understand.

April 20, '84.

We have been getting through a great deal of legislative work, and have now what seems to me an excellent system of local self-government, alike for the towns and rural districts of this Presidency. When shall you be able to say the same for the United Kingdom, let alone Ireland? I think the system we have created is quite safe. You have gathered, I daresay, that with much regard for Lord Ripon and every wish to let everybody manage his own affairs as far as is possible, I have just as little of his philo-native enthusiasm as I have of the detestable anti-native rage which broke forth in connexion with that twopenny-halfpenny Ilbert Bill, but in matters of self-government, as in a great many others, I should, if I were to go home just now at the end of my thirtieth month, leave this great province in a very different state from that in which I found it. I hope the second half of my five years may see also a great many beneficent changes, though none of them will, I hope and think, be of a sensational character.

October 30, '84.

You will be gratified to see what a number of sensible things the people here have asked for, and what a number of the things they asked for we have been able to do or to put in hand. Likewise I think you will see with pleasure how perfectly frankly, when they ask for

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the moon, I tell them that it is not in my power to present them with that luminary.

In one way, the life of an Indian Governor is very thankless. He is abused like a pickpocket by everyone in this country, always excepting a few friends, and the powers of journalistic lying in these latitudes are super-human. But the climate is divine, there is a considerable percentage of pleasant people, and the inlets for new knowledge which a Governor has, if he pleases, are very remarkable. No one has more, except a small German Prince like the Grand Duke of Weimar, who and his like are better situated in that behalf than any of the creatures of God.

January 20, '86.

I wish our dear good friend John Bright, if he must talk about India at all, would study it a little more. He really does not know his facts, although some of his broad views are excellent, and we poor devils work towards them in our own poor way, having regard to those damned limitations of all political and other action—time and space.

April 23, '86.

I await with some anxiety the next accounts of your health. A member of Parliament who, under present circumstances, can write sixteen pages to a friend without once mentioning the thrice-accursed subject of Ireland, is almost too good to live.

Your anecdotes are perfectly admirable, and your appreciation, in the French sense, of the merits of Gladstone's conversation has your usual curious felicity of expression.

Amongst recent guests at Government House in Madras, we had Sir W. Gregory, who was very much noticed by Peel, when, just out of his infancy, he came into Parliament. He entirely confirmed what Cardwell had told me of Peel's extreme unreserve when he was quite at his ease, especially with young men. He was fond of telling on these occasions stories of a more Walpolean kind than I could have believed, of which both my informants gave illustrations.

You say that Gladstone seemed surprised at Disraeli's

C.-B. AT THE WAR OFFICE

having dined with Peel. I am not. Lord Houghton told me that, when it was clear that the Whig Government was going to pieces in 1841, Lord Cottesloe, then Sir W. Fremantle, said to him, "Milnes! you know the young men better than I do: when we come in, which of them ought we to bring forward?" "Well," replied Houghton, "certainly George Smythe, but, above all, Disraeli." "So I think," rejoined the other, "and so does Sir Robert, but the fact is Stanley hates him so that he will have nothing to do with any combination in which Disraeli has a place, however humble."

I am so sorry I cannot forward your letter to poor Arthur Stanley in the next world. No one that I have known had so keen a pleasure in an historical anecdote. I remember his telling me of the interest with which he observed, in front of your present house, the marks of the wafers which had fastened the bulletins, telling how the life of the great man was ebbing away. I remember, too, that he had a special interest in the laurel-crowned statue of James II. just round the corner, because it had stood there unharmed all through the Revolution. They manage things otherwise, and not better, in France.

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman's visit to Château Thorenc in 1907 and some of his conversations have been already noted. There is little record of correspondence, beyond pleasant personal notes. It was Sir Henry, who when appointed to the War office in 1886, and believing Lord Rendel selected for the Colonies, wrote to him:

Many thanks for your very friendly congratulations. Though I feel in one sense "at home" in the W.O., I am rather appalled at finding myself at the head of it. If what I hear is true, I hope I may return congratulations. In many ways one loses by becoming an official, but in your case the party and the country will gain by obtaining a most able and accomplished servant. I wish you all luck in your duties.

On the eve of his departure for Cannes on March 23, 1907, in a note that shows the simplicity of his character, Sir Henry writes:

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As you suggest, my object is rest and quiet, and although I am quite ready for anything, I shall be perfectly content to see nobody, and especially politicians! I do not want to be anything of a personage, and shall try especially to slip through Paris unnoticed. I have been very well lately, and have nothing of the invalid about me; but peace, air, and sun will be grateful. I am due at Cannes at 10.20 p.m. I hope that will be a not inconvenient hour to arrive at, and I may be left to slip quietly into bed. I shall have been so fed up in the train that I shall want nothing. I am not only good at travelling, but fond of all its incidents and arrangements. I never travel with an English servant, but in my present uncomfortable position I am told I must not go alone. So I am taking a courier, whom we have long known as the guide and protector of friends of ours.

And on his return, he sends to Lady Rendel this charming expression of thanks:

10, *Downing Street*, Apr. 12.

Since returning here I have been so overwhelmed with business that I have had no time to write a personal letter, but I have been desirous of sending you a few lines to express, however feebly, my deep sense of the kindness which made my stay with you so thoroughly enjoyable. One and all, from the head of the house downwards (or upwards), you were so good and thoughtful, and secured so much for me the very mixture of rest and amusement that I enjoy most, that I shall always look back with delight on Thorenc and its inmates. They are framed in its beauties, and the inmates are more beautiful to me even than the surroundings. I thank you most warmly for it all. We had a good journey; a pleasant time in Paris, where I saw some of my favourites, men and women; and now here we are, set to the old familiar tiresome grind.

Later he writes regretting a second visit to be impossible, being detained in London "helping to prepare the dishes and decant the wines for the Parliamentary feast which opens in February."

ASQUITH'S PLEASANT MENACE

Of Mr. Asquith's visit to Thorenc in 1910 there is also an account elsewhere. In this case, again, there is no correspondence to quote from, beyond an equally charming acknowledgment:

I had a most comfortable journey. Mr. Peronne was kind enough to meet me at St. Raphael, and we discovered in the course of conversation that we had been at the same school in Yorkshire—the Moravian establishment at Fulneck—though at a widely separated interval in point of time—he in the '80's, I (alas!) in the '60's.

I cannot thank you in words which would adequately express my real gratitude for your gracious hospitality, your unfailing consideration, and your delightful and stimulating companionship. I have never enjoyed a holiday more or gained so much good from it. I left Violet and her party most comfortably installed at Gênevriers. You have been to her and me a veritable *deus ex machina*. I can only end with a menace—that at the first opportunity I shall come again.

There is less record of correspondence between Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Rendel than might be expected, remembering how closely interested both were in Welsh national politics. The explanation is that Mr. Lloyd George was beginning to emerge into prominence when Lord Rendel was beginning to withdraw. But no one more warmly welcomed the oncoming of young men of talent than Lord Rendel, or gave them earlier recognition or kinder encouragement. Mr. Lloyd George repeatedly acknowledged this. In 1905 he wrote, "Your great services to Wales in the past have made a deep and ineradicable impression on the Welsh mind," and "What a very happy time you gave my colleagues and myself at Cannes! We constantly talk of it as one of the most delightful experiences of our lives."

In 1912, when Mr. Lloyd George was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lord Rendel had placed his Brighton house at his service for temporary escape from Ministerial cares,

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Mrs. Lloyd George writes to tell him that it was through these week-ends at Brighton that "my husband's health was saved from breaking down when he piloted the Budget through the House." And a little later, when they are giving up Lord Rendel's Brighton house for a cottage nearer London: "My husband wishes me to thank you for your life-long kindness to him during the whole of his political career. He appreciates your kindness and friendship more than I can put down in words."

That Lord Rendel had an honest respect for Mr. Lloyd George all through the days when the "upper classes" were denouncing him, and recognised qualities of character that lay beneath the surface, appears convincingly in a brilliant character study contained in letters from Lord Rendel to Sir Stafford Howard just after the departure of Mr. Asquith from his villa at Cannes:

February 15, 1910.

Have you not often felt that in matters of good breeding and good manners a Tory may steal a horse, whereas a Radical must not look over the gate? And are not Radicals too ready to protest their character for good manners by joining Tories too hotly in denouncing Radical lapses? I have often felt that some of us give ourselves needlessly away, and are almost ready to accept the Tory doctrine that we are cads by nature and the Tories gentlefolk.

When Lloyd George speaks of "robbing the hen-roosts" and of "first of the litter," etc., etc., we of his party don't seem sufficiently able to control our horror at such vulgarities. Yet I do not know of a single defection by him from a good standard of honour and integrity in political controversy, whereas the sins of the Tory Party in this general election have been universal. I do not think that in any election in our times there has been such widespread and shameless and deliberate disingenuousness as on the Tory side of late. The half truth, worse than any lie, which was made such use of against every Liberal who had voted with the Government on the pauper disqualification amendment, was an example .

AN ANALYSIS OF LLOYD GEORGE

of despicable baseness on the Tory side. Not all the Limehouse and Newcastle flights of metaphor and illustration could come within a thousand miles of such degradation.

There is nothing cowardly or false about Lloyd George's speeches. Some can call him scurrilous. But he never hits below the belt. He has chivalry as well as courage. His worst offence is that, like the rude, vulgar boys in *Punch*, he shocks the self-complacent, trips up the pompous, and strips off the Tory buckram. It is this power of his that has caused men like Chamberlain and Balfour to steer clear of him. No doubt it was rude to say, "Too much Rothschild." But, oh, what good it has done! It was rather harsh of him to tilt at the dukes. Of course, there are good and bad dukes. But there is no Liberal duke, and it was time to shake up England a little about dukes—I let alone duchesses. Thackeray was a snob in his satire of English snobbishness. Lloyd George is not a snob. He is, as a Welsh peasant, simply outside social veneration that neither he nor his forebears have ever known. The distinction has some importance, if it exists.

In my belief Lloyd George is free from all the irritable social jealousy which is the curse of English life. His defects are almost as obvious as his abilities. He cannot, in a sense, read or write, and must in the end suffer the consequences. But he is not a demagogue, and he is not a firebrand or an egotist. His personal ambition will never cost the country a tithe of the evil that Chamberlain's personal ambition has already cost it. I can think of no greater irony than the adulation of Chamberlain and the denigration of Lloyd George by English Society. The talents of the two men have remarkable similarity, but their characters are utterly opposed. That English Society takes the one for a mirror of patriotism and of unselfish and loyal statesmanship and the other for a scurrilous and low-minded self-seeking egotist, is to my mind an extraordinary delusion.

I will admit that Lloyd George may lose his head. He has genius, and genius is erratic. Chamberlain is to the core an English middle-class trader; Lloyd George a "child of nature." I agree, also, that we may have lost

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votes by Lloyd George. But how many have we gained? And you cannot well gain much without also losing a little.

February 27, 1910.

I should say—as a guess—that at bottom there is more loyalty and straightforwardness in Lloyd George than in Winston Churchill, and of the two men I fancy I had rather see Lloyd George in command of Liberal fortunes. However, in any case, I suppose, Winston Churchill will outstrip him. He has far more varied resources.

The word “constituted” in the Speech quite upset me. I must think it was due to some compromise with the King, backed by Grey and Haldane. I cannot understand how this Cabinet should have for a moment contemplated undertaking reconstitution of the Lords. This is not the right moment, nor is this the right House of Commons, nor are the Ministry the right men for such a task. What a spectacle we should make of ourselves if we ever had come to the point of introducing a Reform Bill of the Lords! On no possible subject could we develop among ourselves wider differences. I cannot believe that Asquith can have assented to such a compromising word as “constituted” except under some extraordinary circumstances, such as would better have caused him to decline to form a Government. However, we shall soon see whether reform is to be jettisoned. If it is not, we shall soon go to pieces, I fear. I wonder whether Grey or Haldane had anything to do with this “constituted” and whether Winston or L. G. gave sinister consent. I cannot think it of L. G., though I dare say he and Edward Grey are at opposite poles in the Cabinet.

Brighton, December 29, 1910.

I never expected so effective a campaign against the Lords as many on our side did. Bread-and-butter questions, such as the Budget was, stir the electorate deeply. There is, no doubt, some popular resentment over the new pretensions of the Lords. But the quarrel is rather between the two Houses than between the Lords and the constituencies.

I think that multitudes of voters regard the House of

HOUSE OF LORDS REFORM

Commons as quite able to take care of itself, and are in no great anxiety or haste to rush to its rescue when it takes to screaming for help. Many voters probably enjoy the row, and as sportsmen wish only for fair play and a fight to a finish.

The same line of feeling makes me no great believer in House of Lords reform. My notion is that the country generally is attached to its historic institutions and accepts their anomalies as interesting and harmless features. You remember how Mr. Gladstone, in arguing for increased grants to the Royal Family, urged that if we had a Monarchy it needs must be "splendid." The House of Lords, in my belief, gets as little of its credit and strength from its legislation as from its judicial functions. It is as a survival and as a picturesque and impressive spectacle—like the Lord Mayor's show—that it is valued by the masses. The less it is meddled with the better, I believe. As for the idea that it can be reconstituted and rendered a great and beneficent factor in political life, I have never been able to agree with those who represented that object as practicable.

The House of Commons will never, I believe, put its hand to any reform of the Lords, which will at the same time weaken itself and strengthen a rival Chamber. Now that the Lords have wholly lost their ancient hold of the Commons and that the Commons have secured the purse, there is no doubt in my mind that the predominant partner will never share men and power with the crippled partner. How anyone can suppose that a mongrel House of Lords will take with the country I cannot understand. Representation it understands. Heredity it understands. A jumble of both with exhausted bureaucrats and decayed or extinct "men of mark" will prove a variety show lamentably short of popular favour or acceptance.

Here are two notes of some interest from Mr. Andrew Carnegie, whom Lord Rendel came to know through Morley.

Skibo Castle, August 3, 1900.

It seems like shooting up into the sky to address you; where this reaches you, who can tell? I enjoyed your

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kind letter much. It is not often we get such congenial visitors these days. How War Madness affects the many! But our day approaches. Reason, Mercy, Justice—these are soon to triumph. A short time and our two wars, Boer and Filipino, will be voted blunders and, after a time, crimes. The Castle goes up steadily, and the Salmon Loch is to begin being filled about September 1, and we shall soon know whether we have a salmon supply. I have no doubt on the matter. Business is backward in the United States and must soon be with you.

From his New York address, and clearly in response to an appeal for aid for some Welsh educational cause, comes the following highly characteristic reply:

January 28, 1902.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You give an interesting account of Welsh education. My position is peculiar. I have two countries to which gifts can properly be made. In all others I should be an intruder. Suppose a British millionaire offered Harvard or Columbia a million sterling. How would the offer be received? The money might be taken—probably would be, altho' that is not certain by any means. More likely an American millionaire would arise and say, "If Harvard needs money, it is my right to supply it. No foreign aid required or desired." But if money were taken from the Briton, he would be regarded as an officious, fussy, and, upon the whole, bouncy fellow. No, my friend, I shall not reflect upon British millionaires by entering on their field of duty—please ponder and see whether I am not prudent in so deciding. Kind regards to Madam. Hope to see you in Cannes.

Always your friend,

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Why don't Britons help Wales, when those you name made fortunes there?—A. C.

Here, dated 1906, is an interesting estimate by a high permanent official of Lord Kitchener, apparently in reply to Lord Rendel's search for the "right man" for Elswick:

AN ESTIMATE OF KITCHENER

I cannot help saying that I doubt, with all respect to Milner, whether "Kitchener is your man," *i.e.* whether he is the man to manage a big commercial concern. He has great qualities, and I admire him more than most people do; but I have heard a good deal about him these last few years, some of which makes me think that Milner is hardly up to date about him. For certain purposes, more especially for official reforms and administration, I believe him to be really great; but he is very masterful, and I am afraid not a very good colleague. However, Milner knows him better than I do by far, and perhaps I am presumptuous. I should say that he would certainly either make a spoon or spoil a horn. All that I suggest is that you should consider and inquire further, before taking any decisive step.

Two little notes of some interest from Lord Eversley:

March 6, 1911.

Who would have dreamt that John Morley would end his political life by leading in the House of Lords? It seems that the strain of the last three or four years and the two general elections have told heavily on Ministers. Lloyd George has not yet recovered his strength, and other Ministers are below par. On the other hand, Asquith seems to be very hearty. He has never made better speeches than in this Session. Churchill's speech in the Home Rule debate was also a very great performance. It was as good as any that Gladstone ever made on the subject.

August 12, 1911.

- What an interesting scene it was last night in the Lords! I have never before known it in a state of passion. The break in the Tory Party will not soon be mended. I take it that behind the immediate cause, the differences as to the way of dealing with the Parliament Bill, there was
- profound dissatisfaction with the leadership of the Party in both Houses. I doubt whether Lord Lansdowne will
- be able to retain his position.

And one from Lord Welby in rather the same strain:

- Last night's division took a load off my mind. Crewe's

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sentiment is mine. The whole business of creating 400 or 500 (new Peers) is odious to me. I don't blame the Government. The House of Lords has shown itself incorrigible, and last night's division is only the last bit of evidence that drastic measures alone could bring it to reason. Nevertheless, the drastic instrument is odious, and its result would have been in one sense ridiculous. It is true the chief part of the ridicule would have rested on the Opposition; but there would have been ridicule. However, the result, narrow as it was, has saved the House of Lords from shame and the country from ridicule.

Lord Bryce, July 12, 1900:

What you say about public affairs is all perfectly true; and I perfectly understand your feelings. These have been miserable months, in which one has had to blush for one's country and I am sorry to say, to some extent, for one's party too, for there has been a great deal of timidity shown. People who think as you and I do fear to speak out, and by their silence, when they are called on to speak, swell the stream of blatant and vulgar Jingoism. Like you, I often think of Mr. Gladstone; indeed, may say that I hardly ever forget him.

From the Irish Office on his appointment as Chief Secretary for Ireland five years later:

Your most kind letter gives me more cheer and encouragement than, I think, any other that has reached me. It is to me very doubtful whether it is not a rash thing for a man at my age to attempt such a task. Ten years ago, things would have been very different. Nor do I feel sure that I may not find myself obliged, on grounds of health, to quit the post. I told C.-B. so at the time. But when one is asked to do what one can to bring justice and sympathy into play in such a country as Ireland, one must try. Thank you again, old friend.

Admiral Lord Fisher turns to Lord Rendel as naturally as all the rest to challenge his sympathy and reiterate his own Naval Gospel:

CHRISTMASTIDE IN THE COUNTRY

May 30, '92.

You know we spend much more on the Army than the Navy. I hope you will allow what I said during our pleasant conversation at Christie's to prey on your mind—that what we require is a redistribution of the money as between Navy and Army. By the Navy we must stand or fall. The Navy is in very truth not merely our first but our only safe line of defence. Our Empire would cease to exist if we lost the command of the Sea. Unhappily, we have diverted, and continue to divert, millions from the Navy and squander them on costly military arrangements to meet an enemy on our shores. Our maritime frontier must be the territorial waters of the enemy.

Finally, to bring these selections to a close, where, outside the pages of Charlotte Brontë, could one find a more vivid and faithful reproduction of the very spirit of the English countryside than in this gaily-melancholy message that Eleanor Lady Leighton sends, one wild November day, from Loton Park, Shrewsbury, just over the Welsh border?

Yes, do please tell me how you find Mr. Burne-Jones. Send up your name; otherwise you may not see him. And get him to shew you a small sketch of the great whole (he is at present at work upon it in bits) of Arthur's Sleep in Avalon.

Certainly, I do miss my usual winter in London, and the short days are, as you say, charming up there for many reasons. But, alas! I fear even the luxury of escaping from the damp vapours here must be "put down." My going there (I have been away for five winters) is an extra expense, and we are hard up. It's cheaper to stop here, so it's not want of will that keeps me. As it is, I feel woefully like Noah's wife (I don't think her Christian name is mentioned in the Bible or Mrs. Potiphar's either) looking out over a vast expanse of water, and this old pepper-castor of a house feels exactly like the Ark rocking and swaying in the teeth of a wild Welsh wind, fresh from passing over the snow-covered hills of your constituency, and the clouds are racing and chasing

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each other at such a pace past the windows that I could fancy it was I who was moving along, and not they, over the face of the waters. In fact, Xmas is bearing down upon us in good old-fashioned style, with frost, snow, and sleet, all of which are required to keep it in orthodox way.

But to me it's a ghastly season, one I would gladly escape from down there: raking up old ghosts and old sores and past joys and hopes. I dread its very name and hate its mistletoe and holly and its robins and flannel petticoats and paupers and rheumatism and charities and fungus's and sad memories and empty chairs and plum pudding (and certain headache after it) and then the sermon during which a sleep till death falls upon me. No, I don't care for Xmastide in the country: I can only groan in spirit and pray to be spared many more of them and to be saved from the associations they recall. And in this frame of mind, in reading your letter in which you say I give life to others; I can only smile! I, who feel as listless as the leaves fallen from the naked trees: I don't feel a spark of life in me, unless it is the spark that clings round lifeless things shining in the dark during their decay, for I feel so out of the world I am all but dead to it.

Meanwhile "friends round the Wrekin" are all shooting their covers in turn, and there is much (and just) grumbling going on among the farmers about the "big bags" and "heads of game," but death levels all, and both Liberal and Conservative landlords look another way and shoot the harder, pretending not to hear.

CHAPTER VI

TELLING HOW THE CHINO-JAPANESE WAR WAS NEARLY AVERTED AND OF OTHER UNPUB- LISHED EPISODES IN ANGLO-CHINESE POLITICS

At this point Lord Rendel's papers take a surprising turn. Hitherto they have represented him as a shrewd observer of public men and affairs and a diligent recorder and commentator. They now recount some highly interesting and important incursions, undertaken on his own initiative and conducted single-handed on his own side, into high Far Eastern politics, and introduce us to what Lord Rendel himself describes as "the most unexpected and exciting business" of his life. Here he is seen in the newer and perhaps truer character of a vigorous and skilful diplomatist, with capacity and vision in the handling of delicate international matters, and an instinctive delight, as he naïvely puts it, "in getting things done with the least possible intrusion of the personal factor." It was these qualities, clearly, that had early caught the eye of Lord Granville, and accounted for his wish to have Lord Rendel with him at the Foreign or the Colonial Office.

Several episodes are recorded. The first concerns Lord Rendel's interest in the reform of the Chinese coolie traffic with South America, followed by a spirited attempt, which for a time commanded sympathy, to readjust the relations between India and China in the matter of the opium trade. Next, we find him suddenly entrusted by Sir Robert Hart, acting for the Dowager Empress of China, with the task of negotiating terms of peace with France after the Tongking War. This is followed by the far more anxious and responsible duty, again imposed on him by Sir Robert Hart, acting

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

for the Empress, of attempting to avert the threatened war between Japan and China by the offer of terms of submission so complete that, coming through the mouth of England, Japan would find it difficult to reject them. Finally, when this movement failed or was side-tracked, there is Lord Rendel's last effort, once more at the request of Sir Robert Hart, to secure the approval of the British Government to an Anglo-German loan to enable China to discharge her indemnity to Japan.

It will be seen that Lord Rendel's negotiations, though taken seriously and promising well for a time, fell short of final success. The failure of the opium scheme he attributes to financial influences. The desired settlement between China and France was, indeed, effected, and in the ordinary way it would have fallen to Lord Rendel to sign the peace with the new Ministry in Paris. Just when everything was ready, however, he had the misfortune to fall ill, and the duty was discharged by Mr. J. D. Campbell, Sir Robert Hart's secretary in London. The failure of the movement to settle affairs between Japan and China without resort to war he attributes partly to a supposed understanding between Germany and Russia, but also, in part, to Lord Rosebery's nervous dread of doing anything to disturb the "Concert of Europe." The latter also served as one of the reasons, or at least excuses, for not backing the proposed Anglo-German indemnity loan.

Cannes, 1907.

I cannot remember how or when it was I first became interested in affairs connected with China. Early in the 'seventies I must have met for the first time with a Chinese Yellow Book. The Yellow Book related to the Chinese coolie traffic with South America and elsewhere. I was amazed at the finish and perfection of the statistics, and still more at the evidence they gave of the seeming care of Chinese authorities for the interests of their poorer people. Of course, China was the most prolific market in the world for the export of human labour, and the conditions of the

CHINESE COOLIE TRAFFIC

traffic laid this foreign trade in human labour open to grave abuses. Agents in China who shipped men to South America did so upon contracts, the first object of which to them was the recovery of their outlay in the price of passage, with a profit on the transaction. But the matter did not end there. Provision had to be made in the contract for the return voyage of the men, for coolies then usually stipulated to be returned, dead or alive.

The chief abuse to which the conditions of this human traffic lent themselves was the economy resulting from not having to return the coolie at all, or, at any rate, as a living being. Moreover, the South American importer of Chinese labour found it often to his interest to be rid of his coolie by about the end of his term of engagement, whether by death or otherwise. Thus the Chinese coolie traffic became a modified form of slavery, with the serious disadvantage over slavery that there might often be more profit in exhausting the life of the coolie than in maintaining him in good working condition.

I thought of taking up this question, but I found myself quite powerless. I suppose that my study of it gave added zest to a meeting with Sir Harry Parkes during a week-end visit to Cooke, the artist, in Kent. Sir Harry was then our Minister at Peking, and was home on a brief visit. He was a pioneer in our diplomatic relations with China, and had himself been the victim of Chinese barbarities towards foreigners. I found that he had a great pity for the millions and a contempt for what called itself the Government. No people had or needed so little government. Government meant chiefly a system by which eighteen separate administrations bled eighteen Provinces on the terms of furnishing each their quota to the principal bloodsucker at Peking.

Like almost all Englishmen who play such an enterprising part in life, Sir Harry Parkes was personally very attractive. Our brief meeting led to a correspondence which died out from absence and inanition, but my acquaintance with one Minister in China led to my knowing his successors and to my taking up another question—that of the opium trade—with more hopefulness, but no more practical result than the coolie traffic. One remark of Sir Harry Parkes I will here record.

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After his long service in China he was transferred as our Minister to Japan and, writing from Tokio not long afterwards, he summed up a comparison of the Chinese and Japanese by the remark that "the Chinese were the Turks and the Japanese the Greeks of Asia."

To return to opium. I cannot remember how it came about that I ventured upon this difficult subject. After the Land Tax, which is in truth not a tax but a rent taken by the conquerors of India for the soil of the country, opium is still, and was even more then, a mainstay of Indian revenue. I fancy that if it furnishes 5½ millions now, it furnished 8 millions then, and far more than the Salt Tax. To secure this revenue through excise or through profit on Government export, it was necessary for the Government to control, as far as possible, the entire production and supply. Thus the Chinese opium grievance was direct with the Indian Government, which paid the cost of its military hold and civil administration of India in a principal degree by forcing upon China, by actual violence and war, a drug which China rightly regarded as a most formidable curse, which she could quite as easily have produced as India, but the home production of which China kept rigorously down, thus giving evidence that even a corrupt Oriental administration could respect the primary interest of humanity.

Englishmen are very conscious of the vanity of France, of the arrogance of Germany, of the barbarism of Russia, of the corruptness of Turkey, of the self-confidence of America, and so forth. We perhaps admit to ourselves our own irritating self-complacency. But should we have much reason to complain if the world at large, when dealing with many of the incidents connected with our extension of Empire and of commerce (such as, in this opium case, the lorcha "Arrow" war¹) frankly describes them as sickening hypocrisy?

My project with regard to opium was to devise a workable scheme of gradual reduction of the export to China. I proposed to bond the whole of the Indian supply, private and public—a quite practicable though not quite easy process—and to regulate by arrangement with China

¹ Begun in 1856.

THE OPIUM TRAFFIC

its import in a manner which would relieve China and the trade of the cost and waste due to organised smuggling. China was to abolish the internal tax called "Likin" in consideration of being allowed by India to take at the port *ad valorem* duty somewhat increased beyond treaty rate. "Likin" was a provincial inland tax or excise, varying in different provinces and from time to time, costly in collection, and favourable to inland smuggling. My contention was that the simplification of all the processes and stages between the producer and the consumer and the suppression of smuggling would present such advantages, both to China and India, as would overcome the obstruction of vested interests. The moral question was dealt with in China by the promised gradual extinction of the import. The financial difficulty was dealt with in India by a better and more assured yield and by giving time for India to readjust her finances, and thus vindicate our moral character without undue strain.

I think I got some way with this scheme. It had the hearty support of Sir Louis Mallet, the Permanent Secretary for India,¹ and would unquestionably have been well taken up in the House of Commons, where there was already an annual opium debate of excellent Quaker origin, but handled as a mere humanitarian flourish without offering any hope of practical solution. I did not believe the question could be advanced as a mere pious opinion, either in Press or Parliament. What was needed was to discover a "business" solution and to get it accepted by those chiefly concerned in the opium trade, whose acceptance I deemed essential. I do not mind saying that, rightly or wrongly, I attribute my failure to one fact only, and that is the immense interest in the *status quo* of the bankers who held the agency for the Government opium.

My next connexion with China was of a private, not public, nature. I had always, either through the successive Ministers Sir Thomas Wade and Sir Rutherford Alcock, or through Sir Robert Hart, a possible correspondent in China, and thus it came about that, when the Chinese Government took a fancy to follow the

¹ From 1874 to 1883.

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fashion and purchase ironclads, I gave, in response to enquiry, my views on the subject to Sir Robert Hart. I opposed the ironclad idea and easily exposed its unsuitability, but, knowing the uselessness of trying wholly to baulk the Chinese intention, I substituted the idea of mere defensive gun vessels upon a plan originated by my brother George. Sir Robert Hart had no leaning towards business of this character for China. I suppose he was much influenced by my letters. At any rate the ironclads were dropped, gunboats were ordered, a small defensive and fairly mobile fleet of gun vessels was the result, and English naval officers were sent out to China to look after them. All this business involved prolonged relations between myself and Sir Robert Hart and his secretary in London, Mr. J. D. Campbell. Moreover, Sir Robert Hart and I indulged in a general correspondence, and I found him a vivacious, pungent, and original letter-writer.

Out of these circumstances sprang the most unexpected and to me exciting business of my life. All I propose to set down here is what stands out in my memory as of interest. I could not refresh my memory as to dates and figures at Cannes, and perhaps, for the purpose of these episodic notes, I would not if I could. In the one case I may produce a picture; in the other only a map.

Our annexation of Upper Burmah and the Shan States¹ had naturally aroused the jealousy of the French, who determined to counter our move or compensate themselves for it by the addition of Tongking to their Indo-Chinese territory, as well as by challenging our protectorate of Siam. We yielded as regards Siam, but the Chinese, with their usual apathetic form of resistance, suffered an irregular war through their Black Flags to harass the French in Tongking, and eventually open war was declared.² The French found themselves unprepared to strike China at any vulnerable point, and were forced to stake the issue of the war under enormous disadvantages in Tongking itself. The military operations became so protracted, so costly, and so ineffective as seriously to try the temper of the French people, like another Mexico. At the same time the Chinese Gov-

¹ 1885.

² Lasted 1883 to 1885.

DOWAGER EMPRESS INTERVENES

ernment was soon sick of the business. Yet, of course, the people immediately concerned on both sides, as well generals as diplomats, were utterly opposed to a drawn battle, and matters came to a deadlock.

In this situation that remarkable woman intervened who, first as Dowager Empress and afterwards as Aunt of the Emperor, usurped the Government of China and was then enjoying one of her long terms of rule. She entirely ignored the Tsung li Yamen, or Chinese Foreign Office, as well as the French Minister, and called upon her one honest and trusted servant, Sir Robert Hart, to take up the business secretly and behind their backs. Sir Robert Hart was a very great man in China in a sense, but he had never been able to cultivate relations with the official world in England, for his whole life had been given to China. He had his excellent representative resident in London, who had once been in a minor position in a Government office, but Mr. Campbell's experience, circumstances, and abilities, while they made him a first-rate secretary and man of detail, were totally unsuited, as Sir Robert Hart knew, for enabling him to play any leading part. Strange to say, Sir Robert Hart was bold enough to put himself in my hands. The hardihood of this step cannot be appreciated unless it be borne in mind that he was limited in all the communications with me from first to last not only to the telegraphic wire, but to cypher telegrams.

It is strange, perhaps, but true that, however much I was amazed when Mr. Campbell brought me the first cypher telegram practically giving me the direct conduct of negotiating terms of peace with France, I was not in the least intimidated. I did not doubt his authority. I did not fear misunderstanding between us. I did not much concern myself with my inexperience and ignorance in dealing with the French. The absolute secrecy and the exclusion of every ordinary channel of such business suited me. I saw at once that it was simply a case of "saving face" on both sides. I fancy that a delight in getting things done with the least possible intrusion of the personal factor has been a natural instinct to me. In short, though it was a staggering enterprise in appearance from its scope and

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character, it did not at all alarm me, however profoundly the gravity of the issue stirred me.

The settlement of terms took little time and occasioned but little trouble. There were, however, two difficulties. The one was that Jules Ferry dared not make peace without allowing some satisfaction to the generals in the field and supplying some flourish for home consumption; the other was that he could not actually close with me unless he got more formal credentials than I had the means of offering. Yet how was I to verify my powers under the peculiar circumstances except by some aid from our own Government? And if it should, by mishap, transpire that England was in any way concerned as an intermediary, would not France instantly fly off at a tangent, seeing that the war was a counter-stroke against England's Indian policy?

I knew that nothing could so conclusively defeat the negotiations as the least suspicion in France that England was helping her over the stile. Moreover, I thought France was quite right in this sensitiveness, and I do not believe that the English Foreign Office would have been altruistic enough to help France without taking some *quid pro quo*. In this conjuncture, I was most fortunately aided by the fact that, as I have already noted, Lord Granville had not long before manifested to me particular favour and confidence, and he was then at the Foreign Office. I believed I could trust him within reason, and at any rate up to the necessities of the immediate occasion. I called on him, and began by securing his undertaking that if I told him my business he would keep it wholly out of the Foreign Office. I pledged him to keep it also wholly out of the knowledge of Lord Lyons, our Ambassador in Paris, and I fear that he gave that pledge, at any rate, with some mental reservation. But I knew he would fully appreciate and observe the necessity for secrecy, and was certain that he would not wreck the negotiations for the sake of profiting in the customary diplomatic fashion by the resulting scramble.

This appeal of mine to Lord Granville occurred at the very time when it was whispered about that he was so slack over his work. I can only say that no one could

JULES FERRY'S INDECISION AND FALL

have shown more readiness than he did over this business. I think I must have seen him, in all, some fifteen times. I never was kept an instant waiting. I saw him always alone. Whatever notes passed between us were equally prompt and private. He gave me the authentication that Jules Ferry required, and when the business between us was over, he asked me to write a brief memorandum or *précis* of it for record at the Foreign Office. I think he was pleased with the *précis* and with my whole conduct. I had no suspicion of it at the time or for very long afterwards, but I had good reason to be quite sure that in his own mind he decided that if he was ever in want of a Parliamentary Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs I should be his man.

Unluckily for me, Jules Ferry did not get over his difficulty as easily as I got over mine. He could not, and he would not, make up his mind as to the moment for the signing of the Peace already practically agreed upon. His generals assured him that they were on the point of a success, and he waited for the success. The Bismarckian-like course in such circumstances would have been easy. The success would have been manufactured by a suitable telegram. He was like a speaker who wants to finish, but to finish with making a point, and who cannot make it. He forgot that, in the effort to record or trump up a military success, a military disaster might occur, and that was what in fact happened. This further reverse was the last straw. France revolted and Jules Ferry fell.

I suppose that the secrecy of this business—for I had no single confidant whatever, in or out of my family except Lord Granville and Mr. Campbell—overstrained my nerves. At any rate, just when the fall of Ferry opened the way to a signature of the peace my health gave way, and it was left to Mr. Campbell, whose prudence and diligence well merited that good fortune, to sign the peace with the new Ministry in Paris. What the Chinese Minister in Europe¹ was about I did not know. I have forgotten to say that the French Minister in China and the Chinese Minister in Europe had proved equally useless from the outset, and that

¹ France.

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the intervention of the Empress was fully justified. Mr. Campbell obtained recognition and honours from China and adequate recognition from France, but from England, I am sorry to say, I could do no more than get him the C.M.G. This was not to be the last of my association with Chinese affairs. I will record hereafter another episode, which was of importance to me if only because it was the solitary but sufficient acknowledgment of my services in this matter.

I append a note to the above with reference to the alleged negligence and apathy of Lord Granville due, it was said, to his health. Such charges are easily made, and I will give an example. I was at one of Lord Bowen's interesting house dinners at the Athenæum. Lord Rosebery and Lord Randolph Churchill were present, and the party was, of course, both select and small. There was an encounter of wits between Lord Rosebery and Lord Randolph. In my judgment Lord Rosebery had much the better of it. He played with the point of his sword and Randolph with the edge. We know Lord Randolph's attitude towards Lord Salisbury, and Lord Randolph made much play of Lord Salisbury's affectation in holding the Cabinet at the Foreign Office and generally allowing it to be supposed that he was overwhelmed with Foreign Office work. "Whereas," said Lord Randolph, "it's a perfectly open secret amongst us that he lets everything slide and never comes to any decision at all." If Lord Randolph, meaning to be taken more or less seriously, could bring this charge against Lord Salisbury, who was generally regarded as above all things a most industrious and effective Foreign Minister, can we place much confidence in a charge of the same kind against Lord Granville? The Foreign Office is always an extremely laborious department. I know that Lord Rosebery thought it so. But it is also a department in which a calculated negligence may often be the deliberate policy of the Minister, whatever may be the views of his staff.

I obtained some slight insight into the working of our diplomatic and consular system from the circumstance that my function in relation to the Armstrong firm at one time took the form of advancing their interests by

BRITISH DIPLOMACY AND COMMERCE

visits to foreign capitals. Thus between 1865 and 1878 I visited St. Petersburg, Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, Rome, Constantinople, and Cairo, and generally saw something of the English Legation or Embassy or the Consular officers. So far as my immediate business was concerned, I found it very necessary to avoid giving any member of our diplomatic service any notion that I looked to them for any assistance. It was a fixed idea with them that intervention in any private commercial matter would prejudice their position and weaken their influence. I had such benefit as might arise from being socially recognised and befriended by them; indeed, I was often most kindly treated, and made great friends, but I had nothing but tacit sympathy as regards my work.

I thought this an overstrained application of an otherwise correct if not astute rule. I was in no relation with any commercial people in any of these capitals. My business was entirely with high officials and Ministers, and it related to material which was only of Government demand, namely, munitions of war. I was concerned with the promotion of the then new artillery science. Of course I wanted orders, and in that sense might be called a bagman, but the case was wholly peculiar. For these munitions of war represented an extraordinary stride in the science of war, and considerable political and diplomatic interests turned upon the conversion of foreign countries to English views and their acceptance of English authority and English types of manufacture. Had I not formed this opinion at once for myself and sought eagerly to secure for England all the benefit of her priority in the field, I should soon have learned the truth from the action taken by Prussia (or, as it now is, Germany), which from the outset strained every diplomatic influence on behalf of Krupp and altogether broke down the English notion that diplomats must in no case lend themselves to the promotion of individual interests.

In those days diplomacy kept itself, upon the same principle, somewhat aloof from even broad commercial questions. Of course it was necessary to take general note of the movements of commerce, and in a manner

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this duty was fulfilled at the Legations. There was, however, in my belief too much disposition to regard this work as subaltern and distasteful. I found generally that a young diplomat of good birth, means, and connexion was told off to social duties, with no particular advantage to himself, in the then society of St. Petersburg, Vienna, or Madrid, and with no other advantage to his country than that of some familiarity with that section of society which no doubt in those days included the governing political influences. This system could not, of course, apply to a most important embassy, that at Constantinople. But there a special plan had been applied of creating an expert Oriental staff attached to the Embassy and confined to it wholly.

From my limited and insignificant but independent standpoint, I thought these methods, if not intrinsically mistaken, at any rate obsolete. When in 1880 I entered Parliament and had both right and opportunity to speak, I stirred a little in the matter. I must not take credit for it, if credit be due, but Bryce was my friend, and when for a short time he was at the Foreign Office he took care to tell me that he wrote and issued a memorandum on the question of the relations of the Consular and Diplomatic bodies in which he sought to efface the too rigid distinctions to which his attention had been directed by me. A little later I raised objection with, I think, Lord Granville to the system of appointing none but local experts to Peking. I had always regarded our relations with China as of first-rate importance, not only on account of the actual and possible volume of trade, but because it seemed to me that it was of the utmost consequence to our Indian Empire that we should do our best to hinder China from falling to pieces and should so strengthen our hands there that China might become our check upon Russia or, at any rate, not fall under Russian influence. It seemed to me unreasonable to select men without any diplomatic training to act for us at so remote a post simply because they were conversant with the customs and conditions of China. Experts are necessary and invaluable servants, but they are rarely good masters, and I thought that we ought to have the largest and

THE PEKING LEGATION

not the narrowest men we could get for such posts as Tokio and Peking.

I had, however, to make an absurd *volte face* when a vacancy occurred in Peking in 1885, for it seemed to me of the highest immediate consequence to secure the position for Sir Robert Hart. I daresay I was anxious to push his interests from personal considerations. But I honestly believed in the exceptional supremacy of his qualifications. I thought also that his promotion to the post of the Queen's representative would be a powerful stroke for British influence, because it would be the subtlest flattery to the Empress and the Court party. Sir Robert Hart was nominated and the "Queen's pleasure taken." Then came a singular hitch. Of course German, Russian, and French interests were unfavourably influenced by Hart's appointment in exact proportion as British interests were advanced. On learning of it, the first step taken by Germany was to claim the successorship to Hart's office in the Customs. They had a perfectly competent and excellent man there ready to take it in the shape of Mr. Detring. Hart, with admirable judgment, had placed Mr. Detring next himself. While, however, the gain to British political interests would probably have been greatly served by Hart's taking the Legation, the loss to British commercial interests, which were six times those of all others put together, might have been considerable had Hart's Office of Inspector-General of the Customs been given to a German.

The contingency had been provided for by summoning Sir Robert Hart's brother, James Hart, from South America, on the very first mootings of Sir Robert's taking the Legation, and the succession of James Hart was supposed to be secured. Lord Salisbury took Office while the matter was still in abeyance. He confirmed Lord Granville's action in suffering Hart to retain the option, and for not less than six months Hart had the refusal of the office. In the end Germany managed cleverly to create in Sir Robert Hart's mind the impression, which ultimately proved mistaken, that although the Empress had been at first immensely pleased at his appointment, she had come to feel that she

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

could not afford to lose him to her own service, and that to mark her sense of his desertion she might decline to appoint James Hart, and punish Sir Robert and England by putting Mr. Detring in his place. So Sir Robert Hart declined the post, to which Sir John Walsham was appointed.

Sir John Walsham came to a farewell party at 4, Whitehall Gardens, where, I think, Mr. Gladstone was staying with me at the time, being out of Office, and I think Walsham met Lord Granville there. I had made friends with him at Madrid, and he was an excellent example of the average diplomat of his day. The service seemed made up at that time of such men as himself—barons without sufficient territorial position in England to live there and taking their excellent names as part of their outfit for diplomatic life: irreproachable as English gentlemen and incomparable as pure officials, but quite without the initiative and vigour to do more than discharge current duties and deal with a settled situation of affairs.

I doubt if what is usually said be true, that telegraphy has destroyed the diplomatic service. That service has suffered grievously from failing to attract or produce suitable men. While the chief states of the world were governed from Courts, diplomacy offered attractions to considerable and conspicuous men belonging to great society. I should conjecture that it is not telegraphy, which is, after all, only a facility. It is a much more important innovation that has weakened diplomacy as a career for able men. It is the progress of Liberal institutions. I have no doubt that the Foreign Office will learn before long (it does not move rapidly) to adapt itself to the new conditions and will sweep a much larger field than heretofore in its selection of its neophytes. As matters stand, it does go farther afield for all the higher offices, with the result that it more than ever depresses and demoralises the younger ranks.

My close and constant intercourse with Sir Robert Hart by telegram for a period of probably six weeks of the Tongking peace negotiations in 1885 was followed by a long lull. We interchanged a friendly letter of general gossip every six months, but I had no expecta-

CHINA'S OFFER OF TERMS

tion whatever of our ever again assuming the relative positions of principal and agent in an important diplomatic affair.

Once more, however, a bolt fell from the blue. In August or September, 1894, a formidable cypher telegram from Peking was brought to me by the faithful Mr. Campbell. Mr. Gladstone had resigned in the previous March and quitted public life. There had been no dissolution and no practical change of Ministry, but Lord Rosebery had shifted from the Foreign Office to the Premiership. Japan had brought her long-agitated differences with China over Corea and the Liao Tung peninsula within the proximate arbitrament of war.

Sir Robert Hart's telegram shewed that once more the Empress had taken matters into her own hands, repudiated the ordinary diplomatic channels and usages, and turned to Sir Robert Hart as the right man to help her out of her difficulties. She may not have appreciated that it was one thing for Sir Robert Hart to deal direct with an European adversary of China, and quite another thing for him to induce either England or the Great Powers to cry "Hands off" to Japan. However, the Empress certainly rendered the task as easy as it could be made. She gave Sir Robert Hart authority to offer what was practically a complete admission of every claim and contention of Japan. Like the opossum to the Yankee, she said, "Don't fire—I'll come down." Sir Robert Hart may have supposed that a settlement between China and Japan to the avoidance of war must be a comparatively easy task, provided China, even at the last moment, made a total surrender through the mouth of England. If he did think so, he failed fully to recognise the cynicism and immorality of diplomacy.

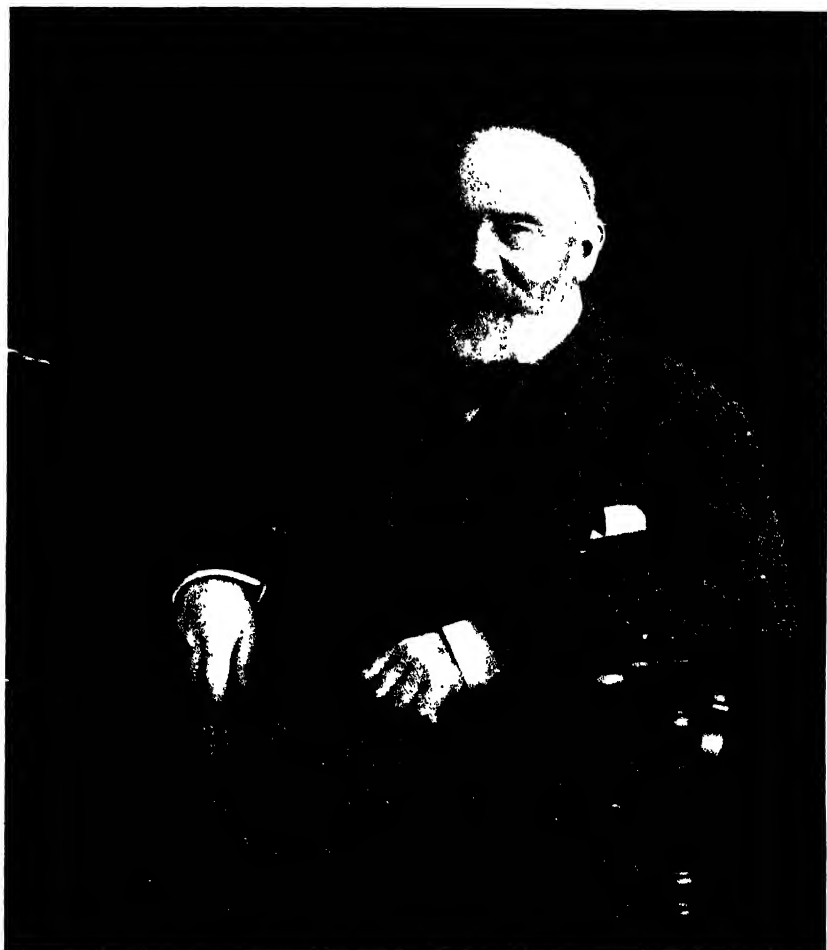
I do not allege that Sir Robert Hart imagined he was placing a light task in my hands. I know that I myself thought it a forlorn hope. My despair of success did not arise from any specific knowledge of the views or actions of any Government in Europe. All I had long known was that, whether in the Near East or in the Far East, the eagles were ever watching the sick camel, even when no eye could discern their presence. I did

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not suppose that Germany or Russia had failed to follow every phase of the Chino-Japanese dispute or to frame their policy to suit every contingency. Even though England should have powers to guarantee such ample terms to Japan on behalf of China that their refusal by Japan would shock what moral sense there was in Europe, I had no reliance on such moral effect. Worst of all, I had no confidence in the courage of Lord Rosebery, and I was sure that even if he could secure to Japan everything she asked, he would still fear that in whipping her hounds off he was giving her umbrage, and that he would probably neither take single-handed action nor put effective pressure upon the Powers to join England in any Note to Japan.

Nevertheless, I had no choice. The business was really one for the Prime Minister, and Lord Rosebery had but a few months back quitted the Foreign Office. Whatever the Foreign Office knew about the matter he knew, and he was the right man to focus the action of the Great Powers. He also was always talking about "the Concert of Europe." Accordingly, I wired and wrote to him at Dalmeny. He replied telling me that he had instantly summoned a meeting of the Cabinet, which had just dispersed for the holidays. Thereupon *The Times* wrote an article suggesting a sudden and serious turn in our relations with France. Having thus made a little "City" scare, *The Times* scolded Lord Rosebery later for alarming the public by assembling the Cabinet at such an unusual moment for nothing at all.

I was, of course, gratified by Lord Rosebery's evidence of energy. He came back to town at once. I saw him several times, and he told me from day to day in general terms the replies he was getting from the Great Powers. Austria and Italy were quite safe and friendly. Germany, France, and Russia sent highly proper and promising interim acknowledgments. All seemed to be going smoothly. Presently, the sky became overcast. I was only told that there was a hitch, whether with Germany or Russia it was difficult to say. Of course, what was happening was that France, Russia, and Germany were taking counsel together. Unhappily Russia and Germany for once were of one mind. They say there,



LORD RENDEL, 1910.

ROSEBERRY'S MISSED OPPORTUNITY

is "honour among thieves." I am not sure of that, but I know that a bad common object will often turn bad friends into good friends more readily than a good object. In short, Russia and Germany undoubtedly reached an understanding, and having only Lord Rosebery to deal with, they had their own way, and the business being wholly secret and not likely to come under public judgment, Lord Rosebery simply dropped it, leaving me as my only consolation the benefit of his effective but cowardly phrase, "The paramount duty of maintaining the Concert of Europe."

Surely phrase-making is one of the curses of English political life. A smart platform aphorism may make or mar the fortune of a Minister. In my judgment, to set up the "Concert of Europe" as the essential aim and object of foreign policy had always meant nothing more nor less than the self-effacement of England and a formal notice to the Powers that England forswears all protection of her individual interests and all vindication of her individual sense of duty as against the resistance of any one of the Great Powers.

I remember that for an hour or two I thought I would enlist journalism in the cause of peace in the Far East by the usual bribe of special and authoritative information. However, rightly or wrongly, I decided to drop the negotiations as abortive. Parliament was not sitting, and neither platform nor Press, however successfully brought into the field, could operate within the necessary limit of time. I had a rooted reluctance about employing these agencies in solid and pressing business. So I gave up the game. I had not been quite content with even the very large terms the Empress had offered. I had boldly added, on my responsibility, an indemnity to Japan, and my additional offer was confirmed by Peking. Thus, at any rate, it turned out that I had not offered too much, for to no offer would the Great Powers give their *imprimatur*, and by no submission could China win over Lord Rosebery to single action.

I never had the least reason to suppose that Sir Robert Hart doubted my having done everything that could be done to carry out his commission. This business, like the previous business, had to be transacted as

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between him and me through cypher telegrams, and our communications were therefore restricted to the barest statement of practical points. By the time we could communicate by letter the whole matter was at an end and the war over, and new circumstances fully engaged Sir Robert Hart's attention. Lord Rosebery's opinion I do not know. I think he would treat the matter very lightly. He was pretty sure of my discretion, and I think he was far less communicative to the Cabinet than I had supposed. To my mind, the issue was one of the most pregnant character. It was true we might possibly disoblige Japan and that Japan was the rising Power which it was our business to conciliate. On the other hand, to spurn the appeal of the Empress when reduced to apply to England for help was to incur the undying rancour of an unscrupulous and powerful woman who shewed later on of what she was capable, when she conspired to massacre the whole of the foreign Legations at Peking. Not to stand by China in such a pinch was to destroy the influence of England in China and to throw China into the arms of England's rivals or enemies.

I felt all this strongly at the time, and I think I used these arguments. I admit I did not foresee the precise plot of Russia and Germany and guess how much more strongly I might have put my case. I did, however, foresee the immediate collapse of all armed resistance by China, and I made China's helplessness specifically known to Lord Rosebery. The Empress had counted much on the long-nursed and largely-paid-for military preparations of Li Hung Chang. She found that that consummate Mandarin had little to shew for his money. He had secured his own power by some forty thousand fairly armed and drilled men kept under his own hand, but these were the only available trained forces of the Empire. The rest were raw, unarmed, and scattered levies. As for the Chinese Navy, it was either in the mud or without a boiler that could be put under steam, and the powder magazines were empty of suitable powder.

To my amazement, these facts appeared unknown to Lord Rosebery, although I daresay the information was

WHAT ROSEBERY FAILED TO SEE

buried somewhere or other in the Intelligence Department. I suspect that Lord Rosebery under-rated the striking power of the Japanese and over-rated the means of resistance in China. I think he cannot have anticipated so rapid a *dénouement*. He may have expected a little blood-letting on both sides that would bring each party to a mind more pliable to the Powers. He can have as little foreseen as I did that the chief outcome of the war would be the occupation by Russia of Port Arthur and her vast design to absorb Manchuria and, by controlling the Liao Tung peninsula, to hold Peking at her mercy. Nor can he have foreseen the planting of Germany on Chinese soil at Kiaochou as Germany's share of the booty. All I can fairly say in criticism of his conduct is that he did not grasp the possibility of the enormous consequences of our, at the same time, abandoning our predominant influence and rôle in China and suffering the total helplessness of China to become apparent to the world at large.

It may be said of this business: "All's well that ends well." But when is the end in human affairs? Moreover, though Russia has suffered a fearful penalty for over-reaching herself, yet who can say how far the present resuscitation of the Far East under Japan and the substitution of Japanese for English influence in China may affect vital interests of England? No one can be so silly as to suppose that England has incurred the grave responsibilities attaching to her alliance with Japan out of love and admiration for Japan. What I feel is that the initial and critical moment for meeting the assertive and militant policy of Japan was missed when we refused to ask her to listen to China's offer to climb down.

I had an idea at the time that some of my friends in the Cabinet, on learning from Lord Rosebery that I was acting for Sir Robert Hart and the Empress in this matter, would take, for that reason, an added interest in it. I came afterwards to believe that he can never have mentioned my name in the Cabinet in connexion with the affair, which is rather extraordinary, seeing that, so far as the Cabinet was concerned, I was the responsible principal. It is clear to me that after the

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first Cabinet he made as little of the business as possible in the Cabinet. I was struck by finding that one important member of the Cabinet who attended that first meeting did not, a year or two later, appear to remember quite why it was called or in what connexion. I did not like asking Cabinet friends questions which involved their oath of Cabinet secrecy, but I have never been able to trace in their conversation with me any recollection of this matter.

To one I made appeal at the time in my distress. It was to John Morley. I told him that Lord Rosebery was, of course, as he always had been, charming and friendly, but that, as I had never been able to get any "forrader" with him, in spite of his kindness to me, so in this actual business I seemed to hang fire and to be out of touch. I admitted I had found in my friend Sir George Murray, his first private secretary, so much grit and "go" that I had been led to deal with him more freely than with Lord Rosebery. John Morley's comment was singular. He told me that Lord Rosebery was so super-sensitive that I had blundered in going so much to Murray, and that I ought to have made myself much more attentive to Lord Rosebery.

I have, perhaps, unduly elaborated the details of this negotiation, which I am sure takes a much higher place in my mind and recollection than in that of anybody else concerned, but I give it the prominence which I attach to it as the spring and origin of momentous consequences not yet fully developed.

I will add a note upon another, but relatively small, negotiation with Lord Rosebery incidental to the proceeding.

One of the results of the war was the extracting by Japan from China of an indemnity of, I think, fourteen millions, payable by instalments, of which, I think, three millions had to be found at an early date. The first business, therefore, for China was to raise this money, and the natural course was for the principal bank of China, the Hong Kong and Shanghai English Bank, to take the matter in hand. Very prudently, this bank at once decided not to seek to monopolise the business, and made terms with Germany, through a

THE ANGLO-GERMAN LOAN

group of German bankers in Berlin, for a joint Anglo-German advance. In a money affair of this sort it would seem reasonable that the nationality conducting the commercial business of the country should undertake the job. As England had five-sixths of the foreign trade of China, England might not unreasonably have claimed the entire provision of the indemnity. The concession to Germany was due, not to the volume of German trade, but to the energy of the German Government's backing of that trade. After England and Germany there was no foreign trade worth consideration. Nevertheless, the Anglo-German propositions failed to obtain adequate support, and there was a hitch of I know not what origin, but conceivably due to the soreness of China with England.

Thereupon, I received a cypher telegram from Sir Robert Hart through Mr. Campbell begging me to procure, if possible, the blessing of the English Government for the Anglo-German loan. I went to Lord Rosebery with some confidence. I could see no room for hesitation, and action was urgent. He seemed to me to have no ready or real objection of his own to raise, but he was reserved, and I felt that the meaning of his reserve was that he intended to take City views and advice. After he had thus referred the question I obtained his decision, and, much to my surprise and regret, his decision was conveyed to me in somewhat the following terms. He dwelt on the susceptibility of the Great Powers, on his old theme as to the maintenance of their concert. He told me that he feared jealousy might arise even over an Anglo-German loan, and then said that he looked upon the Rothschilds as so cosmopolitan a firm and as so peculiarly able to satisfy the susceptibilities of all the Great Powers without exception, that for his part he would prefer to see that firm find the money, which he gathered they were quite ready to undertake to do.

I entertained then, and I entertain still, a strong opinion upon this decision of Lord Rosebery. He might have declined to give any benediction to the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank's proposal on his usual policy of effacing England in the interests of the Concert. But

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here was Germany already conciliated and engaged. It is plain that there never was and never could have been any claim by any of the other Powers to a share in the loan which England and Germany could not have at once disposed of quite amicably on the ground of their possessing the money field in China. All that the English Government was asked to do was to express its benevolent interest in the matter. The Chinese Government were suffering from what they deemed their gross betrayal by England, their oldest and most favoured friend, and nothing could have been more timely and conciliatory than for England to give encouragement to China through an Anglo-Chinese Bank.

It is instructive to note what followed upon the inaction of Lord Rosebery. On a small scale, the parallelism is remarkable between the money case and the war case. In both cases seemingly small cowardices led to very grave and unforeseen consequences. The hitch over the loan gave an opportunity to Russia. Her diplomatic object was to persuade China that "Codlin's the friend—not Short." She had at the moment a splendid opportunity of profiting by the desertion of China by England to introduce her own claims and merits as the true friend, nearest neighbour, and natural protector of China. The first instalment of the war indemnity had to be forthwith paid, and the money was not forthcoming. The amount was not large, yet it was not convenient for Russia at the moment to find it. France was her banker and she went to France, then ever ready to bilk England. From France she borrowed the money at, I think, 4 per cent. To China she offered it at, I think, $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Of course, China took it at once. And of course China paid Russia far more than mere coin in gratitude for the money. This insignificant but timely loan was, in fact, the leverage for all those diplomatic transactions by which Russia eventually secured Port Arthur and thus the command of Peking.

But there was still the larger portion of the indemnity to raise. The most striking commentary upon the folly of Lord Rosebery's hesitation and of his suggestion of

"UNWISDOM" OF LORD ROSEBERY

a counter Rothschild proposal is the fact that the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, with its German allies, after all eventually found this money in accordance with the scheme which Hart, through me, had vainly begged Lord Rosebery to support. No fact could more conclusively prove the unwisdom of Lord Rosebery in giving the check to that scheme, which check alone gave Russia its great opportunity. The eleven millions thus raised mainly through an English bank was there-upon lodged by Japan in England itself, and remained for some years in the Bank of England hypothecated there to the enormous expenditure which Japan forthwith and upon the strength of it undertook in order to create the ironclad fleet with which in due course she overwhelmed Russia at Tsushima.

I have no doubt that if these notes were placed before Lord Rosebery, and he thought it worth while to treat them seriously, he would make an extremely effective reply. None the less, it seems to me that I may well record, as one of the principals in the matter, the impressions left upon me by his action and inaction. It is, however, human to attach undue importance to matters in which one has had a leading hand oneself. I do not think I exaggerate my own part in the piece, but I may perhaps be exalting a mere *lever de rideau* into a drama. Nothing, however, is likely to change the impression which I wish to transmit that had Lord Rosebery given Japan firm and friendly advice not to roast the Chinese pig by burning the house down, and again had he gone straight in the loan business instead of flirting uselessly with the Rothschild interest, history itself would have been gravely altered.

This reminds me how specious a thing history mainly is. The greater part of history of old was what I think Green called "drum-and-trumpet history," and essentially unsound because, whatever else it is, the record of mere war is not history. In great part also "history," as we read it, is little more than biography, and though biography is often the clear and consistent portrait of a career, it is rarely either correct likeness of the man or of his life. It may not, perhaps, much matter whether men or events are described as they

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really are or as the spirit of the age interprets and understands them and likes to see them represented. "To point a moral or adorn a tale" is an admired expression of which the acceptance of itself explains much of the deliberate and conscientious mendacity of "history." A large, perhaps the larger, portion of the subtler material of history is neither known nor to be known. The superficiality of history suffices to render it conventional, not actual. I have here recorded a great incident and a little incident, which are both probably representative of thousands of similar incidents, all of which are and must for ever be unknown by history, and may yet be essential to a correct rendering of history.

CHAPTER VII

EARLY MEMORIES OF LORD ARMSTRONG AND THE NEW ARTILLERY SCIENCE

So intimate were the relations between Lord Armstrong and several members of the Rendel family, especially the three brothers George, Stuart, and Hamilton, that frequent reference to the firm of Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., to the history of the Elswick works, and to their influence on the development of the new artillery science might naturally be expected in Lord Rendel's papers. While much of what he has left on record is clearly intended for the private information of his family, much of it also is of public and historical interest. Extracts, therefore, have been selected for publication, on the ground that they describe a new era in artillery design and practice, and are also curious from the personal standpoint. These are taken from a manuscript of considerable length, mainly of a retrospective and autobiographical character, that Lord Rendel prepared in the early months of 1907 while staying at his villa at Cannes.

Lord Armstrong was the son of a Newcastle merchant who reached the mayoral chair of Newcastle and had amongst his friends and neighbours Mr. Armorer Donkin, the head of a leading firm of solicitors in Newcastle. Mr. Donkin was a bachelor in easy circumstances, and from his social talents very acceptable to the county justices, who met regularly at his house during Quarter Sessions. He was much attached to Lord Armstrong as a lad and to his elder sister, and made them his heirs. The sister married a leader of the Northern Bar who became as a judge Lord Watson, and young Armstrong, after reading in chambers with his brother-in-law, entered the firm of Donkin. He had little turn for law, but a great bent towards scientific

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research. This was first proved through his successful studies in the development of electricity from water, in recognition of which he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society at a very early age. He was led on to consider the applicability of water as an alternative medium to steam in the conveyance of power. Disadvantage was sometimes felt in the conveyance of power by steam through the elasticity of the steam, which caused a sacrifice of holding or restraining power very inconvenient in handling heavy weights.

Lord Armstrong's first effort at developing the advantages of water as a medium of motive power was directed to the working of cranes. He produced and tried a crane in Newcastle, upon the merits of which, having excellent introductions, he consulted the leading engineers of the day, including my father. Even Brunel and Stephenson failed in giving the encouragement to the inventor which my father gave with great confidence and promise of support. Naturally Lord Armstrong's father disliked the idea of his son deserting an excellent and a perfectly secure career for what he deemed an inferior as well as more precarious career as a mechanical engineer, nor was there in Lord Armstrong's character any turn for manufacturing enterprise. My father was so enthusiastic as to the future of the application of water power upon the methods illustrated by the Armstrong crane that he took a step that settled the question. He told Lord Armstrong and his father that, if his invention was to receive effective development, Lord Armstrong must himself take in hand the manufacture and set up suitable works. He said he could not help him with money, as he considered that he ought to have no money interest in the enterprise, but he promised immediate orders sufficient to keep a moderate factory employed. As my father was the leading hydraulic engineer of the country, this promise amounted to a guarantee on which Lord Armstrong, though without money support from his father, could collect the requisite means. With £5000 found by Lord Armstrong himself, I think the capital on which the Elswick works some sixty years ago were started amounted to £40,000.

BALACLAVA GUNS .

The works prospered with my father's orders, the most considerable of which was the equipment of the docks at Great Grimsby with large numbers of hydraulic cranes and other hydraulic machinery for working dock gates. Lord Armstrong and his father were thoroughly reconciled over the business. My father visited them. The attachment between him and Lord Armstrong became a close one, and Lord Armstrong was a constant visitor at my father's house whenever called to London on business.

During one of these visits I myself remember that the conversation at breakfast turned upon the exciting news that morning of the very critical Battle of Balacava and the splendid exertions made by the sailors to bring some naval 32-pounders into action, whose superior range determined the favourable issue of the battle. I remember well my father's animated outburst at the absurd ponderousness of the cannon so critically employed. My father had been the first engineer to construct, at the age of twenty-three, a continuous iron bridge over an estuary of the sea near Plymouth. That bridge was, of course, of cast iron. Thirty years had passed since that bridge was built, and the use of cast iron for such a purpose had become utterly antiquated. My father was indignant that military engineering should have lagged so far behind civil engineering as to be still retaining cast iron for the purpose of making cannon, of which the very earliest examples, over 200 years old, had been constructed in wrought iron. He dwelt upon the apathy and backwardness exhibited by the military engineers in not seeking to give to field artillery the advantages of rifling already attained in the small arms.

These observations fell more naturally from my father from his association with military engineering in the case of Portland Harbour, of which he was the designer and engineer. He used to speak of the contempt shewn in all the higher military circles for the scientific corps and base mechanical arts. The Royal Engineers and the Royal Artillery were non-purchase corps and were entered solely by competition. So inferior was their status that it was found impossible

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on Lord Raglan's death to put anyone but an infantry officer in command. At the siege of Sebastopol it was out of the question that either an engineer, such as Sir John Burgoyne, who had been present throughout, or an artillery officer should take command of infantry and cavalry!

On this eventful morning I remember my father pointing to the great lightness and strength of the small arm barrel constructed of wrought iron which rendered the use of cylindrical bullets and rifling possible. He asked why the extraordinary advance, secured for small arms by civilians in the interests mainly of sport, had not been extended by the military authorities to field artillery and even heavy artillery. I can see my father and Lord Armstrong now before me with a bit of blotting paper between them on the table, on which Lord Armstrong drew out a scheme for an enlargement to field-gun size of the small arm wrought-iron rifle; and I can almost hear my father's challenge to Lord Armstrong to take up the question and bring artillery up to the level of the civil engineering science of the day. "You are the man to do it." I remember also how, not long afterwards, Lord Armstrong produced the drawings of a field gun and carriage complete, which my father carried off to the Duke of Newcastle, then Minister for War, and how my father came back saying that the Duke had given him authority to order at once of Lord Armstrong six such guns.

Some three years previous to this my brother George had left Harrow. Lord Armstrong proposed to my parents that my brother should live permanently with him at Newcastle, for Lord Armstrong had no children. His sister was long dead, and his only nephew, Mr. John Watson, was well circumstanced in fortune and position in London, and uncle and nephew rarely saw each other. My brother entered, at seventeen years of age, the Elswick works, and for the next three years lived with Lord and Lady Armstrong at Jesmond Dene, until it became desirable that he should live much closer to the works, where his position had become rapidly of importance, for it should be noted that Lord Armstrong was not himself an engineer and had no training

ORIGIN OF THE ARMSTRONG GUN

for either mechanical or industrial life, and his partners were simply sleeping partners advancing capital, with the exception of one who occupied himself only with the accounts.

To return to the origin of the Armstrong gun. So far from attempting to produce the six guns ordered, Lord Armstrong was in no hurry to produce one. He was resolute to reserve the revelation until he could shew that he had solved certain serious difficulties. The first difficulty was that of a safe and easily worked breech mechanism. The second was that of absorbing the far greater recoil of the much-lightened piece without injury to the carriage. The third was the overcoming of the difficulty of providing a self-igniting shell and shrapnel. It was the third problem that consumed the most time and gave the most trouble. It was not until three years had passed that he presented a field gun complete in every respect with carriage and ammunition for a trial by a specially appointed committee at Shoeburyness. The trials were exhaustive, and they resulted, as we know, in the enthusiastic adoption by the War Office of the Armstrong gun. Lord Armstrong was hailed as a great inventor, his system of artillery was thought to revolutionise war, and the greatest eagerness was shewn to give the country at once the benefit of its adoption. Amid much excitement and applause, Lord Armstrong presented his patents to the country. Mr. Armstrong, as he then was, received the honour of knighthood and the Companionship of the Bath, and was invested with the new and special appointment of Engineer of Rifled Ordnance to the War Office, with a salary of £2000 a year.

The Government had long had a Royal Gun Factory at Woolwich. For many years the factory had produced only bronze ordnance. The whole of our cast-iron ordnance was of private origin and manufactured at Low Moor. It is somewhat singular that this fact never attracted public notice or criticism. There can be no doubt that the Low Moor ordnance was, for cast-iron ordnance, as good as possible. Considering, however, the bitter contentiousness over the private manu-

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

facture of rifled ordnance, it is noteworthy that a single private firm should have enjoyed so great and profitable a monopoly without cavil. The fact is that nobody seemed to think there was an alternative to our 68-pounders and long 32's any more than to our half-crowns and sixpences. However, at that moment Woolwich was attempting to break down the Low Moor monopoly and to manufacture cast-iron guns for itself, although with conspicuous want of success. Nevertheless, the War Office required that the new rifled artillery should be produced at Woolwich. Unfortunately for him, the first use they made of Lord Armstrong was to call upon him to set up a rifled ordnance factory in place of the old bronze gun and abortive cast-iron gun foundry. As an interim measure the War Office, keen to obtain the earliest possible results from the invention, and finding that, with natural prescience, the Elswick works were provided with some of the necessary machinery, entered into a contract with the firm, under which the War Office guaranteed to keep an agreed-upon capital adequately employed with gun orders until the new Woolwich gun factory should be established and able to produce the guns required.

Under this agreement the Elswick Ordnance Works were founded. My brother George was then about twenty-five or twenty-six years of age. He had been Lord Armstrong's constant companion during the experiments with the first gun. He had shared to the full the enthusiasm for the prospective development of artillery manufacture, and he had been mainly concerned in the providing of plant for the construction of guns. In the department of hydraulic machinery, which constituted the business hitherto of the firm, Lord Armstrong had promoted to high responsibility Mr. Percy Westmacott, a son of an Edinburgh professor and a grandson or grand-nephew of the well-known sculptor. About the same time, I forget exactly when, the services of Captain Andrew Noble, then a young and most promising staff officer of artillery, already connected with the experimental branch at Woolwich, were secured for Elswick by Lord Armstrong, and Captain Noble was placed in charge of the laboratory

ARMSTRONG'S RIVALS AND CRITICS

or ammunition department of the works. Thus, on Lord Armstrong's leaving the firm and the provisional ordnance works being started at Elswick, Mr. Westmacott took the management of the established hydraulic or engine works department, my brother took the institution and management of the new ordnance works, and somewhat later (I think when Lord Armstrong left the War Office and rejoined Elswick) Captain Noble took the ammunition department, then of great importance.

By this time Mr. Donkin and Lord Armstrong's father were dead. My father died in 1856. I married in 1857 and was a student at the Bar. I saw more than ever of Lord Armstrong, because he had to spend the greater part of his time in London, and lived in my mother's house and made her family his. After the first enthusiasm over his invention there came some natural reaction. Of course, his invention upset some vested interests in the superseded system and provoked some disappointment amongst competitors for a new system, and both old and new interests combined against him. The civilian management he had substituted for military management at Woolwich gave serious umbrage to the Artillery Corps, as it made a victim of Colonel Eardley Wilmot, the superseded superintendent, and deprived the corps not only of prestige, but of highly valued berths for its superior officers. Expert journals and expert institutions also gave opportunities to the usual critics and disputants for public favour and acceptance. In short, Lord Armstrong found that he was being exposed to publicity in a form peculiarly obnoxious to his reserved and reticent character. He suffered acutely under the sting of heated and personal controversy. I had already been useful to him in his official correspondence and in ways for which my university and legal training qualified me, and I became almost necessary to him when he was confronted with serious controversy in the Press and in Parliament.

Lord Armstrong held on to his official position for about, I think, three years. Within that period he had brought his Elswick experience to bear upon the

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Woolwich factory with such success that he had transformed it from a mere gun foundry into being equal to the manufacture of modern rifled ordnance. He had never taken to official life, and his rivals were always able reasonably to allege that modern gun invention did not begin and end with Lord Armstrong, and that to place him in office at the War Department was to prejudice the fair consideration of all new ideas not emanating from himself, and even to check the flow of such ideas from outside to the War Office by placing them at a rival's disposal. Lord Armstrong felt the invidiousness of his position, and accordingly resigned and re-entered his old firm. At the same time, the royal gun factories regarded themselves as equal to the full demands of the Government, and consequently the arrangement under which the War Office kept the Elswick Ordnance Works employed as an interim source of guns was concluded.

The most important of Lord Armstrong's rivals was undoubtedly Mr. Whitworth, who had so successfully secured the attention of the authorities and of the public to his various inventions that not fewer than seven official committees had considered and reported on his projects from time to time, yet without giving him satisfaction or relieving the War Office of the pressure he and his friends were able to bring upon it. Sir E. Tennent, a former Colonial official, and a plausible writer, was induced to publish a "Story of the Guns" as a disinterested appeal to the public for justice on Mr. Whitworth's behalf. Lord Torrington, a genial lord-in-waiting, was an active ally in society. Mr. Whitworth took a house in Great George Street, where he was always in attendance during the session to capture the suffrage of any member of either House of Parliament whom he could interest in his views. Accordingly a special Armstrong and Whitworth Committee was appointed of naval and military officers of distinction.

Not content with close scrutiny of the selection of members, Mr. Whitworth demanded that he should have a special civilian representative on the committee. He nominated Mr. Penn, the famous marine-engine

ON THE ARMSTRONG-WHITWORTH COMMITTEE

builder, an irreproachable appointment. The War Office then called upon Lord Armstrong to appoint a civilian representative. After making all the resistance he could offer to the policy of such partisan representation, Lord Armstrong appointed Professor Pole, the mathematician. Not two meetings of the committee had passed before Mr. Penn resigned on the ground that Mr. Whitworth expected him to act as an advocate, not simply as a judge. Thereupon, Mr. Whitworth appointed Mr. Macdonald, the well-known manager of *The Times* newspaper. When the experiments at Shoeburyness were started Professor Pole resigned, on finding that his health and nerves would not stand the strain of the experimental ground. Thereupon Lord Armstrong, in despair, turned to me, and asked me to give up my law work and join the Committee, and I consented.

The Armstrong and Whitworth Committee sat for three years. The range of its enquiry and the extent of its experiments make it quite unrivalled among artillery investigations in scope and thoroughness. The most able and influential member of the committee was General, afterwards Field-Marshal, Sir Lintorn Simmonds. He was a scientific engineer officer, a convinced advocate of Mr. Whitworth, and a decided opponent of Lord Armstrong. As a young civil n., sitting with generals and admirals and in a partisan capacity, I was painfully handicapped. The attendance at all the experiments on land and sea, during which some fifty thousand rounds were fired and the results of each round examined, was of very great interest to me and was unaccompanied by any anxiety. We burst some guns with some risk to ourselves and, of course, the excitement over the competitions was sometimes extreme. When, however, we came to the report stage and for weeks and months together debated our report, I found myself over-strained. Practically I led the case for Armstrong, while General Simmonds, who to the end of his life was my kind and good friend, led the case for Whitworth, and how we came to produce a report fairly capable of construction as generally favourable to Armstrong I can scarcely understand. But so it was, and

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I may here declare unblushingly the plain fact that but for me the Whitworth case would have triumphed. Only a few years after this my brother-in-law, Lord Bowen, was Coleridge's junior in the great Tichborne case. That case was before the court for an exceptional length of time. For the whole period it was necessary that the junior counsel should be in command of, an amazing multiplicity of details and facts. In my opinion my brother-in-law never wholly recovered from the strain of keeping his mind so full for so long a time together. I think my own case was much the same. My memory was fresh, and I suppose I had a good head, and I had at my fingers' ends during the debates on our report the whole of the mass of statistics and detail which had been accumulated in nearly three years of constant experiment. I also, like Lord Bowen, over-strained either nerves or mind or both, and have suffered from over-sensitiveness of the brain from that day to this.

Nevertheless, this considerable effort left me with, for a time, an unrivalled command of knowledge of the whole facts relating to the artillery problem of the day. Whatever might be the case with the military and naval officers of England at that time, certainly those of the other countries of Europe were profoundly ignorant and equally anxious to learn. Out of these circumstances grew my connexion with the Elswick firm.

Not long before the winding up of the Government arrangement with Elswick, the Brazilian Government had greatly desired to acquire some modern rifled ordnance in England, and after applying in vain to Elswick, then under monopoly of the War Office, had placed orders with Mr. Whitworth at Manchester. I looked upon the circumstance with much apprehension. Nothing could be more unfortunate for the reputation of the Armstrong gun than that it should be known by the British public that foreign Governments were preferring an English gun of a rival system. Habituated as I then was to carry on public controversy on the merits of the Armstrong gun on Lord Armstrong's behalf, I naturally impressed upon him my view that, if he retired from the gun-producing field as well

GUNS FOR FOREIGN NATIONS

at Elswick as at the War Office, new men would infallibly usurp his place. I urged that the Government would mistrust the system they had adopted if they found other Governments preferring other systems of English origin. Lord Armstrong's reply was that he had made a great flourish over the gift of his patents to the Government at a time when he certainly might have obtained a very large sum for them; that, though he had not accepted money, he had taken a knighthood, a C.B., and a well-paid office under the War Office; and that, therefore, he could not possibly, so soon as he had left office, start upon the supply of his guns to foreign powers. I argued in rejoinder that his first patriotic duty was to maintain the prestige of the system he had induced the Government to adopt and in which he still believed; that the manufacture of arms for foreign powers was far from an unpatriotic act, for that the country was benefited to the extent to which its experience and powers of production were increased, whereas foreign countries were disadvantaged to the extent to which they were dependent on us for their munitions of war. Lord Armstrong still looked at the matter with much indifference. He made, however, this concession to me: "If these are your opinions you are perfectly at liberty to try to give them effect, and if you can obtain any orders for Elswick by all means do so, and to make it worth your while we will give you five per cent. commission upon the orders you bring us." There was then no suggestion on either side that I should become a partner of his firm. I had no more than a roving commission. -

It was the period of the great War of Secession in America. The Northern States desired to obtain a few heavy rifled guns for naval use. Mr. Adams, their Minister in London, on Mr. Brunel's advice, consulted with great secrecy Mr. Scott Russell, the shipbuilder and naval architect. Scott Russell communicated with Lord Armstrong, and an order was arranged. I think it very possible that this was the first foreign order accepted by the Elswick Company. It was, however, run very close by orders from the Southern States, whose London banker, Mr. Gilliat, afterwards Governor

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of the Bank of England, was an intimate friend of mine. I met Mr. Mason, of Mason & Slidell fame, at Mr. Gilliat's house, and I went to Paris to see the military agents of the Southern States there. I really cannot say which orders were first obtained. However, I soon became mixed up in the Northern order. For Mr. Benjamin Moran, the Secretary of the American Legation, was also a friend of mine, and he came to me one day and revealed to me that Scott Russell was pretending that we were delaying the execution of our order from the North without cause, and he feared there might be something amiss in the matter. The fact was that Scott Russell had taken advantage, for purposes of his own, of the extraordinary secrecy required by Mr. Adams. We had held back the execution of his order only because he did not produce the agreed-on instalments of price.

I cannot remember how I became acquainted with Captain Albini, now Admiral and Senator. He was then living in humble lodgings on the other side of Blackfriars Bridge. He had invented a rifle which he was pressing on Belgium, and he was acting as Italian Naval Attaché. I used my acquaintance with him for the furtherance of the first order for guns from the Italian Government. For some years I was the sole channel of communications between Captain Albini and Elswick. This was the origin of our great Italian connexion, and Admiral Albini is now, some thirty-five years later, head of the Rome office of the Armstrong Company.

Through my college friend Mr. (now Lord) Goschen, who had just negotiated the first Egyptian loan, I learned that the Khedive had a design for securing armaments to promote his independence of the Porte, and that a personal friend of the Khedive, who had been brought up with him in Paris, was about to visit Europe in great privacy to negotiate contracts. Lord Goschen did me the great service of bringing his considerable influence to bear on the relations he created between myself and this emissary. The result was that Efflatoun Pasha placed himself entirely in the hands of the Elswick firm, and that for some time I was the

HONEST MUSURUS PASHA

intermediary through whom his very important orders for guns were placed. Later on he visited Elswick itself, and became greatly attached to Sir Andrew Noble.

Before this happened, Turkey had placed herself much in the hands of the British Government in respect of the building of an ironclad fleet in England and, while accepting contracts from various ship-builders for the ships, had decided to have the guns made upon the Government pattern at the Elswick works. It was left to me to negotiate the contracts as the London representative of the firm direct with Musurus Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador. I think it worth record as evidence of the integrity of Musurus Pasha that no other person either on his side or on mine was ever present at any of the very numerous interviews between Musurus Pasha and myself during the several years occupied by the building and arming of the vessels, and that Musurus Pasha made it a condition that we should shew upon every priced invoice 5 per cent. discount and 5 per cent. commission; and further that he paid the amount of every invoice, subject to this double percentage, and never at any time, directly or indirectly, by himself or any other person, benefited by one farthing in any one of the heavy transactions for these armaments. He was content to shew the Sultan that the Sultan got the benefit of 10 per cent. through his intervention as Ambassador, and I am absolutely convinced that he never at any moment either desired or would have accepted any personal advantage whatever.

My friend and neighbour in London, Mr. George Gibbs, was a partner in the great South American firm of Antony Gibbs & Son, and had lived some years in Valparaiso. Through him we obtained introductions which led to Chilean orders in which we dealt directly with the Government.

As Mr. Hubbard's son-in-law, whose house was the chief English house at St. Petersburg, I had at the outset of my roving commission visited and spent six weeks in St. Petersburg, and was allowed to sit upon their artillery committees and witness their artillery experiments. I took the same course at Vienna. In both cases

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I found the Krupp interest too powerfully installed, politically and otherwise, for successful opposition.

I was frequently in Spezia, Rome, and Naples, but there my brother George soon became better known, and his opinion as the most original and successful engineer in the mounting and working of heavy guns at sea, and generally as the most able authority on the whole question of gunnery afloat and ashore, grew to be paramount. I may add, however, that I was allowed to take part in the discussions which led to the adoption of designs of the first four great Italian ironclads of the *Duilio* class, and received an Italian decoration for that service.

We obtained a provisional order for the armament of one of the earliest, if not the earliest, Prussian ironclads, the *Koenig Wilhelm*. I attended the launch as the representative of the firm that was to supply the armament, but the order fell through under Krupp influence. I visited Madrid twice and was decorated. Much later I visited Constantinople, where I spent six futile weeks.

These visits and efforts in foreign countries extended over some twelve years between, I should guess, 1864 and 1876. I mention them all together in order to give an idea of the scope of the work which grew, in my hands, out of Lord Armstrong's reply to my argument for a foreign trade in guns for Elswick, that, if I advocated it, I might try my own hand at securing it. Of course I was but a civilian and an expositor. My strength rested wholly upon my intimate and personally acquired knowledge and experience of facts deeply concerning the countries that I visited, which were still under the necessity of admitting that England took the lead in the new artillery science. Yet all the while the military experts in those countries, officers of the engineers and artillery and the gunnery officers in their navies, were eagerly and rapidly acquiring all that was to be known on the question, and each country was pursuing its own independent investigations and experiments under military and naval supervision, and remitting all decision and action to the responsible advice of its own military and naval experts. Thus the part I played was of an essentially temporary character. I was not an in-

THE ELSWICK FIRM

ventor or even an engineer, and I was invading a citadel jealously garrisoned by military officers and officials. I was also always sundering the bough on which I sat in regard to Elswick. For, so soon as I had gained a foreign convert and he or his emissary had reached Elswick, I was of necessity more or less superseded by my practical Elswick colleagues. Once I had established relations between Elswick itself and any foreign government, my duties became distinctly subaltern. That which mainly gave them continued importance was my gradually coming to hold the recognised position of managing partner for the firm in London, for of necessity the London office was a great convenience in the transaction of business with foreign governments.

But I must go back a few years. I have not yet said precisely how and when I became a member of the firm. In fact I cannot remember the date. What happened was this. So little importance did Lord Armstrong attach to the prospect of business in foreign orders for guns that, when he gave me the commission to get what orders I could, he arranged, as I have already said, to give me 5 per cent. commission on the amount of those orders. Certainly I did not grow rich upon the 5 per cent. for the first few years. It is equally certain that the prospects early exhibited rendered this 5 per cent. arrangement too onerous for the firm. Moreover, I could not continue to devote myself to the business and at the same time retain any idea of practising at the Bar. It was I, and not Lord Armstrong, who proposed that I should join the firm.

My brother George was well known at the Admiralty. He had been a member of two very important committees that the Government had appointed to settle anxious questions of ship design. Distinguished admirals had the highest opinion of his sagacity and intelligence. Two First Lords in successive Governments invited him to quit Elswick and join the Admiralty. Domestic pressure for departure from Newcastle, long urgent, now increased, and a third offer to join the Admiralty was accepted. He became an extra Civil Lord of the Admiralty and quitted the firm.

I had been not infrequently invited to accept a can-

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didature for Parliament and in 1878 I did so. Though I never suspected it, and I think Lord Armstrong himself scarcely knew it, the effect upon his mind of my brother's going to the Admiralty and of my going into Parliament was as though we had both rather deserted Elswick and himself. He was not in the least a jealous man, yet I can now see that his regard for Elswick was the one overwhelming passion of his life. He did not feel flattered by the striking recognition of my brother George's high qualities nor consider that his situation was a tribute to Elswick, and although he had been a Liberal in politics, I found that age and the wealth that had rather forced itself on him than been coveted by him, had rendered him Conservative. My politics he detested and his dislike of them was needlessly stirred by others. Thus my entering Parliament, though with his assent, estranged him, and in conjunction with my brother's joining the Admiralty threw him more exclusively into reliance on others.

About twelve years before my entering Parliament my brother Hamilton, who was as many years my junior, went to Elswick. He was a born engineer. As a child he had attracted the notice of my father's friends. Robert Stephenson gave him, I remember, a model of the slot link out of pleasure in discovering that the small lad thoroughly understood the movement. Unfortunately he stammered and could not go to a public school. Through life he was reserved in consequence of the nervousness belonging to this defect and, though he was in truth singularly amiable, he grew to have a rather caustic tongue owing to his hatred of all shams and dishonesties. To those who knew him or worked with him he was delightful. He took a leading part at once in the engine works department, and very soon became a partner. He was the soundest and most scientific engineer connected with the firm.

The most conspicuous engineering work in which my brother Hamilton was concerned was perhaps the Tower Bridge. For years we were periodically invited by leading engineers to present plans for an opening bridge below London Bridge on one or other of the known methods. When the right moment and the right man

THE TOWER BRIDGE .

coincided, we furnished Sir John Wolfe Barry with the designs for a bascule bridge, the adoption of which he procured. The most novel and critical feature of the bridge was the hydraulic machinery for working the bascules, the whole responsibility for the design, execution and successful operation of which fell upon my brother Hamilton. It was the business of some years, and we were all getting tired of our liabilities when I asked my brother one day, for by no means the first time, whether Barry had yet taken over the bridge. He said "Not exactly, but it's all right." "How do you know?" I replied. "Oh," he said, "it was 'your bridge' as usual up to yesterday, but this morning it is 'our bridge'."

His humour had no taint of malice. He loved his work and lived for it. He was not only indifferent to money reward, he was indifferent to public recognition, as was fortunate in his case, for he never had any. Marked features of my brother Hamilton's relations to the Elswick Works were first the constancy and assiduity of his attention to its business; secondly, his attachment to Sir Andrew Noble, which, for strange reasons, took the form of detachment from Lord Armstrong and his family. He never married and, except for his two sisters, saw no family life but that of Sir Andrew Noble. I remember my eldest brother, no mean judge but not a partial judge of his brothers, exclaiming, when someone spoke of the extraordinary success of the Armstrong firm, "What else could you expect? No engineering firm ever contained so much brains."

Though there is much that is interesting in the remaining pages, it is difficult to isolate it from what is essentially a domestic narrative. It must suffice to add that Mr. George Rendel resigned his appointment at the Admiralty after two years, rejoined the limited company as a director, and gave it the inestimable advantage of his influence in Italy as the consulting head of the company's Italian works. One effect of Lord Armstrong's decision to convert the business into a "company limited" was "to defeat altogether the family character of the old firm" and to put an end to the former "patriarchal state of things." Lord Rendel's

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objection to the conversion of successful concerns into limited companies was based on its "mischievous separation between capital and management." "I set down my belief," he writes finally, "that these new conditions of industry and this divorce of management from capital are big with consequences more momentous than even the most dreaded combinations of mere labour can bring forth."

CHAPTER VIII

"THE MEMBER FOR WALES"

LORD RENDEL's records, surprisingly frank on many subjects, are curiously silent about his great work as a Welsh member during the fourteen years, 1880 to 1894, when he represented Montgomeryshire in Parliament. While Mr. Asquith was staying with him at Cannes in 1910 the subject was mentioned. It was Mr. Asquith who introduced the Welsh Church Suspensory Bill of 1893. He was the Minister in charge of the Welsh Church Bill itself, introduced successively in 1894 and 1895, and again, after he had become Prime Minister, in 1909. He was still Prime Minister when the Welsh Church Bill, then entrusted to Mr. McKenna, was read a-third time in the Commons in the three successive sessions of 1912, 1913 and 1914, and ultimately matured into law under the Act which had limited the Lords' veto.

It was almost inevitable, speaking to the man who had first brought Welsh disestablishment into the Liberal programme, that Mr. Asquith should revert to the subject and acknowledge Lord Rendel's political and public services to the Principality. He quoted references he had heard made to them in terms that truthfully expressed the warm appreciation and gratitude of the Welsh people. Lord Rendel listened with obvious interest. He confessed his gratification to know on such good authority of the affection with which his name was still recalled. Beyond that, however, he would not go. His Parliamentary career, at least on its Welsh side, comparatively long and singularly fruitful in results as it was, he treated as an episode in his life that closed with his retirement from the Commons. Once closed, he firmly declined to reopen it. Repeatedly he was appealed to for advice on

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the new issues and situations that arose from time to time. The spirit of his replies never changed. He was "out of it" and could not re-enter. Thus on April 16, 1896, answering one of these many appeals:

I fear I must say, even to you, to whom we owe much, that for me the proper course is silence. By my own act, I am out of it. Any interposition by me, public or private, would, I think, be undesirable.

On December 8, 1901:

I have of set purpose retired wholly from the stage of Welsh politics. The art of "leaving off" is one of the most difficult. It is better to leave off too soon than too late. In my mind I had done my work fully, and my duty to my own cause was to leave the stage. It would hurt me much to find any friend, from mistaken courtesy, treating me as anything but wholly retired from the scene.

Again in 1903:

One indirect reason why I desire that Wales should pursue the claim to Parliamentary recognition *as Wales* is that by so doing Wales is upholding the rights of small nationalities throughout the world and resisting the passion for "syndication" that is now breaking down all distinctions save the baneful ones of force and wealth, which it emphasises. My aim as an Englishman is now to efface myself as the necessary complement to my small services. Another Englishman was a true friend of Wales and is still—Arthur Acland. And Albert Spicer is now a valued and valuable English friend. But Wales is sufficient for itself!

That was the keynote of his attitude to the end. Wales, which he had nursed politically into nationhood, could now walk alone. On two occasions, however, he did, under pressure, somewhat depart from this rule. Early in 1913, when even the fiercest opponents of Welsh disestablishment had begun to realise that the long fight was nearly over, he wrote to *The Times* in support of Mr. William G. C. Gladstone's proposal to incorporate a commutation scheme in the Welsh

LORD RENDEL'S WORK FOR WALES

Church Bill, commending it as one of those sound business procedures which proved so successful in the case of the Irish Church. The other case was in 1901, when, yielding to an appeal by a Welsh friend, he agreed to put in writing an account of his own work and aims in Parliament, more especially in relation to Welsh education. The document, preserved in the Welsh National Library at Aberystwyth and reproduced later in this chapter, has now a high historical interest as the only authentic first-hand record of the negotiations of that period.

But if Lord Rendel's Parliamentary work for Wales was to himself merely an episode, it was vastly more than an episode to the Welsh people and to Welsh nationalist causes. It was an epoch, a reawakening, a renaissance, in which he was the central force and figure. It was then that Wales first became politically and nationally articulate as a separate entity at Westminster. It was "the most fruitful formative period in the whole history of Welsh politics." It witnessed the repeated assent of Parliament to the principle of distinctive administrative treatment and even of distinctive legislation for the Principality; the foundation of a national system of university and secondary education that constituted complete educational autonomy for Wales; the formal committal of the Liberal Party to a Welsh disestablishment policy. It saw the Welsh representation at Westminster, hitherto detached and unorganised, with no recognised character, position, or distinctive programme, too lacking in spirit and power to be even troublesome had it desired, changed into a compact national party, under his own chairmanship, backed by a united people, courted where it had formerly been negligible, confident in a new sense of its own power and resources where it had been timidly self-conscious and apologetic. Thus it was that Lord Rendel, organising Welsh forces with a fine enthusiasm united to solid political sagacity, became known, inside and outside of the Principality, as "The Member for Wales." He was more

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Welsh, it was said, than the Welsh themselves. He did for Wales what Wales had never even contemplated doing for itself. "We owe more to him," confessed one Welsh authority when he died, "than to any other single man; his services to Wales live on in the causes he served and will never be forgotten by a grateful nation."

Lord Rendel's entry into Welsh politics was dramatic. His capture of Montgomeryshire by a majority of 191 in 1880 was almost the final blow to territorial ascendancy in Wales, and, in addition to being one of the most brilliant Liberal successes of that election, came to mark a turning point in Welsh nationalism and politics. For over eighty years the seat had been in the almost undisputed possession of the Wynns, a Montgomeryshire branch of the great Welsh House of Wynnstay. It was represented for 1799 to 1850, fifty-one years, by the Rt. Hon. Charles Watkin Williams Wynn, a younger son of the fourth baronet of Wynnstay, related through his mother to the Grenvilles, and a considerable Parliamentary personage among the Ministers of his day, who lived to become "Father" of the House of Commons. Another member of the family, a Captain Wynn, succeeded him until, in 1862, he was killed by a fall from his horse. The seat then reverted to a son of the former member, another Charles Watkin Williams Wynn, who was still the member when Lord Rendel first became acquainted with the county in the late 'seventies. That any local squire of Liberal sympathies should challenge so long established a combined family and political supremacy would have been thought daring folly. That an English stranger, new to the county and new to Wales, with no Welsh connexions, and above all no territorial prestige, should dare to match himself against a Wynn seemed sheer effrontery. That, however, is what Lord Rendel did, and did successfully. He had visited the county a few years earlier to take part in a by-election for the Boroughs in which Mr. Hanbury-Tracy, younger brother of Lord Sudeley, defeated Lord Castle-

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"UNITY AND ACTION".

reagh, son of the Marquis of Londonderry. The suggestion that he should contest the county seat, to the delight of the Liberals, appealed to Lord Rendel, and in February of 1878 he was announced as the Liberal candidate. With "Unity and Action" as a fighting cry, he brought his whole powers of organisation to the task. He explored the remotest parts of the county and held meetings where none had been held within living memory. He had the most gracious manners and he employed them freely. He had wealth equal to that of his richest opponents, and when, before the actual contest, he found that all the conveyances, an essential equipment for such a constituency, had been captured by them, a special train was chartered to bring his own supply down. Yet the baser electioneering arts had no place in his plans. Nor, indeed, had he need of them. He saw the strongest quality in these Welsh folk to be their deep reverence for religion, race, language, and nationality. It was this to which he directed his high and stirring appeal; this that he successfully challenged into life and action. Englishman and Churchman as he was, under his standard the Welsh-speaking Nonconformists, ministers and laymen, farmers and farm workers, ranged themselves against the English-speaking and largely anti-national clergy, squires, and landlords. Nothing resembling it had been known before. In his first speech as Liberal candidate, he declared all his sympathies to be, like theirs, for a Free Church in a Free Nation. Even so early, when Welsh disestablishment was the barest idea, he predicted that when the Anglican Establishment in Wales gave place to a self-governing Welsh Church, it would, as a Church, lose none of its vigour, but gain a new life—a prediction which the Archbishop of Wales, his most able and unyielding antagonist through all the years of bitter controversy, has lived to confirm some fifty years later. The change in political opinion that these efforts gradually effected was happily illustrated at the time in a cartoon. Charles Wynn, a stocky typical Tory squire,

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was represented as canvassing a Welsh peasant at work on his farm. "Well, Jones," he was saying, "I suppose you are going to vote for Wynn again, as your father and grandfather have always done before you." Jones's reply in the local dialect, with his foot on his spade and his hand uneasily toying with his hair, was ominous. "Well, indeed, Sir, I dunna quite know about it this time. They do say that when tatuss has been in the ground too lung, it's as well to change the sid." And change the seed they did. Lord Rendel won by 191 votes, and when it became known that the Wynn domination of over four-score years had been broken, the news went through all Wales like a peal.

At the time, and for long afterwards, many were puzzled to know how Lord Rendel, a complete stranger to Wales and Welsh life, with no knowledge of the native language and literature, gained so sure and rapid an insight into the Welsh mind and character, and won so completely the confidence of the Welsh people. His first election address, in its fearless nationalism, set a new standard in political manifestoes, and appealed with especial force to nascent Young Wales. Mr. "Tom" Ellis was by some thought to have had a hand in it. When the suggestion was made to him, he repudiated it. "When was the Welshman born," he asked, "who could in 1880 have put out such an address as that which Lord Rendel issued to the electors of Montgomeryshire?" To the suggestion that the Calvinistic Methodist ministers of the county were largely responsible for the document, Ellis replied with some spirit, "No one has a higher opinion of Welsh Nonconformist ministers than myself, but there is not one of them who could have drawn it up." That Lord Rendel should entrust the framing of so personal a document as his first election address to other minds than his own is unthinkable to those who knew him. As his speeches and writings demonstrated, he was highly individualist in style, and though his respect for others' opinions was unflinching, his sincerity of mind made impossible the substitution of another's judgment for his own.

THE ELECTION OF 1880

But in choosing a policy and in deciding on his plan of attack he would be sure to avail himself of the fullest knowledge and the best advice. Both he found at hand in a Montgomeryshire Liberal squire, Mr. Arthur Charles Humphreys-Owen, a man of similar highmindedness and ardent public spirit to himself, a learned lawyer and scholar, and a born administrator. It was often noticed how, in the Welsh Church controversy, Lord Rendel based his case for the anti-nationalist character of the Establishment, on Judge Johnes's famous *Essay on the Causes which in Wales have produced Dissent from the Established Church*. Judge Johnes was himself a Montgomeryshire man, who had died a few years before Lord Rendel's advent to the county, and Mr. Humphreys-Owen was his nephew, who, before he inherited the estate of Glansevern, had regularly spent his vacations with the judge, and had become a sound authority on Welsh Church and educational history. There is no doubt that he gave Lord Rendel the fullest advantage of his learning and experience. The friendship between the two was a rare one in its complete loyalty, trust, and unselfishness on both sides, and it remained over many years unbroken to the end. Mr. Humphreys-Owen not only succeeded Lord Rendel as the county member, but to him fell the duty, as Chairman of the Central Welsh Board up to his death in 1905, of organising and directing the administration of the Intermediate Education Act of 1889, the passage of which Lord Rendel had secured, and also of helping to draft the statutes of the Welsh University, also promised to Lord Rendel by Mr. Gladstone. Lord Rendel needed no more competent friend and adviser on Welsh matters while in Parliament; on his retirement he could have wished for no worthier or more appropriate successor.

As to Lord Rendel's understanding of the Welsh people, that was due to his own rare qualities of sympathy and understanding. It was not mere calculation; it amounted to sight. At first he did, indeed, seem an unlikely type to become a universally acclaimed Welsh leader. He was a

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Churchman; he was English in birth, speech, education, and all his associations. His followers were, in the main, Non-conformist farmers and workers; they were Welsh in race, and largely Welsh in speech; they were simple, homely folk, whose interests lay within their own villages or valleys and had few points of contact with the great world beyond. Yet between them there sprang up a wonderful understanding and intimacy. The fundamental bond lay probably among the things of the spirit. High faith and fine feeling, a Puritan strength of principle and sense of duty and service were to be found among this peasant community. Lord Rendel appealed to all this because there was so much of it in himself. In the House of Commons he was, as he confessed, often uneasy and unconfident in speech. Among his Welsh constituents he was completely at home; they understood him and he them. He was at ease as a society host in his great houses in London, in the country, and abroad; he was not less at ease in the farmhouses and cottages of Wales, sitting down to a homely meal after a meeting in old-fashioned farmhouse kitchen or cottager's parlour, and he had the gift of putting those about him at ease too. He was, in a word, a great gentleman. It was pre-eminently a spiritual service that he rendered the Welsh people. He saw in them, with something of a poet's vision, present qualities and potential possibilities that they had not realised themselves—their eager minds, their native love of poetry and music, their sacrifices for education, their religious idealism, their independence of spirit. He somehow made them believe in themselves as they had never done before, by interpreting to them their own better sides, and showing them to what high uses the spirit of nationality might be put. His faith in them, indeed, almost seemed to create the very qualities with which he endowed them. And on their side there was a responsive understanding and confidence. There was the feeling that this influential Englishman, intimate friend of their great idol Gladstone, on familiar terms with all the

SUCCESS AT WESTMINSTER

great people in politics and society, was their friend—that he understood them, entered into their own faith and life and ideals, saw things with their own eyes, felt about them with their own hearts—was, in fact, one with them in the things that matter. So this singular friendship was not so mysterious, after all. And it is certain that Lord Rendel's position as an Englishman of culture and influence, knowing the Welsh mind so well, yet free from the race prejudices to which the Welsh are held to be liable, made him a more effectual advocate of Welsh causes over the border than if he had been Welsh himself.

These matters are discussed in some detail because they explain the secret of Lord Rendel's almost too easy success in achieving his objects at Westminster. He was by nature a diplomatist, who understood the easiest way of getting things done. But far more than this his success was due to knowing exactly what he wanted and being ready with the demand when the opportunity arose. His first aim at Westminster was to secure for Wales recognition as a nation and distinctive treatment of specifically Welsh questions. To consolidate the Welsh members into a Welsh party was the obvious preliminary step; to determine on a clear policy the next and the more important. When he selected Welsh disestablishment, he did so not only because it was a reform of the first importance in itself, but because it would most convincingly vindicate the nationalist case for Wales. His first step was to secure the assent of English Liberal leaders, and it was felt that Welsh disestablishment had been put on a new basis, in relation to the Liberal Party, by his correspondence with Morley in 1886. On the eve of the annual conference at Leeds that year of the National Liberal Federation Lord Rendel wrote to Morley asking him to say "a word for Wales and to Wales," and assuring him of the gratitude with which the Principality would welcome an explicit declaration on the subject of disestablishment in Wales. "Wales," he wrote, "has subsisted long enough" on

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general expressions of sympathy in this matter. *Laudatur et alget*. She now looks for specific and responsible assurances." Morley's reply was as complete a committal as Lord Rendel could have desired:

I am bound to say that I agree that Wales has subsisted long enough on general expressions of sympathy. My own opinion is that the disestablishment of the Church in Wales, whatever views we may take of the larger question, is a reform which can no longer be kept out of the active objects of the Liberal Party. It is so obviously required both by the justice of the case and by the overwhelming sentiment of the country concerned that I feel confident that even many friends of the Establishment in England would not refuse to co-operate. Be that as it may, it must now form an indispensable article of Liberal policy.

The Leeds conference endorsed Morley's views. At Nottingham in the following year the Federation definitely adopted Welsh disestablishment, and the question moved forward until in the famous Newcastle Programme Welsh disestablishment was placed next to Irish Home Rule. Its subsequent stages up to the passage of the Bill in 1914 have already been briefly recorded, but a word may be added on Mr. Gladstone's attitude. When in 1891 Mr. Pritchard Morgan had down a motion for Welsh disestablishment, some anxiety was felt as to whether Mr. Gladstone would vote for it. Twenty-one years before he had declared that the separation of the Welsh Church from the Church of England would leave behind "a bleeding and lacerated mass." His recognition of Irish nationality, however, had made him more sensitive to the claim of justice for Wales on the same nationalist ground that Lord Rendel had so wisely chosen. In the following year, when a similar motion came forward, Mr. Gladstone was at Valescure as Lord Rendel's guest, and in a letter of February 20, 1892, addressed to a Welsh friend, Lord Rendel put Mr. Gladstone's attitude beyond all doubt:

GLADSTONE AND WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT

Will you kindly let your readers know that it is with much regret Mr. Gladstone has yielded to the urgent appeals of his friends in London not to carry out his intention of returning to England by Monday, the 22nd? Mr. Gladstone desired to support the motion for Welsh disestablishment again this session, as he did last session, and he would certainly have travelled home to do so but for the many remonstrances he received. Our places were all taken and every arrangement completed. The sudden relapse into winter was most unfortunate, yet I am sure that Mr. Gladstone's Welsh supporters are too much concerned in the maintenance of his present excellent health and spirits to refuse their concurrence in the wisdom of delaying his departure northwards. I trust that my own constituents also will, in the unlucky choice that has befallen me, think I have decided rightly in preferring to keep to my charge here instead of leaving it for the sake of recording my vote in Tuesday's division. It seems to me that it has been so far a most fortunate arrangement by which Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone have been enabled to escape a winter of peculiar severity and gravity, especially for octogenarians.

This letter had one amusing sequel. It was the subject of a cartoon in *Punch*, entitled "Patient and Nurse," in which Lord Rendel was shewn in nurse's uniform beside Mr. Gladstone's bed with a spoon and bowl of gruel. Another remark by him that a day spent with Mr. Gladstone was a liberal education led *Punch* to suggest that arrangements might be made for backward London Board school-boys to have the benefit of this easy and generous plan.

On Lord Rendel largely fell the burden of the Welsh Church controversy, and it cannot be said that he shrank from engagements with Bishop Edwards of St. Asaph¹ and Principal Owen of Lampeter,² the leaders on the Church side, or that his style was lacking in spirit and vigour. Two notes, written in March, 1893, the year in which the Welsh

¹ *First Archbishop of Wales.*

² *Later Dean of St. Asaph and Bishop of St. Davids.*

PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL

Suspensory Bill was introduced, indicate the fundamental position on which he throughout relied :

It is lamentable that Principal Owen and Bishop Edwards should be more Anglican than the English. Both men are unhappily fighting for their personal status. Neither has any representative position nor any responsibility to Wales. It is worse than the Ulster Orangeman opposition to Nationalist Ireland. For Ulster had historical position. Ulster is Protestant in a R.C. country. Ulster is of Scotch descent. Ulster is a solid unit. However, the anti-national faction in Wales has one likeness to Ulster. It is the party of the rich and the few and of the English connexion. Principal Owen heard my speech, and knows that, in all I said of the anti-national character impressed on the English (not the British) Church in Wales, I founded myself on the remarkable letter addressed, in a pamphlet, by Dean Edwards of Bangor to Mr. Gladstone some twenty years ago. . . . Lampeter is the spawn of the English Establishment. It was directly founded, endowed, and invested with the sole Welsh degree-giving power in order that as a seminary for the production of Welsh-speaking clergy it might furnish recruits for the Welsh Church. What right had the English Government and the English Ecclesiastical Commissioners thus to set up, out of national resources and State privileges, a recruiting station in the heart of Nonconformist Wales, with a bounty system attached? The State must be neither Anglican nor sectarian in Wales.

Again, in reply to an invitation to write on the subject :

With regard to controversy in the Press with Dean Owen and Bishop Edwards I hesitate a good deal. Bishop Edwards has shewn himself so unscrupulous that he seems to me outside the pale. Dean Owen is very smart and very interminable. Both know that I gave no facts or opinions of my own; but limited myself to quotations from the famous letter to Mr. Gladstone from the late Dean Edwards of Bangor—an elder brother of the Bishop. That letter was published as a pamphlet of fifty-seven pages in January, 1870, and is one long demonstra-

ESTABLISHMENT—NOT THE CHURCH

tion of the almost unbrokenly alien character of the Church in Wales. There has never been any reply to it. It, however, emanated from the admirable treatise of Mr. A. J. Johnes on *The Causes of Dissent in Wales*, written in 1831 and republished in 1870. These two publications are well known to Dean Owen, and he has to answer them, and not to scoff at me. Both writers were ardent Churchmen, and their object was to denounce the *alien* bishops and clergy and to rescue the Welsh Church from disastrous English and alien domination. My part in the matter had been to point out that it was *Establishment* that gave England this mischievous power over the Church in Wales, and that it is Establishment, and not the Church, we are attacking, and Establishment, and not the Church, that is being defended.

For a time, in the years that followed Lord Rendel's retirement, it almost seemed as if Welsh disestablishment had been abandoned. But it returned with the Liberal revival in the first decade of this century, and though he had died before the Bill went through and the work begun by him had been completed, he was spared long enough to see victory in sight. The spirit in which he laid down his post as Leader of the Welsh Liberal Party is well expressed in a letter of March 2, 1894, to Sir Herbert Lewis, M.P., one of his most trusted personal and Parliamentary colleagues:

You know that I have felt, ever since the Disestablishment Bill was in the hands of the Ministry, that my Welsh work was done, and that I should do well to retire from a position which it was, in my view, incongruous for an Englishman to occupy. The retirement of Mr. Gladstone has naturally determined the question of choice of occasion for me. That retirement greatly reduces the amount of my usefulness as an interpreter of Welsh views to an English Minister willing to listen to them. There is absolutely no need of me with such men as Acland and Asquith who will look to the fighting even of our party. I have therefore decided to give up my Welsh seat and all that goes with it. I will not now enlarge upon the feelings that affect me in taking such a step.

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But to you, who have been so wonderfully devoted and unselfish in your joint labour with me, I do desire to express hearty grief at our separation. I can only hope that your spirit will animate the whole Welsh Party, and that it will grow more and more in respect and influence both in Wales and in the House of Commons.

Of Lord Rendel's work for Welsh education and Welsh nationalism generally he shall speak for himself in the document to which reference has already been made. It may, however, be said that while his active work for Welsh politics ceased with his elevation to the Lords in 1894, his interest in Welsh education survived. Indeed, in some respects it quickened to a nervous degree, and became tinged with suspicion of new developments that he feared might dethrone the new and self-respecting nationalism he had seen established in favour of the older feudal spirit. For a long time he suspected the Welsh National Museum and Library movement—which a strong effort was being made to identify with Cardiff. "I know no place in Wales," he wrote to Principal T. F. Roberts of Aberystwyth, "where there is more likelihood of true and pure Welsh national feeling and of all the sentiments that should most characterise a Welsh University being popularly drowned than at Cardiff." On the other hand, "Aberystwyth is already in actual possession of the only possible national collection of books, and to give the name 'national' to any other collection would be a ridiculous fiasco." He was acutely jealous of the future of Aberystwyth, which was ever to him the "cradle" of higher education in Wales, and which he had helped to save from submersion by Cardiff and Bangor. Moreover, in the affairs of the Welsh University, he frankly did not like the idea of "Royalty" appointments, the preference in the matter of honorary degrees for Scottish and English chancellors, and the appointment to high official posts of merely titled people. He wanted such places given to Welshmen for their own character, service, and fitness for office. For example, writ--

"THE DEAR WELSH PEOPLE"

ing to Sir Herbert Lewis from Cannes, January 29th, 1905,
he

Every people have the "*défauts de leur qualités*." The dear Welsh people are a little too anxious to please, too ready to "make believe," too subtle and supple. They are perhaps stiff enough in the neck, but scarcely so in the back. Amiability becomes sometimes pliability. Their winsomeness covers at times a pretty slyness. One does not always know what they would be at, or which turn they will take, or what is their real mind. They often don't know themselves. This comes of their long subjection to the masterfulness of a predominant neighbour and "partner."

Of course, there will always be in our ranks very worthy men who mistake a bent for "trimming" for moderation; who shew more civility to enemies than to friends and call it Christian courtesy; who greet our habitual opponents' appearance upon common ground with gushing effusion, and then loudly applaud their own large-heartedness and broad-mindedness. If I am right in suggesting that amiable plausibilities of this sort are a little too common in Wales, I am justified in my anxiety. The case of Aberystwyth is certainly peculiar, in that it is not only the premier and popular college, but the very cradle of the entire national educational movement. It is a paramount obligation of the whole Welsh people, and of its party in the House of Commons, to see that the office of president is held by a typical Welshman, and is not made the subject of compromise or mixed motives. And it is now at once that the task of filling the office should be undertaken. Wales should lose no opportunity of hoisting its colours.

Wales has freed herself of the yoke of Welsh territorialism as well as of Anglicanism, yet somehow at times Wales seems almost to miss and long for the old harness. What an absurdity! Territorialism is moribund even in England. In Wales it should be dead and buried. You, who know the trend of social influences, can see how obsolete is the old social order.

Is it not humorously sad to notice that while "great

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Society" and "good Society" have had to surrender to "smart Society," that is, to fast (and loose) society, as undistinguished as it is cosmopolitan, the middle classes are more servile and fawning than ever? And may not cynics laugh when, while the Great World is ever embracing new men and new money, the smaller folk are bigger flunkies than ever before, and take in exchange any stray broken-down "nobleman" with full belief that they have the best of the bargain.

We want neither new men and money nor old names and honours for Aberystwyth. What we want is the real man—stripped if possible of every secondary adjunct—a man selected solely for his character, representative and personal, his services and his efficiency.

And now let me be forgiven for so long a preachment. You see how old I have become and how garrulous! But I write on subjects too interesting to you or to me to render much apology either necessary or honest.

Later, however, no one rejoiced more gratefully than Lord Rendel himself did to be convinced that it was his hopes, not his fears, that, after all, were being fulfilled. This is convincingly shown in two letters that passed between him and Sir Herbert Lewis. The latter writes:

You are such a true friend of Wales and its interests that I want to tell you what I have recently seen. I have lately been at Aberystwyth, Bangor, and Cardiff, and have been immensely impressed with the advance which Wales has made. This is a great founding time, and the work has been done to some purpose. Bangor has a beautiful college on a commanding site. I was amazed at its fine proportions. In the old days it was a Castle, nowadays it is a College, that dominates the town. Later I went to Cardiff. They have spent £135,000 on the college, which, when finished, will have cost a quarter of a million. It suffers from (1) being built on a perfectly flat piece of land, (2) its nearness to those great piles the Town Hall and the Law Courts, and (3) a heavy and cramped style of architecture. The National Museum is going to be built by the side of the college. They have estimated for an expenditure of a quarter of

"A GREAT FOUNDING TIME"

a million, but so far they have only £50,000 in hand, including the Treasury grant.

Ever since the National Library has started work at Aberystwyth, I have wondered how I and other people interested in the Library and Museum movement could have been so blind to the relative importance of the two institutions. I take a keen interest in the Museum. I visited several on the Continent last summer, but there is simply no comparison between the interest and utility to Wales of a Museum and those of a Library. I am sure you will agree with me that, in the case of Wales at any rate, the latter is infinitely the more important of the two. I cannot think of the work that Ballinger¹ and his capable staff are doing at Aberystwyth without a feeling of enthusiastic thankfulness that I have lived to see the day when it was established on a solid basis with an adequate Government grant. We are all feeling very anxious about the building which is to be erected on the splendid site you have so kindly given us. So far we can spend only £30,000, and that will only put up one side of the building. I sincerely hope you will be able to attend the laying of the foundation stone by the King and Queen. The ceremony would be utterly incomplete without you. It will be a great day in the history of the Library and of Wales. I feel convinced that before long Ballinger will have made the National Library a power in every part of Wales.

Gratefully Lord Rendel writes in reply:

May 14th, 1911.

Your delightful letter has touched me closely. It is indeed moving to be made to feel that we may perhaps leave a corner of the earth in happier plight than we found it. At times one fears that our marching is all goose-step. Politics too often have but a pendulum swing, as far backward as forward—a mere marking of time to no lasting effect. I quite agree with you that in these latter days Wales has found itself, and that we

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ought to have the spirit of Founders. I think, with you, that the National Library takes a foremost place in the monumental life of Wales. Just as you so happily say that the College supplants the Castle at Bangor, so also you might say that the National Library crowns the whole educational fabric of Wales.

I am more than grateful that the King and Queen should be the first to use the trowel in rearing the edifice. I should love to witness that most significant ceremony, which for me is almost a signal for "Nunc dimittis." But I am much too physically feeble for public functions. Of late I have had a craving to use the trowel a little more myself in the only way open to me. It was a most welcome boon to me that I had the luck to find the right site. Yet I feel the desire to find also a stone or two to place upon it. I am seeking to devise a way, but so far without success. Will you believe that I am now, as always, in the closest sympathy with you? I put the privilege of helping to found this National Library quite as high as you do. It would be enough for me to be suffered to take an unknown part in such a task. Yet I am not insensible to the personal satisfaction of shewing that, as I began, so I end with one predominant desire to inspire, wherever I can venture to hope or try to do so, Welsh National feeling with my own faith in its future, already unfolding itself so hopefully before our eyes.

Lord Rendel's interest in these, as in other matters, far exceeded the merely sentimental. He became President of the Aberystwyth College on Lord Aberdare's death in 1895; for several years he contributed £1,000 a year until his death — £750 to augment the stipends of the Aberystwyth College staff and £250 to assist pupils of intermediate schools in the counties of Merioneth, Montgomery, and Cardigan; in 1897, while still president of the college, he purchased a considerable estate overlooking Aberystwyth, and out of it a year later he presented the noble site on which the National Library of Wales now stands. His reluctance, however, to expose himself to the suspicion of intervention in affairs no longer his immediate concern, still persisted, as will be seen

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A GREAT EDUCATIONAL EXPERIMENT

from the note in which he announced his consent to put on record something of his public work for Wales. "I cannot," he wrote on December 8, 1901, "but have my own views as to the evolution of events with which I was connected and my own convictions as to the present, shaped and judged by the past and pointing to some specific future. You invite me to write on such matters, and I will do so. But I beg you to bear in mind that I should personally regret any use of what I may say which could tend to present me to my Welsh friends as venturing to intervene in questions which I have consistently sought to see handled by Welsh representatives only." It will probably be agreed, when the document that follows is read, that the appeal that induced him to write it was more than justified:

On the question whether the working of the Welsh Intermediate Education scheme has justified my expectations, I think that the raising of £80,000, the establishment of ninety-four schools, and the steady growth in the numbers of pupils in ten years up to 7,668, taken with the fact that three-fourths of them come from the public elementary schools, constitute evidence of the complete and even remarkable success of the Welsh Intermediate Education Act. I know no parallel to it. In this success is involved, in my belief, confirmation of the justice of my view that for intermediate education the school must be taken to the scholar to an extent not remotely removed from that necessity in the case of elementary education. For the child, the education of home is in itself of importance and school life does not extinguish it. The half-grown lad or girl might profit by residential schools, but such are only possible for the well-to-do classes. Moreover, in public-aided residential schools the religious difficulty is almost insuperable. The system adopted of well and freely distributing intermediate day-schools obviates this difficulty. Indeed, if those classes and those districts in Wales for whose benefit the Act was especially appropriate are really to profit by it, the principle of numerous schools was rightly conceived, and has been amply justified.

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You speak to me as the author of the Act. This is a disputed question. I may as well tell the facts. I have never recorded them. Of course, intermediate education is a part of the scheme formulated and following upon the report of Lord Aberdare's Departmental Committee. Welsh Liberal members, as a matter of course, gave it an early place in their programme. My first connexion with it was this, that as a part of a general principle of creating a Welsh National Party for the vindication of Welsh Nationality, I deemed it essential to put forward such Welsh aims and objects as should not only unite Welsh Liberals, but furnish effective weapons and causes for the conquest of the House of Commons. In 1880, when I entered the House as a Welsh member, Mr. Gladstone granted the Departmental Committee upon Welsh Education, and that Committee, by the singular ability and completeness of its work, gave the substance and shape to the Welsh educational question which were requisite to make it a substantial plank in a Parliamentary platform. Meanwhile, there was a Radical element in Welsh Parliamentary representation which was not to be satisfied with what seemed rather academic action. The Celtic sympathy and Irish example pointed to land and agricultural tenure questions as more pressing and profitable fields for political venture. The notorious evictions on political and religious grounds and the beginning of agricultural depression sharpened the edge of the appetite for agrarian agitation in and out of the House. Had this agitation furnished the *cheval de bataille* of a Welsh Party, that party would never have proved effective, united, or fertile of any good harvest in the House of Commons at that time. Mr. Henry Richard was the *doyen* of Welsh members, but he was something more and something else than a Welsh member. He was the leader, or a prominent leader, of a section of the House which was exceedingly English. He represented the English Nonconformist Party, which claimed to be the backbone of the Liberal Party. He was also the champion of the Peace Party, and succeeded Mr. Miall as the leader of the Liberationists, who were virtually opposed to recognition of Wales as an entity for separate treatment.

OLD AND YOUNG WALES

As a devoted minister of religion, full of counsels of moderation, Mr. Richard was the last man to sympathise with agrarian agitation. He was Welsh, but he was old Wales. Old Wales aimed at respectability above all things, and was very "middle class." I do not think Mr. Henry Richard would have consented to have abandoned what he rightly deemed his very honourable and unique position in the House of Commons and to throw in his lot exclusively with a few Welsh Liberal colleagues. Yet, Mr. Richard was the natural chief of the Welsh Liberal members, and, if and when we met for any common purposes, acted by common consent as our chairman.

On the other hand, the extension of the suffrage and the ballot produced a Young Wales Party in embryo. Young Wales, as then brought to birth, was in especial sympathy with the peasant and agricultural life of Wales. It represented above all things successful revolt from the political domination of the Welsh territorial class. Naturally its first aim and object was to punish its old oppressors, and the instrument nearest to its hand was borrowed from Ireland and from Irish land measures. There was this essential good in the nascent Young Wales movement, that it could only base itself upon the preliminary claim for the recognition of Welsh Nationality and the right of Welsh members to form a Welsh Party in the House of Commons.

For my part I felt strongly the justice and the policy of forming a Welsh Parliamentary Party. But I also felt the worse than hopelessness of so doing unless upon a practical and practicable programme. I differed on the one hand from Mr. Richard, whom I regarded as even more Liberationist than Welsh, and I differed from Young Wales, because I felt that, though the agrarian question would rally Welsh constituencies, it would wreck the case for Wales in the House of Commons. For the House had enough with the interminable land question of Ireland on its hands, and would at once stamp out a small Ireland within English borders.

My course accordingly was, after urging Mr. Richard in vain to take on himself Welsh disestablishment, to set about nursing with due modesty and caution the programme of Welsh disestablishment as opposed to Welsh

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land agitation. Mr. Richard, of whom I speak with most sincere respect and almost reverence, gave me as his reason for holding back from Welsh disestablishment, the impolicy of threatening the whole Anglican endowments in Wales at a time when he was confidently hoping to rescue some educational endowments from the Church. We should be dropping, he felt, the bone for the shadow. Some striking demonstration of the growing Nationality of Wales was then needed. Skilful manœuvring and small doles for undenominational education could not create or constitute a party. The true policy appeared to be to declare a grievance and to claim a remedy on a scale worthy of a distinct Nationality, and for my part I believed that it was almost essential to reject for the time the undoubted claims of Welsh land and to concentrate upon Welsh disestablishment.

Of course, I had no hope of even proximate success in any measure itself. It would be success enough to bring Wales, whole and united, into a definite position in relation to England. Welsh disestablishment meant a clear and effective issue with all Anglicising influences in Wales, and a practical declaration of the case for Welsh Nationalisation outside Wales. It may be egotism on my part, but I cannot help thus sketching the situation as I found and dealt with it on becoming a Welsh member, because, if I rendered any service worth record to Wales, it was by this original discrimination, in which I think I took the lead, however promptly and ably seconded. I naturally prefer to be remembered, if at all, as having been right in my judgment on great issues, rather than as having had conciliatory and tactful methods of handling them. I have wandered far from education. But there is relevancy: we owe the Intermediate Education Act to the similar success of a policy of giving priority to education over land-tenure reform. I must not be thought the least insincere in attitude to land reform, as I will show hereafter.

But the success in Parliament of my movement for the rescue of Aberystwyth College from its supersession and extinction in favour of two Colleges in North and South Wales, as contemplated by Lord Aberdare's Committee

OUTWITTING TORY OPPOSITION

report, convinced me of the wisdom of pressing educational measures in the House. Thus it was that in 1889, the Welsh Parliamentary Party, having included a bill in their programme during previous sessions, selected Intermediate Education as the effort on which to concentrate itself for that session. By the fortune of ballot, we obtained such a place for it as rendered us secure of introducing it. This was the foundation of our success. I know of no case where private members of the Opposition have succeeded in carrying a first-class public measure through the House of Commons. The Tory Whips could view with equanimity our having secured the right to introduce our Bill. For they knew it would be almost a miracle if it were passed against their will. A Government with a good majority possesses such an overwhelming command over the time of the House that it can easily choke off a mere private member's Bill almost at any stage.

For this and other reasons I broke fresh ground, and made a bold attempt to capture the Tory Government's toleration of the Bill, at any rate up to a certain point in its course through the House. We were, I think, twenty-six Liberal members in Wales and Monmouthshire, against four Conservatives. I asked the Conservative members to join our Liberal Committee from the first. I urged that we should become one party from Wales in respect to education. Of course, any Bill to be of any use had to be clearly undenominational, therefore thoroughly Liberal. On the other hand, no Welsh Conservative could afford lightly to alienate that portion of his constituency which either desired the Bill or resented opposition to a demand for Imperial help in a good Welsh cause. The Tory front bench then thought it had nothing to fear and something to gain from coquetting with the Bill in its early stages, and I knew it was an old Tory policy to allow Scotch Tories to vote for Liberal Scotch measures which did not tread upon English Tory toes.

I next proceeded to invite the attendance at our Committee of Sir W. Hart Dyke, the Conservative Minister for Education in the Commons. He could reasonably be present, seeing that Tory Welsh members were present,

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and I reckoned upon that desire to be up and doing which always animates a new Minister in the Parliamentary conduct of his department. There was no other educational measure of such importance likely to fall within his term of office, and the sterile occupation of office is almost as fatal to ambition as the breakdown of a Government measure in the hands of a young Minister. However, do not let me seem to deny to such men as Sir W. Hart Dyke and Mr. George Kenyon genuine sympathy with popular education. I had, however, to regard them, not merely as individuals, but as loyal members of their party. And it was quite idle to suppose that Tories as Tories could spontaneously or sincerely support any popular Education Bill worth having.

The next piece of good fortune that arose was our delightful and unexpected success in defeating the Government in a division on the question of the inclusion of Monmouthshire. The Tory Whips had, from contempt of our numbers, neglected to maintain an adequate majority, always less easy to keep on a private member's sitting. They had doubtless not the least fear of getting rid of the Bill at later stages through their command of the time of the House; still, our victory was of great value. Mr. Gladstone was at this time my guest. With his wonderful quickness and experience, he saw that the Bill might have some chance, and on a fit occasion and at my earnest request he came most unexpectedly down to the House. He made a valuable speech for the Bill in the smallest House I ever heard him address—for again, of course, it was not a Government night. His intervention gave an extraordinary lift to the character and prospects of the Bill.

Next came the difficulty of drafting the Bill itself. To a certain point we could proceed upon principles only. The drafting of a Bill that could be worked and that could pass the ordeal of debate in Committee in any shape that would render it worth having, was a business quite beyond the powers of any but the draftsman of the Government. No public measure, in fact, of any consequence and complexity can be privately drafted. We had done our best as amateur draftsmen, and, with Mr. Samuel Evans's ability, our best was not bad, but it was

BRADLAUGH'S FRIENDLY HINT

clear that the Bill required the exclusive knowledge and experience of the permanent expert draftsmen who draft all Government measures, irrespective of party. These gentlemen were my private personal friends, but, of course, could not render me any assistance without Government sanction. Sir W. Hart Dyke took the unusual and generous course of giving my Bill the services of the Government draftsmen.

The paternity of the Bill has, as I have said, often been disputed. Sir W. Hart Dyke has himself in a manner claimed it. I do not concede it. No doubt the Bill, while keeping to our lines in its principles and main features, was cast into its formal shape by the Government draftsmen. But I am sure the Government draftsmen, with whom I was in consultation, were at least as ready personally to serve me as to serve the Government. But technically they served the Government, though I was their actual client, and I consider Sir W. Hart Dyke acted with large-hearted liberalism in this important and valuable assistance he, and he alone, caused to be rendered to the measure. If we are not grateful he is ill requited, for I doubt whether his own party are. We must not let him fall between two stools.

The next man who did a great service to the Bill was, strange to say, Mr. Bradlaugh. No private member knew the rules of the House better than Mr. Bradlaugh, and none exceeded him in diligent attendance to its business. One day as I passed through the Division Lobby he addressed me, a stranger to him, with his usual marked courtesy. "Are you aware," he said, "of the recent rule under which, if you get the Speaker out of the chair (one of the many stages of the Bill) before Whitsuntide, your Bill has priority over all other Bills on all private nights for the session?" I was ignorant of this rule. We were close on Whitsuntide, but by good fortune I got the "Speaker out of the chair" in time—another oversight of the Government Whips. Thus the Front Bench found the Bill secure of its first place on every private night, and the chances of defeating it by mere lapse of time almost destroyed.

This brought me in contact with the Leader of the House, Mr. W. H. Smith. I had already seen him and

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deprecated massacre of the Bill. He was an old Whip. I told him how the Conservative Welsh members had joined with us, that none dared to oppose it, and that unless he wished to lose the few remaining Conservative seats in Wales, he must not openly destroy the Bill. At that time North Wales was the scene of some troublesome disturbances over the levying of distress for tithes. The risks to public order, sympathy with the clergy, and the recollection of the Rebecca Riots greatly affected Mr. Smith, a most earnest Churchman, devoted to law and order. Accordingly, on the several occasions on which I saw him, he rather put it that, if we would be on our good behaviour over tithe, he would not be unamiable over the Bill. These interviews were of great importance to the fortunes of the measure. They brought about a result which has always escaped attention. The Bill was in my charge, and in my charge it passed through the House of Commons. It was for me, and me only, to determine by whom it should be submitted to the House of Lords. My natural course would have been to ask a Liberal peer to undertake it. Lord Herschell would have done so with the highest guarantees of wise handling, and it went to my heart not to ask Lord Aberdare, although he was not then very active. Why, then, did I not do so? It is not a little singular that I should never have been asked the question. But, since many Tories have claimed credit for this measure, and, above all, seeing that the Conservative Government itself did so in the Queen's Speech at the close of the session, I surrender the explanation of the mystery.

Having got the Bill through the House of Commons by a combination of good fortune and close attention, I could not bear to think of it being wrecked in the House of Lords. The subsequent action of the Lords, through the Primate, in defeating and hamstringing officially approved schemes under the Act shows plainly what would have been the prospects of the measure in that House had it been presented to it as a contentious measure by the Opposition. I thought it wise to consult nobody, and to assume the responsibility of taking an unprecedented step. I went to Mr. W. H. Smith the instant the Bill was through the House, and said, "I

THREE THINGS FOR WALES

want the Bill, and not the mere credit of it, and I want it to pass the Lords in a shape worth having—that is, in its present shape. You can at this late period of the session slip it through the Lords without a chance of serious debate. If you will promise to get it unaltered through the Lords, I will hand over the Bill to you.” Mr. Smith replied, “We’ve got on very well throughout this matter. Of course, I cannot guarantee you from amendments, but I will promise you to do my best, if that will satisfy you.” Without undue confidence, I felt that far my better plan was to accept with all heartiness what was offered in all heartiness, and the Bill did slip through the Lords, with the most astonishing silence, ease, and rapidity. Let me point out that if Mr. Smith treated Sir William Hart Dyke fairly, as no doubt he did, he must have secured Sir William’s full assent, and Sir William Hart Dyke must have exercised his goodwill in getting the Bill through the Lords. I counted throughout on Sir William Hart Dyke, being free from Church and sectarian dislike to the Bill, on his being a true educationist, and on his natural desire, as Minister for Education, to place a measure of education in the Queen’s Speech on prorogation which had not been there on opening Parliament.

I am not able to form any clear opinion upon the academic standards and general organisation of the Welsh University. With its creation my more active connexion with Welsh affairs ended. Here I may point out that I do not think Wales altogether recognises its debt to Mr. Gladstone in regard to the University. He formed his last Ministry under my roof. Before seeing any colleague, he said to me, assuming a business-like manner not usual with me, “Tell me what you want for Wales?” By good fortune I had an answer ready at the instant. “Three things,” I said; “a Suspensory Bill, a Royal Commission on Land Tenure and Occupation, and a University for Wales.” My notion of a Suspensory Bill greatly struck and pleased him. A Suspensory Bill is the necessary preliminary of disestablishment, because it places in the hands of the Sovereign the disposal of the revenues of the Church. Such a measure would naturally be a part of a Disestablishment Bill. I

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knew I could not get disestablishment; I could not be satisfied with a mere resolution or pious opinion. My object was to associate Mr. Gladstone and his Ministry with a definite practical legislative step, implying disestablishment. Thus I formulated my request for a Suspensory Bill.

Mr. Gladstone seized at once the significance of my request. He promised to submit it to his two leading lieutenants that day, and before it closed he informed me, with evident satisfaction, that they concurred. As regards the Land Commission, Mr. Gladstone was less favourable. His attitude justified my original distrust of land questions as a platform for Welsh Nationality. He offered me a Select Committee, which I declined. He then offered me the chairmanship of it. I still declined. I had to be resolute. But it was not till next day that he acceded to the Royal Commission, after further resistance. My reason for insisting on the Royal Commission in preference to the Select Committee was the greater range and liberty in selecting its members and the power of making it ambulatory, thereby all grievances could be elicited, and all parties heard—both great and small. The Welsh University he approved of and promised without a word. Having this relation to the Welsh University, of an almost too easy paternity, I think Mr. Gladstone and I—in my much humbler capacity—took, perhaps, too little trouble about its organisation. I knew, of course, what willing and eager minds were drawn to the work. Of these, alas! we have lost Principal Viriamu Jones, but have retained Dr. Isambard Owen and Mr. Humphreys-Owen and Principal Roberts. Moreover, I was content to retire when once the main point was secured, viz., that the three Colleges, and they alone, should be the constituents of the University of Wales. To their unfettered hands all might be trusted.

I have always used as the economic argument for Welsh education that thereby the people of Wales would take, not only a higher place in public life and private affairs, but would surpass England, relatively to numbers, in the supply of men competent to meet modern exigencies, and to cope with the extended area of intelligent action opening up to the whole people. The raw

WALES'S PLACE IN THE EMPIRE

material of Wales is quite distinct from that of England or Scotland. Without education it falls below them in value from its lesser physical vigour. With education it rises above both of them, in my belief, so far as early and general susceptibility to intellectual accomplishment is concerned. I expect to find the Welsh winning an extra share of prizes in competitive Civil Service Examinations, and I believe they will figure largely in the brain-work of the Empire. It is clear they possess special qualities for Parliament, the Pulpit, and the Press.

I do not think Welsh Nationalism has gained in effective fighting power in Parliament during the last decade, but I think it has gained in recognition and acceptance by the House of Commons and the country at large. When I entered the House a Welsh member was almost in an inferior category, a cheaper sort of member. That is not so now. On the other hand, the levelling up with other members has, I think, somewhat relaxed the solidarity of the Welsh Party. I distinguish, you see, between Welsh Nationalism and Welsh membership. Nationalism has gained ground; party unity and action have; perhaps, lost a little ground as combative forces.

I remain strongly of opinion that Welsh disestablishment should be pressed forward alone, for I believe that, if not so pressed, it will be indefinitely retarded. It is for this reason, amongst others, that I long to see the Welsh Parliamentary Party more effectively and strictly organised. I would almost rather they remained as in my day, a half-despised, pariah party, than reach equality of British membership by any loss of Welsh individuality. It is delightful beyond words to find one young Welsh member¹ reaching an important office in a too brief lifetime, and another,² equally young, vindicating the genius of Wales by a Grattan-like oratory, and thus becoming a Radical leader. Yet, for Welsh disestablishment a purely and solely Welsh Party is also necessary. English disestablishment is an enormous question. It is far from ripe, and it will undergo many

¹ *Mr. Thomas E. Ellis, M.P. for Merioneth, one of the original students of Aberystwyth College, who became Junior Lord of the Treasury in 1892 and Chief Liberal Whip in 1894.*

² *Obviously Mr. Lloyd George.*

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changes and vicissitudes. Each year finds it more complicated. Above all, it is a case for England, and; as English Churchmen will therefore allege, for England only. I see no present prospect of there being an English majority in favour of it. The predominant partner, in my belief, will never suffer an essentially English question, revolutionising the oldest and greatest institution in the country, to be decided by Irish, Scotch, or Welsh votes. I must say that in this case I bow to the force of majority, whatever my devotion to the principle of Free Church. However opposed to Establishment, I prefer to base disestablishment, as a Parliamentary measure, upon the will of the people concerned and affected. That is the principle on which Parliament has acted in the case of Ireland. It is on that principle that Welsh disestablishment has been carried through the House of Commons. I am wholly in favour, therefore, of adhering to these lines and of treating Welsh disestablishment independently and as a Welsh question, because it is for the Welsh people to determine.

I do not believe in Home Rule all round. It is a sort of "killing with kindness," a *divide et impera* device, a *reductio ad absurdum*. Home Rule for Ireland is not thus to be whittled away. But I do believe in the devolution of the private business of the House of Commons to local bodies. In this sense I believe that the initiative and jurisdiction of Welsh County Councils, aggregated for the purpose, might well be extended; and I think that such extension should be an object kept in view by the Welsh Party in Parliament.

However, I will not expand my replies to these later questions, because I dare not presume to advise or offer opinions upon questions for the future. In regard to the past, I have perhaps made my replies only too ample, and certainly too egotistic. By so doing, I misrepresent myself. For what I hold in memory with most fullness and clearness is the service I have seen done to Wales by men and women, young and old, sprung from Welsh soil and Welsh people, with aims so elevated, zeal so pure, and labour so little seeking of reward, that, while I cannot be proud enough of my attachment to Wales, I cannot be so humbled as by Welsh praise.

FINIS

They are fine words with which to close a fine story. They recover for us with quickening effect the aims and spirit of an unfailing champion of Welsh causes, as he appeared to the Welsh people of his day, and as a few may even still recall him—a man in whom an inflexible pride and distinction of mind were united to an almost monastic habit of humility. In the fields of Welsh education and nationality, he lived to see his achievements ripen into prolific flower and fruit. If the actual realisation of his first objective—the replacement of the Anglican Establishment by a native self-governing Welsh Church—was denied him, he was spared at least to see the certain light of the coming dawn.

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